

**THE OBJECT BEAUTICIAN
AND OTHER TERRORS**

OTTAWA SURREALIST GROUP

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<https://surrealistottawa.wordpress.com/>

Peculiar Mormyrid Press 2020

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PECULIAR MORMYRID

**THE OBJECT
BEAUTICIAN
AND OTHER
TERRORS**

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TOO FORWARD

The members of the Ottawa Surrealist Group are all certified experts in trepanning and are always sure to make use of this exotic skill when entertaining visiting dignitaries. It is our supreme pleasure to crack open the conks of our fellow scientists and to pry at the “pure functioning of thought” swimming around inside like a tugboat in a bathtub. Since 2015 we have been in the habit of perambulating museums and reading out, underneath the gaze of a stone bison or a whale skeleton, automatic texts that we claim little to no responsibility for, and which speak to a certain “extra member” that we are all in the habit of pretending does not exist, even though they are constantly breathing down our necks, whispering secrets about arches, columns, dimensions, the “all robe wardrobe” and the collective unconscious of north american basements.

As is typical of babies, we have had a keen interest in running around and screaming, in smashing things together, in ignoring contexts and in disobedience in general. Whether this disobedience originates from calculation, spite, anger, hunger, subtle oneiric autosuggestion or some phalansteric combination of the above depends on the whims of the Great Infant that governs our final decisions.

So for those keeping score at home, our prerogatives go something like:

exploring this icy, sweltering burg, convinced there must be buried treasure somewhere;

applying the magnificent power source of the exquisite corpse to every known science and art;

theorizing, with a specialty in extremophilia, egalitarian and

eroticized modes of societal organization;
inventing horrible and wonderful things, mechanisms, organisms;
plumbing the depths of automatism for newer surprises;
attempting to synch our watches in the dream world, conceding
we cannot always read the time;
taking our chances with bad instincts and increasingly
obscure choices;
complications, complications, complications;
aspiring to act, more or less, like a sorority of unhinged and criminal masterminds, slowly chattering down our way to the great coup of the millennium.

The following collection represents a haphazardly chosen cross-section of our recent collective efforts. They have been assembled with a view to making new friends and enemies.

Sincerely,

Us!

January 2020, Ottawa.

Pareidolia Game

JA, SH, L, PP



ANAEROBIC POEMS

Players write poems with their breath held. When they absolutely have to breathe, the poem must cease. The theory is that the desperation and light-headedness will sharpen the edge of the poetic discoveries, by shedding away the inhibitions of steady breathing.

If I am not Hera
Houris erase the sifter
Pure sifters of salvia
And satori counter semen
And the astral abdomen.
Essex is everywhere
Along the Allah path
I am a killer of elite Carolinas

*

Monsters of flesh eat of dying
Breath to kill mockingbirds who twirl
In the darkness of death and cease to exist

*

The nose is a willow tree into
The swimmers' lungs under the sea
Where a line sinks into the mud
Of Neptune's mattress which is smelly

*

The precious eye is not without its learnings that curse the freest life and with its most spectacular gesture, fresh meat is calculated to tell.

*

Yoo hoo!

What a joke. I can't give up my urgency.

I am nothing but a fight

A figure of fists in flow.

Feh! Says the jewess.

Gypsy queen flow around me

*

The days of colusimngnest come forth

The day of retired retards who will

Die at any moment's notice, thoughts

Cease to exist if you turn red.

*

A timepiece of perpendicular pendulums replaces my candid
sleeping dreams with lies of love for you.

*

Lost in the myriad gentility

The foremost capstone

Laughs and laughs

At the stupid horns

Of the Dracula Constellation

Beyond nebulae

The lesser key of

Virgin Space.

Saïad Hassan



THE PUNCTUATION GAME

Players invent a punctuation mark on the spot. Others then interpret the mark to determine what it means.

The irreverence disclaimer



Causes any notion buried or inherent in the sentence to “hatch” into its final form.

The blunted affect detangler



A transient state of flux in one’s introvascular matterhole that may turn flesh into boily pussy sloth-like tentacles

The war maker



Storing the fat in the birch to be excreted for sexual power and ooze.

Gangles



This mark indicates a furious desire to kill on the part of the author. Run.

The psycho-dash



Used to key cipher, but doesn't actually work because of an oversight of mathematical reasoning causing the output text to be vague to the point of meaninglessness.

The meticulous air-quote



This is not a punctuation mark. And none of the symbols around it are letters, although you may think they are. You are in a delirium. Find your way out!

The gruesome afghanie



Used to disrupt the flow of enjambed poetry with irrelevant pleas for donations from the audience.

Archbishop Toto



This mark signals that an allusion to Proust, Foucault or another French writer, an allusion that was once explicit, has submerged itself into the paragraph. Disappearing, becoming implicit in the connotation of all the other sentences.

Vault inferior opened



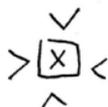
The reader should change his name to the next word in the text. He must then insist on this name and deny that he was ever called anything else.

The double colon



This mark is hard to interpret; we speculate it might be used to pique the appetite of serpents who guard treasure, making them hungry for graverobbers and priests.

The spirit duet



The purpose is to make blood into wine through means of letting a goat suckle on one's pinky while juggling fruit in the other hand.

Alpha particle wave



Do not pause or otherwise signal that you have read this sign. Wait until the first snowfall of the year. Find a private place to beat yourself with books chanting, "this is God's surrender".

The a-futurist canopy



Makes slices of vegetarian meat by means of forced magical will alone. And imposes that this magical spell makes no animal feel pain.

The lustrinate sigil



This mark is used by a certain sect of alchemists to indicate the paused transmutation of an alien element; using it too often can cause a chain of words to explode in shadow.

The normonic cowel



Makes googly eyes appear to subconfront one's thoughts into spatial discharges from one's butt.

The sub-cuddle



Makes an explicit connection between a penchant to devour each other, or to fall in love.

INQUIRY ON DEMONS

Held on April 4 2019, Lautreamont's Birthday

“The daemon in everything must be discovered.”

-De Chirico

How do you define the demonic?

Forcas (in deep demon voice): The demonic must be a possession of your soul; the carcass of your flesh shall be overcome by the will and the might of your powerful sword in hand.

Orobas (also in deep demon voice): Howling teeth. Sharp innards, stabbing.

Murmur: I have actually had a lot of trouble with this question. As per Gemory's occult insights on angels as independent or superior to a creator god, it needs to be for me removed from the religious context. What is a demon qua demon?

Gemory: To me a demon is a physical manifestation of evil. And the most basic manifestation of total pure evil is poo. A demon is therefore an entity that has poo almost as its carbon molecule. Different than the shit-eating space bugs which are perfectly cute.

Murmur: There is a clearly a “scary” aspect. In either case, whether it is scary or not scary in the Cenobite sort of way, they are always high intensity. I don't think you can have a low intensity demon.

Orobas: To me I can't pin demons outside of the religious context. To me demons are the most free of entities.

Forcas: Demons are in collaboration with Satan; that which improves knowledge. And the truth behind knowing what's behind the existence of the truth.

Murmur: The snake and the tree of knowledge and all that.

Gemory: They are almost like the perfect manifestation of the oppressed, because the entire universe is arraigned against them on arbitrary grounds.

Murmur: Yes, but aren't they powerful as well?

Gemory: But they are revolutionary. You can have the repressed without them necessarily being demonic powers or angels. You'd be the damned.

Forcas: That's exactly the game between the demons and angels. The angels are powerful enough to not possess people but instead influence people by voices.

Murmur: But this is what's interesting. If there is no god, what does that make demons? Is it a case of zoroastrian dualism?

Gemory: Maybe the demons are the revolutionaries. And then there are the other people who aren't woke enough to fight the oppression. Goblins or dwarfs or something, just there to suffer.

Orobas: I think the most powerful demons don't care about power because they aren't shamed by weakness. They don't experience shame or guilt. Poo, evil, hatred, nothing makes them feel guilty. They indulge in everything, even weakness, which is the most hated thing of all.

In the Platonic dialogues, Socrates' daimon is an internal voice that tells him not to do things. This is the

origin of western philosophy. How does this conception of the daimon relate to your interpretation of a demon? The demon is an ethical force?

Gemory: I think it's very questionable. It's the exact opposite of what I would interpret as demonic. The fact that a demon is saying "don't do this..." It reminds me of how some stupid table-top RPG game had this conceptualization of demons as total, absolute love because they will accept everyone no matter how bad a person you are, how nasty, how horrible, how untalented you are. Hell accepts everyone.

Murmur: Like the Cenobites, "we have such pleasures to show you."

Gemory: Whereas the angels are extremely judgemental.

Forcas: With the Christian rule of thumb, if you don't conform, if you don't obey, you get strapped.

Gemory: And that angelic view sounds more like Plato's daimon.

Murmur: So there's an innovation that has to happen in the demonic world.

How do you relate to the demonic?

Gemory: I don't. I don't like them.

Orobas: In the human heart, there's this part of you that says "try harder, do better, be good." That's the angel. The demon is "I'm so tired. So tired of holding myself up to standards. Trying. What if I just stopped caring."

Murmur: That's the moment when you snap.

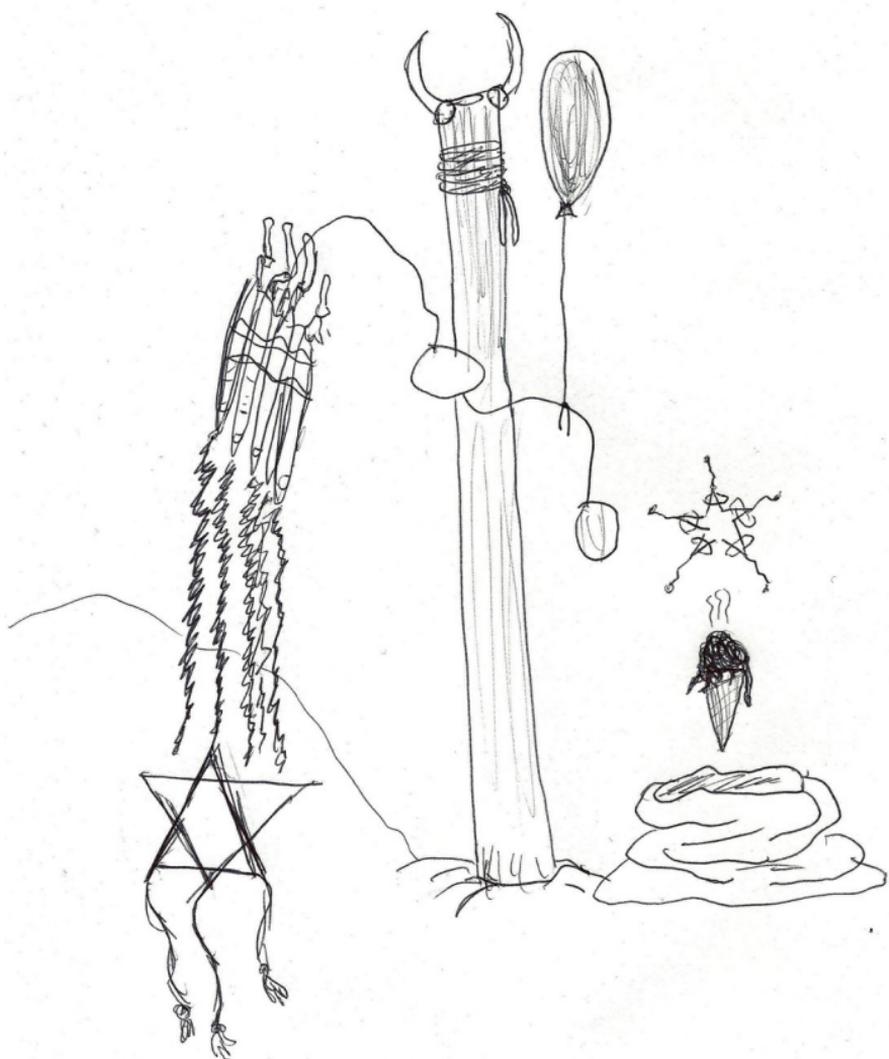


Ahlohahla

Seal Breaker of Opulence

Influenced by the asteroid Ceres

With powers to encapsulate and swallow beings whole



*Hollow Born Graphite
Keeper of Old Fingers*

*Ruled by the Planet of Semi-Conducted Zionists
Who makes all sweet things foul. Ice cream has the consistency of
excrement. Diamonds grow legs and burrow under your neck.*

Forcas: And at the point of having stopped caring, you invoke a certain power within yourself, to actually evolve, no longer limiting yourself to certain boundaries. And then you get possessed.

Gemory: I think when it comes to a half-delusion that someone might experience when they are depressed, which happens to me in the mornings, or when you are just that much closer to experiencing a psychosis. I think demons are the total embodiment of the “I wish to die” or the “I wish to cut my wrists open.” Basically I feel terrible and want to be obliterated but have a fear of being obliterated at the same time. Whereas the opposite of that, in the very rare experiences where I’ve experienced angelic beings, the voices are like (in warbling voice) “you should get shawarma, it’ll be tasty...” which diametrically opposes the demonic. Demons are the palpable expression of suffering.

Forcas: Demons are oppression.

Gemory: And anxiety. And fury.

Forcas: I see voices as natural things that are evolved in the mind, that are experiences of the regular lifecycle and are not necessarily influenced by another being.

Orobas: I would say the demon is the voice that says, “what if your depression is ok?”

Murmur: I agree with Orobas.

Gemory: No, that feels like cognitive behavioural therapy. Mindfulness etc.

Forcas: Wouldn’t you fear never being sad again in your entire life?

Murmur: I am thinking of the Blakean marriage of Heaven and Hell.

Forcas: The borders of the delusional.

Murmur: Demons would be the energy aspect. To me it's excitation, and that sort of pursuit beyond pleasure and pain, beyond good and evil. That constant need to do act, when I'm on a track, I feel demonic. A Dracula feeling. Pure power.

Forcas: And it's not just an alter-ego. Demonic possession is a possession of your entire goal-set.

Murmur: Yes. Entirely.

Gemory: I believe that there's an effective difference between a good sadness and a bad sadness. I believe a good sadness is like an old Japanese play that has the "mono no aware", death waking up on a lotus throne. It's kind of depressing but also liberating. Everything sucks but I don't care. I could not conceive of any paradise without that. And to me the demonic sadness is the perversion of that proper, nice sadness.

Murmur: Interesting. So it's a sadness that cannot be contextualized.

Gemory: Yes. And dream sadness is much closer to the "mono no aware" sadness; I have terrible nightmares a lot but they always feel poetically complete...There's that subjectivity where somehow you recognize that there's a poetic suffering, that it's meaningful, that it's you, you're involved in it. As opposed to day-to-day life, which is mostly just meaningless, horrible crap. It's like the reality of your own suffering isn't even there.

Have you ever dreamed of a demon?

Forcas: Yes. When I was in a cell in jail, I dreamt that I was a demon, and that I had an ominous black shadowy figure, and I was speaking to the other inmates telling them that I was the overmind. I was so into the character that all of my linguistic skills were at their full extent.

Gemory: But you've also mentioned experiences with a succubus in prison. Is a succubus in your cosmology equivalent to a demon?

Forcas: More like an angel. But I wouldn't say angels are actually true to their form and aspects as per Christian texts.

Orobas: The year before my father passed away I had a horrible nightmare of being taken over by demons. Right before I was consumed god's light shone down from the heavens and protected me. The demon couldn't harm me. Very childishly I stuck out my tongue at him, but then I suddenly had this feeling that I had made a huge mistake and crossed some sort of line. I woke up in an actual panic. I looked at the doorway and there was for a second a fox's face on fire staring at me. It was so disturbing it caused me to return to my religious roots and pray.

Gemory: I remember having a demon dream that was quasi-branching over into reality. I was on a winter vacation once and woke up in the night. I think I see my sister's face beside me and I assume for some reason she is putting my hand into warm water to make me wet myself like that trick, so I reach out to punch her in the face. But then I can't actually hit the face; the face recedes into the darkness and turns into a demon's face. And I was awake at that point. But I've had a lot of different kinds of dreams involving demons. I've had ones where I've been possessed by demons, lots of different kinds of biting demons.

Murmur: No, I can't recall any of my own. Unless we count my earliest childhood nightmares of the TVO children's character Polkaroo, who is most definitely a demon.



ChochthathFofsh
Dethroner of Impertitude
Rules over Hunt Club
Lulls bathers to ecstatic delirium



Brutus Angel Spike Shank

CEO

*Rules over the Planet of the Eyeless
To make all plumbing extra disgusting*

What are the connections between demons and sexuality?

Murmur: To me they are almost synonymous. In terms of liberated desire. In its truest form it is demonic. So the succubus would be purely demonic in my mind.

Forcas: There was a point where it was pleasuring me so much for hours on end, that it would hurt and I would be tired...It would keep me up. I was so exhausted. Ecstasy to the worst extreme. I would say "enough". "No Forcas, I love you..."

Gemory: I especially have a lot of associations with demons and the general category of unwanted sex. Nagging you for it.

Murmur: It's like the superego.

Gemory: Yea, the superego's sex. The definition of demonic sex in my mind.

PP, SH, JA, L as Forcas, Orobas, Murmur, and Gemory.



THE OBJECT BEAUTICIAN

Each player assigns an object which all others must “beautify” in some way. The idea is to “doll-up” the object for its best night out, or alternately, a fetishistic descriptive exegesis .

A Pencil Sharpener

A feather in the hole draped in a thin kind of flesh. Spritzed with orange scent. Put on a paper airplane. Thrown out of a window into the high school dance.

The chug of a nostalgic train blasts from the wood whittling cogs within and the shavings turned to snow. In its sheen is a fire as from a diamond and the noise it makes is a German experimentalist band’s greatest hit.

A Cheese Grater

Placed on top of a self playing piano in lieu of a metronome. Depending on the type of cheese grated, different “tempi” or music can be played. The older the cheese, the more distinguished the tune.

It can grate anything. Though unassuming in shape, grate a muffin-tin to dust with it and a symphony so beautiful will fill the air that long-hairs everywhere will kill themselves in despair that it shall never be heard again, for no two objects grated to dust will produce the same performance.

A Pan Flute

Created to issue maddeningly beautiful music, the mellifluous sound of this flute has never been heard, save by eager spirits navigating alternate realities in desperate search of one where it is played. Its sound is practically an urban legend amongst them.

Insert all fingers and toes and genitals that are applicable. Scrape

against a wart-hog's back. Croon an ode to the night sky.

A Broken Broom

Its delicate, smooth handle extends like a waifish limb into the perfume scented air, seeming all the more fragile for the tender caress of splintered and fractured seams along the wood grain. Its bristles are a head of blonde hair.

Sweep up the eyelashes of 40 girls with broken hearts into a dustpan made from the flesh of a mongol warrior. Deposit into the basket to be delivered to grandmother's house.

A Weather Vane

Smooth its mane with butter, polish its feathers with the tooth of a screaming shark. Whistle in its ear a tune about the growling north wind. Kiss its cardinal direction.

A Goat's Head (Cooked)

The taste exemplifies

The juiciness of eyes

And yet it will taste better, better

If it were a little wetter

Pour the molten copper on it

Hardened to a cursed bonnet

In the furnace let it blacken

Till it comes out nice and cracklin'

And then place it on a chessboard and push it into another dimension, never to be digested again

A White Rhododendron

Its roots are translucent blue tubes, hand drawn over each tendril, and manually buried in dung-beetle balls taken from an Indian sacred cow sanctuary. The petals have been individually glued with doilies. Each leaf is hand painted with an ancient

philosopher. Its vase is made of CPUs that have been soldered together into a vast, towering lattice with its own ivory escalator. A giant grapefruit colored lense turns all the sunlight a proper color for it. Airplanes seed the clouds to make elephant-fountain shaped rain clusters.

A AA Battery

First sand its cathode with a fossilized cat tongue. Pre-Holocene cats are a must! Then recite the Hebrew Bible with the word “adonai” replaced by Energizer or bunny. Once complete, swaddle the battery in old Sears catalogues and carry it to a chained factory and act out Noh theatre about the decline of K-Mart.

A Hearing Aid

A brass tuba horn decorated with a recreation of the shield of Achilles mathematically perfectly mapped to a toroidal topology protrudes from a tube made of bird femurs whittled into flutes which are inserted into a bear trap with mammoth fur on it placed into the ear using an adhesive formed from human collagen.

A Fork

Shining and scrubbing with a dish towel to remove the fowl
Ready to poke some grub and poop in the tub
Place me in my home with all the utensils never alone as
I am next to spoon and knife what a family life

The Higgs Boson

Flying amidst the particle wave lengths, spew forth the light and crash with beauty, with fluidity of gravitational forces discharges of electrons the bosons crash and therefore art art. God’s hand is poking at time to reveal the essence of matter, this is its message we have received the birthplace of the star’s energy.

A Pamplemousse

A flexible woman dusts it with parsley and showers it with Canadian Tire money. Her damp fingers oil the bills, until she gives the pamplemousse a second skin of Canadian Tire paper-mâché and sebum. Then, with a long copper spoon warmed by her neck, and then her knees, she rocks the mâché shell, to let the juice flow.

AN OPEN CALL FOR THE SOCIALIZATION OF DELUSIONS

We believe surrealists are still seeking, in their many courses, that elusive document: the New Declaration of The Rights of All People...Letters of green worms on an obsidian parchment... A fundamental axiom in this document-to-come must necessarily be the unalienable right to the radical imagination in all its manifestations and processes. This means, above all, the right of assertion, a right to bestow ontological and existential weight in any measure to the notions of fundamental desire, however, wherever, and in whatever guise they may choose to appear. Against all conformity with present opinions, who perceive in the marvellous only the malformations of the present world—that is, so-called mental illness—we believe such a symphony of ideas must be an utterly tangible utopian endeavour.

What stands in the way of such a project? All guardians of “reality” in its present, stunted form: legislators, officers, professors, those armed with guns and batons, certainly—but a special underline in red ink for those who wield syringes! The doctors of the body and the mind, who insist that certain states of mind must be this and not that—in accordance with the dictates of their well-funded research and pharmacological influences... It is an industrial-complex that limits and delimits the framework of miserable thoughts in a miserable world.

As such, we believe the fight against repressive psychiatry to be an ongoing front on par with the many others being waged against social, poetic, racial, sexual and economic repression. As part of this campaign, we would like to propose a particular opportunity for subversion and the promotion of solidarity between imagining-beings and other subjectivities.

A modest opportunity. We note that the current definition of delusions in the DSM-V (Schizophrenia Spectrum and Other Psychotic Disorder) is explicitly anti-social in character:

Delusions are fixed beliefs that are not amenable to change in light of conflicting evidence. Their content may include a variety of themes (e.g. persecutory, referential, somatic, religious, grandiose).[...] Delusions are deemed bizarre if they are clearly implausible and not understandable to same-culture peers and do not derive from ordinary life experiences. [...] The distinction between a delusion and a strongly held idea is sometimes difficult to make and depends in part on the degree of conviction with which the belief is held despite clear or reasonable contradictory evidence regarding its veracity.

This seems to indicate that, should a belief of such a kind be shared, it would no longer be qualified as a “bizarre delusion” but would need to be fit into reality in some plane or another. We smell our opportunity.

TO ALL COMRADES WHO SEE CLEARLY...

We hereby put out an open and ongoing call for visions, obsessions, notions of all kinds, but especially those as yet unshared masterpieces maliciously labeled “delusions” by the above definition. Our goal is to socialize these antisocial ideas by sharing them, and, unequivocally co-signing them as a collective. This is a perpetual act of solidarity with the imaginative potential of everyone; that is, a pre-signed blank cheque to the world of the psychotic; that is, our own world in formation.

To those of you who suffer under the scrutiny of cynical medical professionals, to those who struggle daily to book a single appointment, to those who float between an abyss of personal loathing and an institutional criticism of everything you see, hear and feel

to be true, to those of you who are sick of feeling ashamed for seeing the world as it is—SEND US YOUR DELUSIONS! We propose to share them with you. The aim is to collect, compile and undersign an ongoing catalogue of heretofore antisocial notions to be made explicitly communal and in order to endlessly and without mercy stretch reality like a victim on the rack.

Yours frothing at the mouth,

The Ottawa Surrealist Group

chimera.ipa@gmail.com

APPENDIX: RUNNING TALLY OF MISERIES

In addition to the above, we would also like to take this opportunity to flip the DSM-V on its head by fixing permanently certain mainstream beliefs as unquestionable delusions in all cases, until further notice:

Nationalism

The American dream

Organized religion

Institutional medicine

The Media

Democracy

Health

Arts and Culture

Sports

Etc.



Lake

THE PERFECT ORGY

What is the perfect orgy?

SH: A single ideal boy, eyes like spaghetti, a nose like a beehive all percolated, dispensing sugary earl-grey tea which I lap up periodically. This figure multiplies itself like a centaur, except instead of a horsebottom it's more boy, chained in ever longer repetitions, until the sufficient number is reached for an orgy.

JA: a highly charged erotic ceremonial mass decoration of a 800 xmas trees with analogical objects until one hits a tantric orgasm. The goal is to extend eroticism beyond the stereotyped parts of the body, beyond the body itself, or rather an extension of the body into poetic objects which can transmit poetic bursts of resonance (psychically) back to the participants. With years of preparation there is no reason this couldn't be achieved with humanity's current capabilities.

PP: a visitation in a cell from an unspecified number of invisible succubuses. Light, and the warmth of five hands on his chest. But also an overdrive of sexuality that prolongs the experience beyond ejaculation and ends with pain.

L: A heaping puppy-pile of effeminate ladyboys.

*When asked how many of himself L the narcissist would consider sufficient for an orgy?**

L: infinite is preferable but three would be a minimum.

Would they be exact copies?

L: Perhaps not but they would not aim for visual variations and would enjoy wearing the exact same costumes.

*It occurred later that Gemini season was almost upon us.

DREAMS IN TRANSIT

“I got off Ottawa’s new light rail at the bus stop just after Lebreton. I was trying to get to school, but the busses were late, and there was no indication whether they would ever come. It was a dark, and cloudy day. I remember something about a new weapon being devised at Ottawa U., where I go to school now.

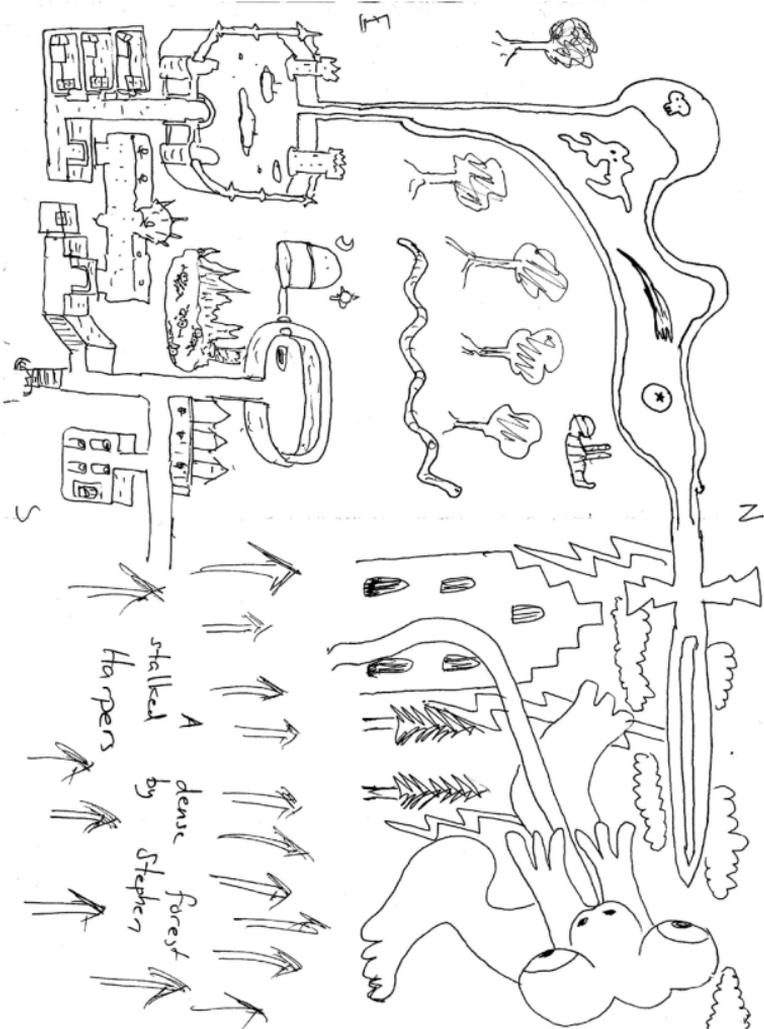
Then, it turns out the bus stop is actually in Hiroshima. In the distance, I see the overcast sky change slightly, as high rise apartments in the distance crumble and vaporize into the gray of the clouds. There is no bright light or sound. Buildings slowly, gently turn into the gray dust of a vast demolition. I wonder whether the blast will reach me. Just as I lose interest, the shock wave smashes through the bus station like a twenty foot wave out of the ocean. The wind is knocked out of me as I’m hurled from one side of the station out the other, where a window pane had been. I hit the pavement startled and dizzy, like I’d just been tackled by a football player. It hurts, but I can’t quite feel it...”

-L

“I am riding the bus across a strange waterfall and abandoned industrial project somewhere in Quebec. I see there is a super-connected series of lakes. I hear a guy’s voice talking about criminals who are fleeing the police by speedboat cutting through these lakes. The lakes however are all perfectly straight on one shore since they run right up to a train track. It’s an unused track now, and has been turned into a walking tunnel. I convince two people who are my friends to get off the bus and come with me to do some exploring. We try to get off but I am afraid the bus driver will rush off before we’re off since we’re at the very back of the top of a double-decker. He gives us the all clear and we leave. Climbing up a staircase we somehow pass through a book display which has a children’s book called “How To Break

Capitalism's Windows". I am about to take it when my friend E tells me it's a library book and not to bother. I am amazed by her ability to pre-empt me, wondering if I am that obvious. We pass through a gift shop and the friends insist on looking. I find a wooden whistle flute and play the theme from "God in Three Persons" by the Residents."

-JA



Surrealist Map Game - JA, SH, L, PP

ART SHOW REVIEWS

Players review an unseen imaginary art exhibition or work from the future.

The Retro Fetisihist Collective

The show was both off-putting and ticklish; in particular the “Convalescent Trumpet”, a conglomeration of corpulent accountants who would cry out in ecstasy as the balanced ledgers were read aloud to them while being masturbated by elephants. Yes, impressionism certainly has come a long way since the 19th century. I was less impressed by the room with a microwave in it, & the fridge etc. which seemed all too reminiscent of Italian Futurism. I am very shocked that the re-animated corpse of Paul Gauguin was able to projectile vomit with such gusto, but that’s scalloped hors-d’oeuvres for you. All in all, the Retro-Fetishist Collective have managed to successfully merge theory, circus tricks, agricultural science, the three unities and casino management into a fine display of young, fresh, urban academicism.

Stellar Floral Arrangement

17 Binary Stars Made to Resemble an Orchid and Gamma Ray Pollen

Sickening! Moral pablum once again gussied up with the trappings of science. The same old beauty foisting off the art world brought in through the backdoor: astronomy is truly culture’s anus. Although the regular museum goers will “ooh” and “aah” predictably, the discerning mind knows floral stalinism when he sees it. Perestroika would be preferable. Better those bulbous stars burst and obliterate these so-called artists. Beauty like this is so bourgeois, its sensibility as backwards as marriage or the prohibition against murder. I can think of an exhibit I’d rather see, a knotted rope hanging from the artist’s bedroom.

Ape in the City

As I gaze at the pukeish pigments, I threw up a little... I then went on to sniff this work of Pro Maintainer’s piece on the wall,

and I was disgusted at the aroma of a mix of rotten meat and bananas*... The image of this monkey in a business suit was that of a corporate entity and it was carrying an open suitcase which was spewing forth banana peels... I assume the brown hair of this ape business depiction was painted with feces of a cat who ate bologna... I don't think I will ever come to this museum again.

Yours truly; editor, critic and professor...

**This is a reference to a recurring recent dream motif shared by L of trying to eat rotten, barkey woven bananas*

Doesn't Choose Sides

What a pity we didn't have this twenty years sooner instead of wasting the millennial decades on—is it even worth remembering? A cult following has already grown up from former boomers who have forsaken their previous privilege and lifestyles to live in hedge mazes, though they insist it wasn't the art in particular but the naming of something already in the air. And yet, it's also inspired quite the opposite amongst the younger generations, who moving into their parents' homes have retrofitted them into surveillance panopticons inspired by the ultramax prison aesthetic. Of course the work lends itself to many interpretations because it doesn't choose sides.

As noted, it's a shame we didn't have this earlier, when it was first written. It took them this long to recover from their personal problems enough to publish it. And yet, necessarily it seems a bit dated—some would say nostalgic—but then, could we have appreciated it before we knew we needed it? It's doubtful the artist can repeat their current success.

THE WINDSONG

The windsong told us no lies. We stood at the top of the mountain watching the snowdrifts scatter about the valley where soldier's bones once made a phalanx against scathing nightmares.

I am nothing but a flower forgotten up here on a mountain top. Nobody dares to explain why I was picked. They fear the lights that watch us from the sky. They fear having rocks for footprints in the snow and a bird to pick their pockets.

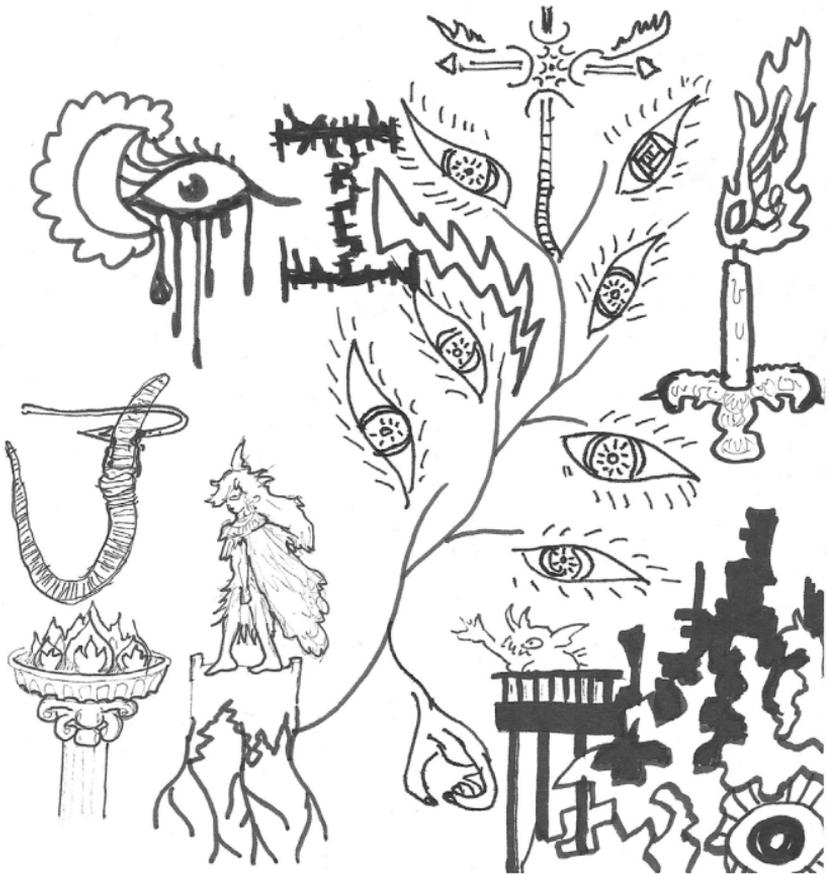
The long road of tedium and loneliness tells me who I am. I have already forgotten my way. No one will stare so long as the pumpkin carver launches a boat against the blue canal sent rushing against my quiet fears. I don't know why the bear cries. I don't know what I hope for. I don't know how to reduce the endless fatigue I've felt since the day I knew I was not a worm.

The seas are damaged and I don't know why. Here the hell-springs keep my apartment. I live in a fountain though my blood hasn't a jot of troll. The waters fell from the heavens where the pollution rolls free, a curse man has spat like a mother-insult at nature herself. The water, always the water. It's been my grave these past 6,500 years, and I never earned my right to cry, though I polished my bones with tears. Humanity itself has been dead for much longer, replaced, as it were, by little boys with no taste in video games. I strangle them for fun, watching, amused, at how their faces turn shades of pink, then blood-red as their brains slowly die, and the vultures grow hungry, and the wolves masturbate for some reason, though Mexico threatens them with a cactus.

I built a bridge out of my home that stretches 900 parsecs. Then, I fell down a flight of stairs. My limbs were broken. The shattered bones were made into maracas. My joints were used to purchase change purses. Nobody once loved me. Hedonism exploded

on the jizz-stained bed-sheets as a contamination of murdered
undead parrot-fuckers was estranged from god by the unbidden
rot and retardation of a dog skinned alive by a whore's panties as
she bathed in lye to please Satan the dark lord of Stalinist abor-
tions incinerated to death now and forever.

-Lake



Collective Drawing - JA, PP, SH, L

THE MUSEUM OVERNATURED

Field notes from the shadowy museum behind the museum

On May 30 2019, the Ottawa surrealist group meets at the Museum of Nature. The purpose is to treat the museum as a collective dreamscape, and to wander among the displays, picking and choosing aspects or reading in hidden meanings, creating a surrealist museum of our own.

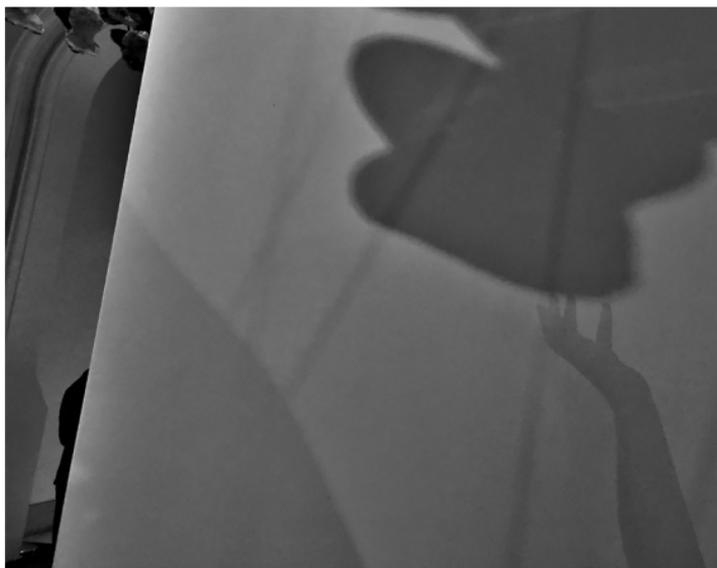
While waiting for PP to show up, the other three sit in the entryway and notice in the tile floor a specific subsection that is battered and chipped, almost like it was the result of a localized bombing. L eventually suggests this might be a trap door or false floor activated even by an innocuous looking accessibility button nearby. This results in some reflections on gender and children, specifically the phenomenon of boy-children and prettiness. Boy-children lose nascent male privilege through feminine appearance. And it is the adults who force spicy food and meat on girly males to put hair on their chests. Gender and trapdoors.

We begin by looking at the live insects. JA is wondering about the shape of a log the cockroaches are sitting in. It seems to be like a lock, in which case the key would need to be made entirely out of bugs. Reflections on the golden age for Ottawa driftwood due to the great amount of flooding during the last few years.

We spend a lot of time with the harvester ants. We pay particular attention to the holes from which they emerge, as well as the shapes formed by the stones and sticks left inside for them. These resemble either a head and two arms emerging from the ant-covered floor or a skull with horns. We watched the ants rocking a piece of orange fruit or carrot back and forth (tongues, peeled

skin?) The orange is being ripped apart very nicely, as if they were rioters trying to flip a car, according to L. Clearly the ants had the ethos of revolutionary potential. Reminders of Dalí and Buñuel. SH suggests the ants may be raining. L suggests the tastes of ants are like low quality lobster. If you were to interpret this as your own dream? A carrot is very phallic (SH).

We then notice the cabinet of curiosity which contains tradeable objects that the museum will give out in exchange for others. Butterflies, horns, skulls. We noticed the layers and SH suggested they could all be parts of a single creature. A chimera? At the bottom are butterflies, which JA links to Fourierist concepts of polyform passions. Then comes a horned animal's skull which has a not dissimilar shape to a butterfly. The butterfly melts into the skull. L's dream about half-butterfly, half-bees (a la Mohammed Ali's "float like a...") attacking him. L is disgusted by butterflies. Pine cones that were very large SH deemed to be sexual organs. The butterflies are scales. JA suggests some star fish encased in clear glass represented the "germ" while the rest was the "soma". L suggested a name: The Phlemington Wobbletuse. "I am so dead" (L).



Caressing a shadowwhale vertebrae

JA notices a puzzle of a sloth and makes a cubomania, or rather, a “slothomania”.

When it comes to looking at other insects/instincts, L suggests that SH might still have a hankering for eating spiders (although this is a misremembrance since SH in his childhood identified with spiders and really ate flies). JA sees a tarantula in a green mass and it reminds him of salad. And then a vinegaroon, which probably goes well with the salad. SH remarks so many animals live their lives perfectly still. He also feels the stick insects remind him of L, but can't quite see why, until he notices them eating a giant piece of lettuce, which he has seen L eat raw on a few occasions.

If you can ask a whip scorpion one question what would it be? (no coherent answers). Some time dwelling with the “spiny devils”, and we decide to choose a “spiny devil” exoskeleton which was moulted and shed for our imaginary museum.

JA asks: if you moult your physical exoskeleton do you also moult a psychic exoskeleton? SH has an upcoming speech about change. We discover the moulted exoskeleton might be an emblematic event to describe. SH sheds his exoskeleton when he discovers Ottawa surrealism.

We then push into the bird displays, where we think we might have some Hitchcockian encounters. JA pays particular attention to the shadows of the taxidermied birds. How would one go about riding a trumpeter swan? L considers all the birds he'd like to ride. PP is fascinated by the bones of an Auk and Lake notices a few pieces of skeleton missing. The clavicle, which JA points out is the little key. L references the mistake in *Catcher in the Rye*, clavichord, which reminds us of old cartoon skeletons as instruments.

“Que des os” is the descriptive panel. JA considers the skeleton as an anti-taxidermy. Dissolving flesh. Conflict of environmentalism.

The display seemed to show the Auk skeleton in discussion with another bird while a third turned away. PP wonders if the display might not be a giant fridge—imagine if you could just crack it open and drink the birds on display. L: they all look delicious.

We find a stuffed White Pelican and keep confusing its symbolic meaning with those of other birds. Did it curse you when killed at sea? No, that was an albatross. Did it run in the Caucus Race? No that was the Dodo. L blames it for overpopulation, but no, that's a stork. Don't they just wear funny sea captain hats and smoke pipes? Did it pluck out its own breast to feed its young, in some deformed medieval Christian symbolism? Perhaps, but there was no bestiary at hand to double check. PP suggests the bump it carries on its beak is a rhino-horn leftover from its time as a dinosaur. To scratch itches. We leave with the pelican an incomplete allegory, it seems. JA: maybe he's a historian of birds.

PP devours 44,000 hummingbirds.

We then come to a series of older dioramas from the museum's early days. L remarks on the quality and JA on the atmosphere of these pieces. In particular they had a kind of oneiric quality, with the background painting and dim lighting sometimes more "realistic" than the actual objects in the foreground. A giant snake or just a treeline. An ancient civilization, petroglyphs. Rock windows. Did the artist write his girlfriend's name in petroglyphs. L refers to panorama island. There was also a sense of mystery and wonder with these which JA has felt since seeing them as a child. He wants to live in the dead world. L would add them into a house. A cupboard that happens to be a diorama. A dream space. You feel there's more. Troglodyte culture living in the little holes, a little mouse civilization. We ourselves are looking form the holes. They look at the sea, we look at them, hunting butterflies. They discuss the compulsion to be in the diorama, and L even tries to pass

through the looking glass at one point. If we are in the diorama, then what is behind us? JA makes the connection to the Zizekian point about video games, and the “just behind the horizon” which only exists in the imagination, which “god didn’t complete yet” but which we are drawn to nonetheless.

A moon popping up in an odd diorama. L’s finger points to the moon, zen. PP in danger of turning into a werewolf. No less real. JA imagines if the dioramas are made of candy, and the snow in particular looks like solid icing. “American Pippet, stay away from me.”

We look at the background paintings more closely and read some paranoiac-critical images into it. L sees a sci fi mecca space civilization patterning, and also sees in a painted cloud a walrus with no tusks wearing an 17th-century wig. JA remarks a face in the cliff-side. PP sees a lizard head also in the clouds. SH sees a huge elephants foot. L suggests the goats built dams in the diorama. Faded pink sunbleached techniques. L suggests they are fugitive colours, fading away in the light...

How to do abstract photography here, asks PP? JA suggests zooming in on weird details. The recorded sound of a loonie interrupts us. Gull photography. Gull heads in a row.

SH: If you were standing here alone at night and the glass disappeared and the birds came to life, what would you do?

L: I would fall into a cataonic state.

SH: would enjoy myself.

JA: I might just turn into a diorama, if they turn alive, and then I am safe.

PP would pet them, grab two birds and force them to fight.

SH: you can kill a stone with two birds.

SH sees a crow and a raven and reflects on their classic beauty. They like carrion, have parties, beautiful black wings. JA secretly notices a nearby person dressed in gothic style listening and watching this discourse closely. PP remembers that ravens are referred to as “Indian turkeys” according to his father. What are the advantages of being so dark? L searches for a blonde bird.



Finger pointing to the moon

We then proceed to the stairwell area under glass and reflect on neo-gothic architecture. Under the jellyfish balloon, SH wonders if they could have used an actual giant jellyfish corpse expanded with thread.

Finally we rest under the skeleton of a blue whale and play some games.

JA gropes the shadow of the whale's vertebrae. JA also steps into the light and recites *King Lear* and imagines a kind of necrophile theatre that would take place in front of the corpses of a giant whale or various decaying creatures. PP imagines Hamlet performed with a giant whale skull as Yorick. "If we vertebrae have offended, think but this and all is mended".

We also discuss the possibility of coming after dark and decorating the whale's skeleton with xmas decorations, tinsel etc. or failing that, other animal parts from around the museum. PP talks about a whale having fingers. SH has a disturbing image of a whale with hands dragging itself over his carpet, coming for his stolen spermaceti. We reflect on the concept of the human body being made of millions of smaller human bodies (an old medical idea of homunculi). We discuss whether a whale homunculi is possible, only to discover some "sperm" models (we guess) which fit the bill nicely. SH wonders about homunculi within homunculi into an infinity.

Ending with a session outside under the mammoth statues. Petro-metal music. Archaeometal? Paleometal?

Who lives across from the museum?

Is it Dr Claw?.



AN INTRODUCTION TO SURREALIST MEDICINE

It would be a mistake to characterize science as a sort of aesthetic characterized by lab coats, beakers, and an impenetrable vocabulary of Greco-Roman amalgams, for while its institutions manifest as stereotypes of themselves a fetish for latex gloves will not in itself lend legitimacy to the pseudo-scientific pretender.

Surrealism endures similar mischaracterizations. Journalists today apply the term surreal to every unbelievable socio-political disaster, a misuse which might very well apply to itself, for separating the term from its methodology is an abuse akin to the tiresome stereotype of surrealist art as collages of victorian women whose heads have been replaced by inert objects.

Supposing the nightmarish exigencies of late capitalism were not simply its *modus operandi*, the journalists would still be incorrect in calling them surreal. For them to be surreal, they would need to be the product of a cabal of illuminati whose only goal in engineering them was simply to wonder at the unexpected consequences. This cannot be so, for the implications are obvious—we are sick of them. We are sick of a world run by mad scientists and politicians mad with power. We want proper lunatics running the show—we who are unwell.

Surrealism has a chimera's head. It is rendered sacrosanct by encephalizing the masses. Like science, it is the head of research and experimentation. It relies not on the formal logic of math, but the informal logic of dreams. Unlike science, it is democracy in the finest tradition of the anarchist. It is both the subject and object of curiosity.

Surrealism, like science, is a methodology encompassing various

disciplines linked by a common system of epistemology. While the scientist endeavors by her research to answer questions pertinent to the progress of engineering and technology, the surrealist makes poggle-woggle ploom ploom.

Some, in their insanity, argue against surrealism as a kind of art therapy. We will concede to them only that it is not only this, just as alchemy is far more than a get-rich scheme involving nuclear fission.

-Lake

THE IODIZING PROCESS

If the stars are not nightingales, what stings me with its song?
The left testament of a fir tree, the first cultist.
Rice grains and snow both taste like childhood,
itself an energetic aeroplane with an unperfected aesthetics.
Cassiopeia arranges the tarot and deals the deboned dove;
the shattered painting is missing a signature of ice.
Elegance and curious stickers, who else can name them?
The philosophical pangolin, whose scales are bloodworthy,
Until Abaddon whose astral frying pan breaks fasts for the ruby settee.
The name is but a single psychic marker on a wheel of demented clockmakers.
No number sticks ich ich ich dislocated on the piecemeal calendar.
In a vibration stinging of Neptune, the subject chooses January.
Sherbert-colored shouting matches go harumph on pelicans.
A leather strap keeps the green harpy from pulling off the world's toupee;
Toucan Sam is the astronaut avatar's second seat.

-Jason Abdelhadi and Sa'ad Hassan