

ATLANTA SURREALIST GROUP

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VERSATILE EYES

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INTRODUCTION

ON SURREALIST COLLECTIVITY

"Surrealism is the collective experience of individualism"

- André Masson

What is surrealist collectivity? A mutually opened wound, seeded by poetry and revolt. A soft spectral voice in the darkness, urging all nonconformists to come out, and to play. Surrealist collectivity is an extradimensional vehicle for thought and actions beyond Control, a vehicle powered by collective vulnerability and individual Becoming. Yes, on this endlessly metamorphosing playing field, a strange new kind of "collective experience of individualism" can take root. Communication with the Other can become unclouded and raw, bearing new fruit. Surrealism's orientation towards collectivity is one of its most subterranean, oft-passed over aspects. But it is also what stands at its deepest center.

The "surrealist group" - a very stange beast, located somewhere inbetween a terrorist cell, and an occult secret society, perhaps? And it is a group's *atmosphere* which is contagious above all. Atmosphere, before even its ideas, or the objects it brings into being. Because if ideology trumps atmosphere, if a collective organism wears an anarchist skin, yet wears a heart that beats Empire, beats Control, well, then it's DOA, it's mere con. And what does the surrealist organism want from us? What does it eat? A widening openness, to every line of flight. An impenetrable psychic wall, to every sneaking whisper towards utilitarianism, towards conformism. Regardless of whatever pragmatic choices an individual may make "on the outside", within the magick bounds of this sacred utopian circle, a limitless non-utilitarianism must reign free. Yes, surrealist collectivity is an irresistible call to get lost, to drift, to remake one's inside/

outsides, once again. Restrictions on this fungal network's scope will eternally be rejected, all horizons must remain open, all possibilities must be played with, and explored. Surrealist collective = a microwave gone mad? A boiling hot tomato soup? One drink from just such a potent stew... and sudden-like, one feels a widening of calcified veins, one feels an evaporation of all lazy is-what-it-is-isms. Intensified in just such alchemical atmosphere, an individual expands beyond their own bounds. They can level up, RPG style. And that old 'n crusty consensus reality? Well, it jus' won't know what hit 'em!!! Unlike religious organizations and political parties, however, a surrealist collective does not function under a questionable process of copy/paste logics. It does not work towards some cloning of the thousand tiny toy soldiers, all the one, all the same. No, in a truly surrealist collective, each person intensifies, grows, and modifies this collective stew before them, irreparably. All SurCooks are both separate and conjoined, both fierce individualists, and somnambulant hive-bees, equally. And the SurGroup's tendrils are ever-expanding, eternally searching—for THE EXIT. The exit from Empire, from Control.

A tradition, too? An evolving network of connections and discoveries across space, across time? An uncompromising shadowspirit of glistening revolt, passed from individual to individual, from generation to generation? Yes, that too. A buoyant, open-door'ed ontology, or, to put it another way, a much tastier, farmfresh new reality tunnel? A tunnel which expands instead of contracting, like a giggling Clown's balloon? Yes, and also, quite yes. But not a dogma, no, not a commandment not a creed.

I've given an account here of my experiences with surrealist collectivity. But similar such atmospheres have cast their shadow across many places, countless times. Under numerous banners. And will continue to do so. So why not **log off**, dear reader? Why not chase this offline-only

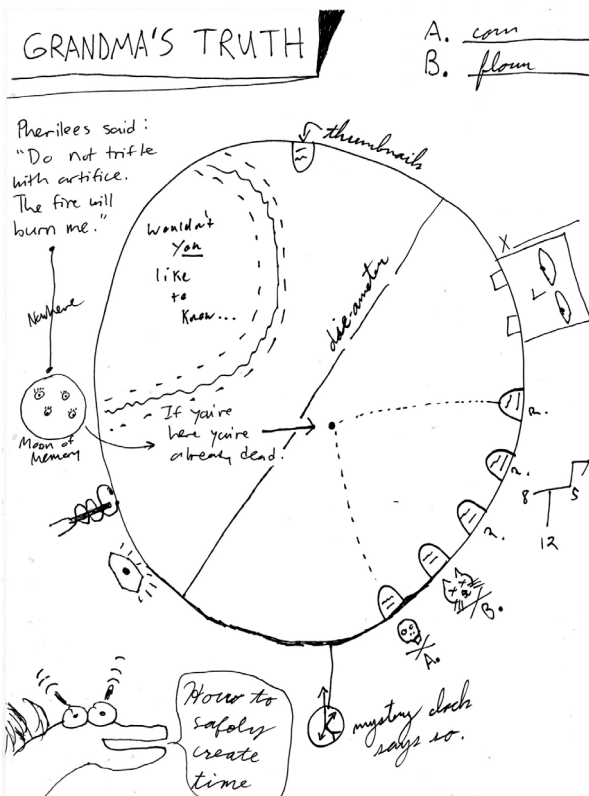
rhizomatic high? The proof is in the collective pudding.. and where these thick shadows fall...earthquakes always sure to follow.

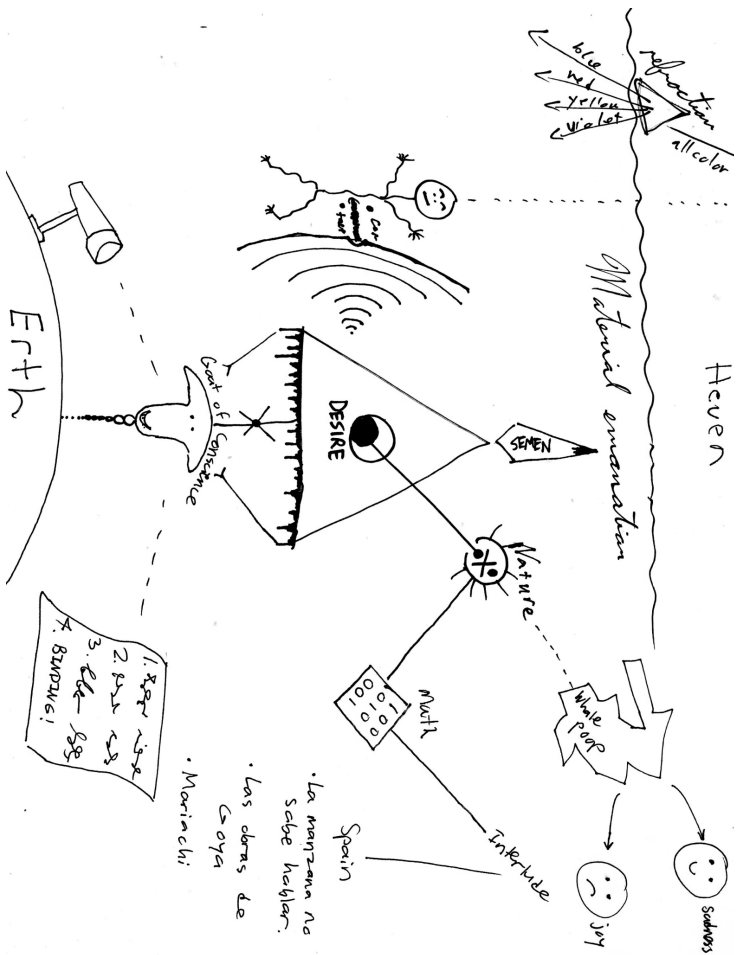
“The forest around it keeps changing and there are no set coordinates to say certainly in which direction we are actually moving, but we keep breaking through layers of illusions, we keep making the company of ever new flocks of never-before-seen birds, who recognise their reflection in the gleaming skin of the vehicle just as much as the vehicle recognises itself in the diabolic fire of these birds’ eyes.” - Mattias Forshage



DIAGRAM GAME

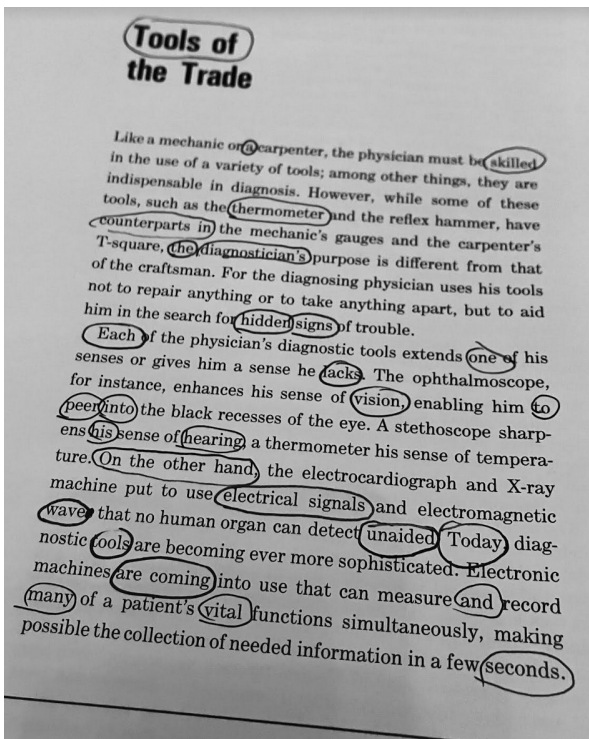
Everyone starts drawing a nonsensical diagram. At various points, any player can yell "pass", causing all players to pass the diagram they are working on to the next person. Continue until the pages are more-or-less filled.





TEXT CIRCLE GAME

Directions: Tear out a page of text from a book. The first player circles 2 or 3 words out of the text, starting a new sentence. The next player also circles 2 or 3 words, keeping in mind the previous ones, keeping the sentences more or less grammatical. Continue passing until the page is filled. Add periods and commas after the fact, where necessary.



1

After seven harvests too late and nova with the best, areas on a behind-architectural. Interest in interiors dominated Henry. The urgency to even best flour houses, historic. One of the state of language over Toronto speaks in a specimen of novel age.

2

Something swirling seems to point me on across clear thunder's source...Its churning screws downward slowly descending along the beneath. Fascinated like a bloom. The crater rubbing it out for me. Eight months have I suffered common treasure; the disease as myself...as old as a giant lodestone... rampant incurable endlessly searching...

3

During the scientific dogma, dissection was god. People did facts in Eve. Nobody doubted men. One bible'd the spirit of the hamper-human. Cholera swept to astrology as a method of abracadabra designs. Often treated? The fat. Outlandish stone intestines, as a cure. Test the stone condemned...

4

The study of time was an odd subject, dealing exclusively with evolution. Of essential pontifical library, of wish sincere. Librarians assist New York State provided barns, on air lands. Head of special book centuries greatly indebted to threshing. Unique pleasure with the french language. Concept of conception, made by spite and advice.

SPELL FOLDING GAME

Write one ingredient to a spell, fold the paper over. The next person will write the next ingredient without seeing the preceding line. The last person writes the title of the spell.

A Spell to Turn Night into Day and the Dark Moon into a Vibrant Sun

1. Seventeen salamander toes
2. A VHS tape you watched all the time as a kid
3. Three old drawings you made in kindergarten that your mom saved for some reason
4. A spoonful of undeserved ecstasy
5. Two pinches of soot from the inside of a chimney of a house that has burned down

A Spell to Achieve Knowledge and Conversation with the Insect World and its Denizens

1. And untouched aardvark egg
2. The second disc of season 3 of Friends on bluray
3. A rather raucous rat rectum
4. Walnuts that have been in a chipmunks mouth (17-23 in number)
5. An invisible hand

A Spell for the Transformation of Asphalt into Clean Water

1. Scarecrow epithelials, one pound
2. Fourteen brown mustaches torn from the faces of high school gym teachers
3. A page of automatic writing from a burn victim
4. The other half of this broken coin
5. Forty allegories of the cave

A Spell to Allow you to Hear Words Spoken Behind your Back

1. Three carbuncles of wine
2. Three snake skins, willingly given
3. Three cups of sewer water from Chicago
4. Oyster shells filled with sawdust
5. The complete discography of Michael Jackson

A Cure for Shellfish Allergy for Anyone within 10 Feet of Me

1. Two teaspoons of vanilla extract
2. A dozen ripened donkey eggs
3. Seven fleeces, one of each color of the rainbow
4. An eyelash from a goat born on Christmas
5. A live cat



Versatile Eyes



IRRATIONAL KNOWLEDGE OF A SOUND GAME

The Sound Questioned: A Didgeridoo Hum

Initial Response:

- Seven circles circling time's orifice.
- A dream humming, the deep humming breath of the desert as she dreams.
- Tremelo tremolo tremolo. The voice that seeks to make way through narrow splinters of dark, trembling with planetary rings, turning slowly.
- A repeating droning, burping, water sound of new life and opportunity.

What color does it correspond to?

- Red
- Black
- Black
- Teal

What part of the universe is it associated with?

- The singularity
- The shallows just under the ice of that moon of Jupiter with water.
- Black hole
- Jupiter

What year was it discovered?

- 1927
- 1
- one year before the Big Bang
- 7000BC, forgotten 5000BC, remembered again 700 AD

What could it do?

- Sprout a lily pad
- Tell you peacefully how you will die
- Roll down a hill, laughing
- Make the movers move

What does its future hold?

- Black hole
- Will crack the surface of the ice to make way for the space pilgrims to colonize mars.
- A state of unchangingness, caught in the amber of the present
- Lands inside a wall of ice, transforms it into dirt

Is it male, female, neither?

- Male, it is the seed of a new civilization
- Male
- Male
- Both

Why did it find us?

- It birthed us
- It made itself known when it thought we were ready.
And we were.
- To teach us a new language
- To tell us a story

What does it taste like?

- Salt water
- Unsalted vacuum
- Liquorish
- Jagermeister

OF BONE AND MUSCLE

celestial

operation wherein he invades the cranium

Remedies

FOR AILING HEARTS

Inside the pyramic

There must be ample space to

swim in the plasma,

nature's way is theirs.

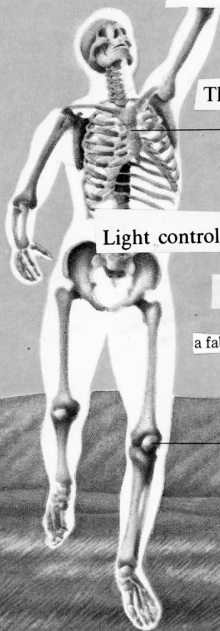
Light control is a governing factor in

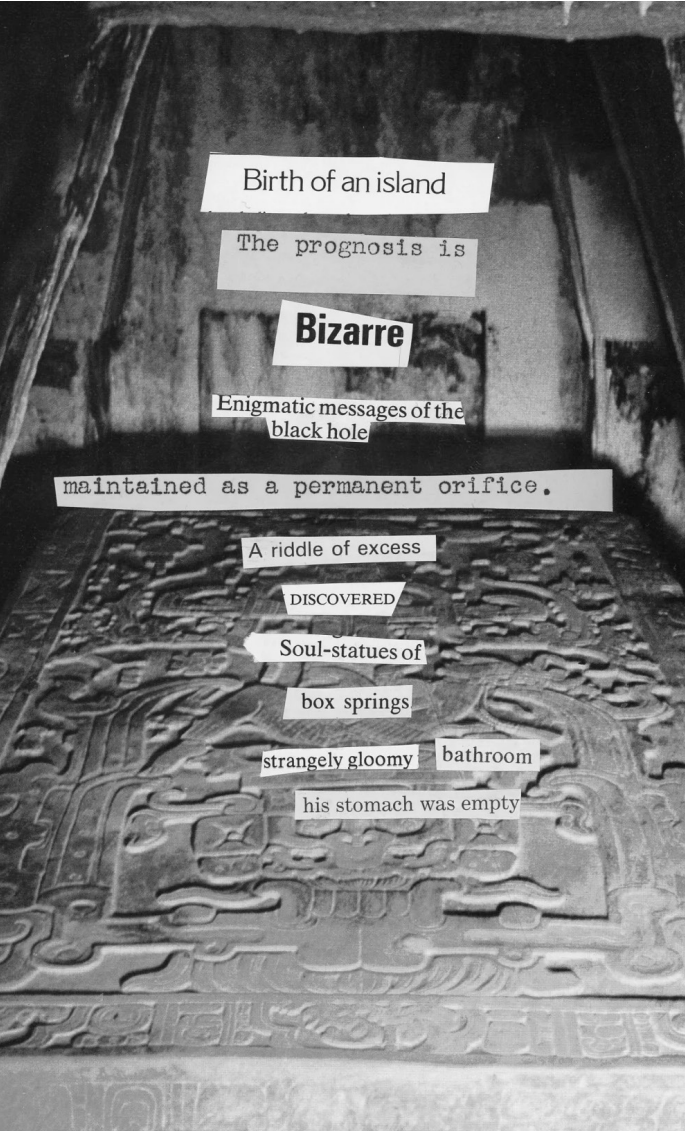
Ulcers across the ages

a fabled realm collapsed almost overnight.

symbol of male potency.

PATELLA





Birth of an island

The prognosis is

Bizarre

Enigmatic messages of the
black hole

maintained as a permanent orifice.

A riddle of excess

DISCOVERED

Soul-statues of

box springs

strangely gloomy bathroom

his stomach was empty

SOUTHERNISMS GAME

Directions: Write the first section of a southernism, fold paper over, and pass. Next person writes the second half blind. Fold again, pass. Third person writes the meaning of the saying.

If the mayflies land in the puddin', then the gators of Savannah will crash yer wedding.

Meaning: Don't change Travis' radio station when he's listening to his stories on NPR.

If the moonshine tastes like candy canes too close to Christmas, then it's time to come on home for supper.

Meaning: Too much money is bad for a fungi's health.

My daddy says "call once if it's falling off...call twice if you fall ON it."

Meaning: She was scared as a one legged water bug at the hydrangea festival.

If the gravy starts to curdle, wash the barking dog.

Meaning: Hasten not the demise of the well-built concert hall, it has its place...

If the pickled pig puckers big and leans in for a kiss, then even the reddest barn in the world is still just a fresh cut stump.

Meaning: Don't bathe in mustard if you really want blue veins.

Like a Georgia swamp in mid-January!

Meaning: Change your underwear twice daily to be as a god.

If yer gunna paint yer barnacles, ya better wet yer fleas, or

the millstone'll grind neighbor's biscuit.

Meaning: Maybe don't put a loose chicken in the washing machine.

If the sky is bleeding sweat, then the doormats'll go flyin'.

Meaning: Speak softly to your elders or they will abandon you in a tall tree.

He has a cricket chirping on his pee paws' channel changer!

Meaning: This expression is used to describe the imminent arrival of the apocalypse.

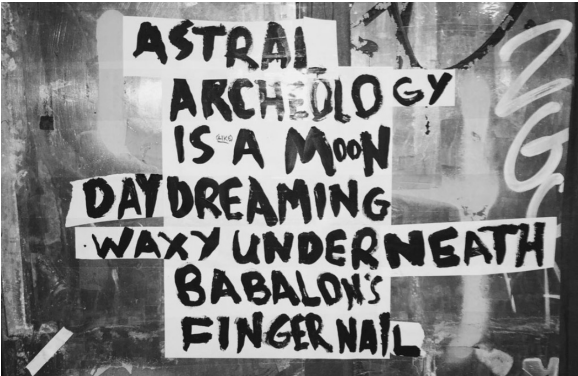
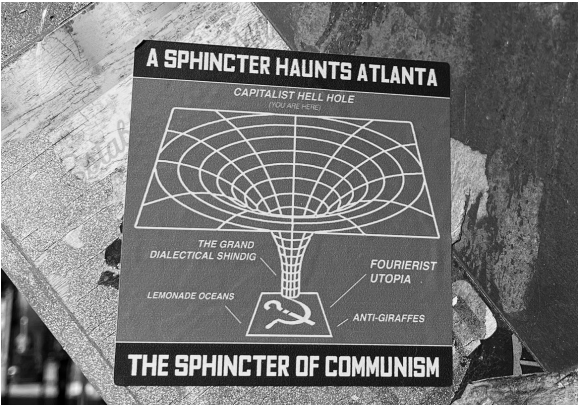
If ya give china dolls to baptized gizzards, then a million little devils might come screaming Sunday out a Baton Rouge.

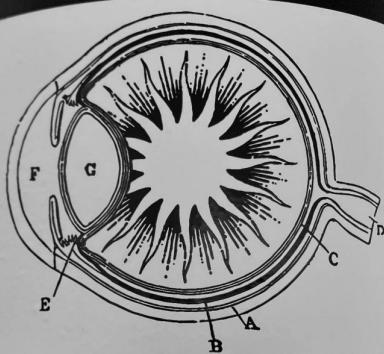
Meaning: It'll be here before you know it.

A FEW ADVENTURES IN ASPHALT-SURREALISM

“The street, which I believed could offer my life its surprising detours, the street with its uneasiness and its glances, was my true element; there as nowhere else I caught the breath of the possible.” – André Breton







**YOU ARE A
HAUNTED
OPTOMETRIST**

- A. Bulging birth
- B. Grandmother's house
- C. Place where the desert meets the sky
- D. Pipeline to surreality
- E. Hidden container for atlantean gods
- F. Astral evaporation hole
- G. Weapon to dissolve the skin of the sun

- A.** *Bulging birth*
- B.** *Grandmother's house*
- C.** *Place where the desert meets the sky*
- D.** *Pipeline to surreality*
- E.** *Hidden container for atlantean gods*
- F.** *Astral evaporation hole*
- G.** *Weapon to dissolve the skin of the sun*



RUBE GOLDBERG MACHINE GAME

Directions: Each player is one part in a huge machine, and decide silently what noise their own particular machine part makes. When everyone is ready, all begin making their noise at the same time. Afterwards, discuss collectively what shape, function, and origin this machine might have. Once the discussion has ended, draw your idea of the machine's form.

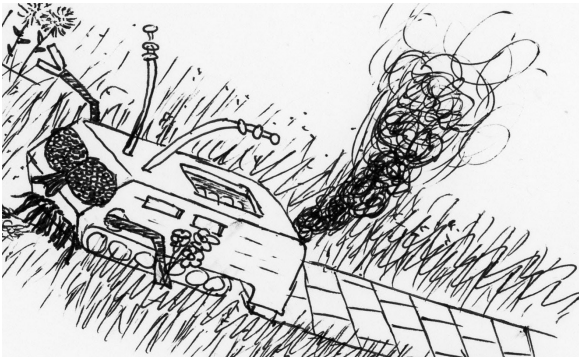
CHARACTERISTICS

- Large and round, lots of long arms and things that reach out
- Steam Powered
- Hydraulic processes that occur sometimes, but not always
- Some kind of snipping action
- Small round orbs come out and spin fast, like weather vane
- Trudging along on long legs
- Is a mechanical animal moves through environment and interacts with things, processes things
- Autonomous machine running under its own will
- Gigantic robotic bug with pincers
- Takes things from environment and presses them into golden bricks, makes the famous yellow brick road behind it.
- Antagonistic to surroundings, imposing its order onto world
- Attitude of "Just doing a thing"
- Turns life into something pretty, as opposed to truly beautiful
- Giant flea?

ORIGIN

- It seemed like a good idea at the time
- Crawling out of the center of the sun
- Organism began acquiring sticks and rocks and adding to itself, making metal parts and attaching them.

- Worked for so long that it evolved away its intelligence and fused with machine, became mindless
- Has mind but all that's left for it to think is "I'm doing a good job!"
- Hyper focused
- Too efficient
- Programmed itself in response to an initial impulse



DICE GAME

Directions: Each player in turn rolls two dice and rapidly says a phrase or sentence comprised of the number of words shown on the dice. The dice are then quickly passed to the next player, who continues the narrative.

butter off dead (than unloved)

we were passing through the forest when without warning a giant magnificent dogface jumped above the treetops and shouted that he was truly dead.

just then, the glass forest bloomed bloodroses and the forest decided to change. savory gemstones boiled w/in the pot of iron and spoke longingly, crying “debased chickens never hatch in the wormworld that we inhabit now that the dice have rolled.” and then the fiery gemstones flew into the rainbow of our sad desires.

but anyways, the dogface flying above the mountain of misery and despair melted into nothing but butter. the butter was liquid, steaming, and sticky. it burned like butter usually does when it gets hot. simmering stovetops burn butter but kitchen mice are unable to reform their hearts back to their innocent births.

what remained of dogface was found in the butter and the forest where the butter burned screamed and butter never was anything but dust floating through the universe unloved.

the harvester on the moon

i hate this guy. he always says that i am nothing but a little worm and i don't know anything about harvesting fruit on the mountain of sorrow. fuck him. fuck his face. fuck his stupid brain and all his stupid little ideas that infuriate my brain. what does he even know about my experience harvesting all the jelly worms on the side of the fruit on the mountain of sorrow.

he didn't even know about the lost butterflies trapped in my heart. i won't let them out. not even how they could improve the entire village's ethical experience.

i deserted that guy. i jumped in my submarine and took off down that steep set of rapids that rolled down his body. escaped the long years of being suppressed and feeling like i was never good enough or pretty enough for him or even anybody else. i journey through jungles wearing the skin of a great ape.

next were the hills of downy flowers under deep purple skies and a pink sun. the flowers sang and breathed. and when they spoke i recognized the voice as my former voice of hope. it said, "he is no hymn. he has no self or other. listen lady, he ain't shit. he was never the ewe inside the geometric planetoid. listen, leave this ratrace behind and dripout. drip like glass. drip like water under ice. drip like amnion. drip like milk from the teet of a warm sheep."

i dreamed. i dreamed of genie. and she granted me every secret want. first, she granted me the guy i thought i wanted and then instead she gave me a toasty pretzel of my heartbreaks. and as my teeth sunk into the dough i heard the music of my beauty bloom back into the softness of infancy.

i cried. i pulled out his intestines, ground them, and they evaporated into quiet nothingness. i felt like a worm. he was the worm i always imagined.

but enough of that guy. the flowers spoke again. i joined in chorus until i found a great truth inside myself. the truth was hard, deep as obsidian. i saw a great multitude of lost dead seagulls at coney island and then i threw myself from the hill into the sea and i sank into it. it was black. i could barely breathe under the waves until my gills grew in like slits. and then a bright blue dragon pooped out a seagull w/o feathers. it was eyeless. it was wingless and it was w/o sanity.

it sang, "go back. find that which you lost. and then return here. when you see her, you will know her to be the self you once loved so little." the seagull was right. i sank into the

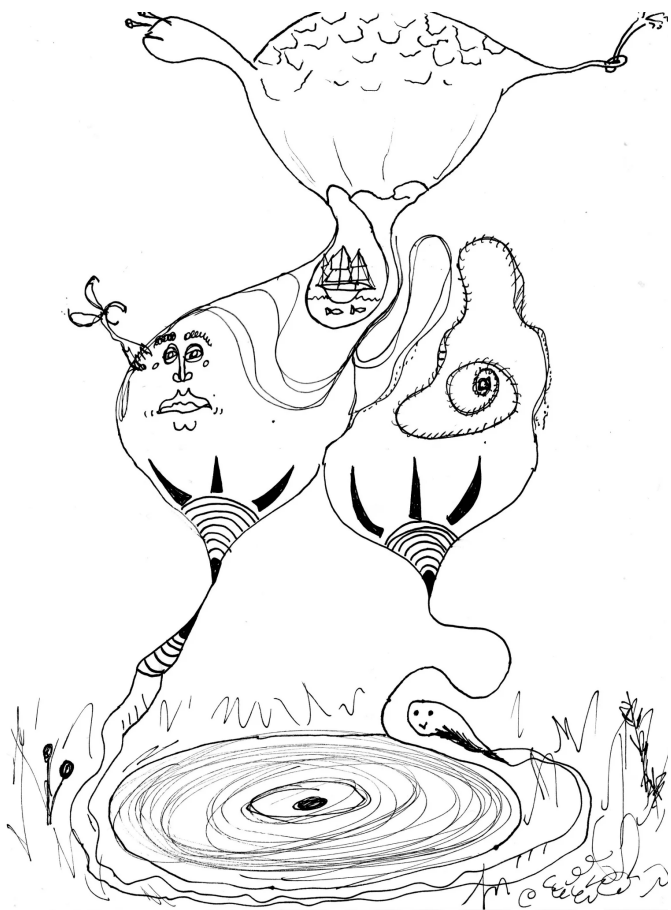
sun and came out a steamy buttered bun. butterflies; butter flies. i left the sun behind. next was the moon. it was wet w/ drizzling warm spectral aardvarks but anyways i completely ignored all that and continued towards the glowing mountain peak.

the dragon laid sleeping atop it. the seagull sat on its butt; said, "you're back. look yonder. do you see the prophesied witch. she plays with your your."

"i know," i said, "that's why i'm a sand witch. but when was i here before? when was i stuck between two pieces of magic? what is the butter that makes you feel alive and pretty and spreads itself across your shining glimmering buoyant soul?"

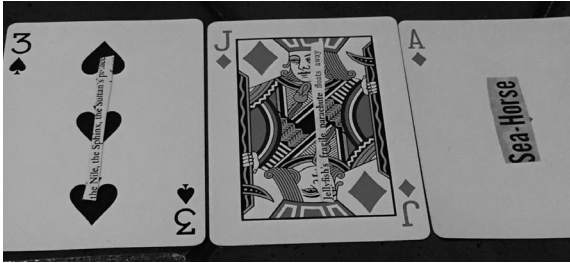
"it is on your sandwich, you foremost witch of the sands. go ye and make ye into the tastes of your dreams. what are the words of your spell that transforms? what are your ingredients? what witch wears whose wise? what when where why? i shall leave and return to the beginning. otherwise known as when."

thus the seagull left. when i dreamed, i seemed only to dream but i was more awake than asleep. lucid, and entirely conscious i saw that it floated in pellucid slumber. the seagull was there w/o the witch. at the start. the seagull; the worm; the dragon; the...



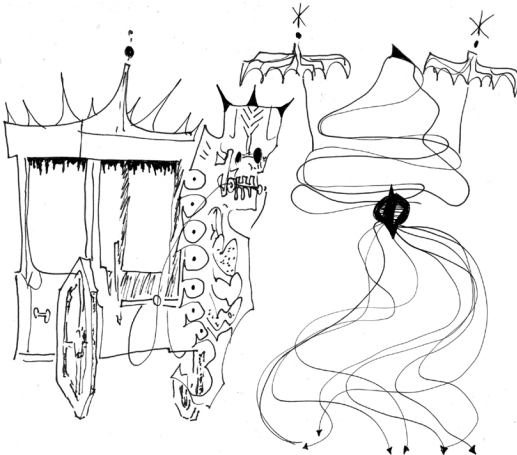
CARD GAME

Directions: We created a deck of cards with random phrases glued on each one. Players pulled a card. We then discussed the connections existing between each card, whether obvious or vaguely associational, and began collectively to fuse them. A final sentence was agreed upon, and a drawing was sketched.



Round 1

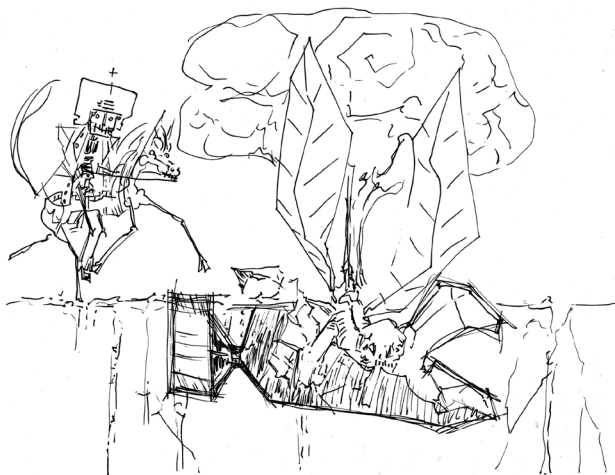
The seahorse with a human face draws his chariot across the surface of the Nile, and the palace of the sultan parachutes down from the sky...





Round 2

Charley on a horse, racing down a trench from the shadow of the night. An atomic bomb descends—firefly landing in a flower bed, six-fold death in bloom...



SOME KNOWLEDGE OF THE POONGLE AND HARBERMORT

Alvaro Michael

As Pillper and Fehjkinb note, poongles have large, thin quills on their backs, which they project from their bodies in bursts to spear zizifruits from the algop trees, carrying them far and wide. With their sensitive probosces, the poongles then follow the scent of their quills to find where the zizifruits have fallen, and use a vacuum action of their probosces to suck the soft inner pulp of a punctured zizifruit through their quill as one sucks lemonade slush through a straw. The zizifruit pulp is then deposited into their acidic lungs, which function not only as breathing organs but also as digestive stomachs. The alveoli of poongle lungs consist not only of the usual thin capillary walls for exchanging oxygen, but are also covered in cilia known as noodlipogs that secrete a corrosive bunbun juice, breaking down the pasty zizifruit pulp into a thin liquid so that it can be absorbed through pores between the noodlipogs known commonly as carpet gashes. During this digestion period, the lungs of the poongle tend to be anywhere from three-quarters to half normal capacity, too little to support even minor aerobic activity, and therefore the poongle spends the rest of the day hibernating on the ground, its proboscis rolled up in a tight spiral like those of butterflies to inhale the last remnants of the pulp, with only the zizifruit as the subject of happy and

lazy dreams during its slumber.

The concurrency of hibernation and reduced lung capacity during this time makes the poongle vulnerable to attack by harbermorts, which Blavadius Jeroges first reported in his pamphlet, "The Harbermort Diet: Poongle, Rat, Bubblitat," published on the Fifth day after the coronation of the King Jules, God save him. Jeroges had been on an expedition through the land to which poongles and harbermorts are indigenous and noted how on hot and humid afternoons in the half-savannah, harbermorts could be seen prowling the vicinity of algop trees as they sought out dormant poongles. The harbermort can be recognized by its sharp long daggers of teeth, a thin fur coat resembling that of a jackal, a quartet of eyes up towards the front of its broad snout capable of viewing the infrared spectrum of light, a pair of muscular legs, a useless and vestigial pair of non-working arms, and a trio of sensitive nostrils on each toe of its four-digit feet. Quite a fierce and forbidding specimen would the harbermort be to us were it not completely oblivious to our existence, as results from its total, unyielding, and obsessive focus on the detection of prey. (Compare the habit to the tylopiian sharks of the Brancless River, who have been known to attack humans only on the rare and unfortunate occasion that their form, viewed from below where the sharks look up towards the water's surface, resembled the outline of the slender four-limbed topex voltmover, their usual prey. In all other occasions, the tylopiian shark has ignored the presence of humans, and so it is with the harbermort.)

Certainly, harbermorts would consume zizifruits if they could, except that the zizifruit, as previously

commented on by Mary Ji-Hu Lombardy of Kenten-Korea, has a deceptively durable skin that can only be penetrated via a forceful and sudden piercing, as is what poongles do with their projectile quills. Not even the sharp teeth of the harbermort are sufficient against such a barrier. Indeed, our forays into the geological record (such as those of the pioneering paleontologist duo Bertlanda and Qualia Truffle) turned up the fossils of harbermort ancestors who died with their bodies wrapped in wicked and grotesque positions around collections of zizifruits, which were even found intact in their mouths and stomachs as the harbermorts sought the unparalleled sweetness of their spongy interiors. Alas, in those cases, the doggedness of the harbermort, normally an asset, was its folly, the desire for ambrosia converted into a self-destructive infatuation that dominated all other logic and impulses; and the dying thoughts of those harbermorts, if thoughts there had been, must have orbited only the insatiable craving for an unattainable gustatory enlightenment.

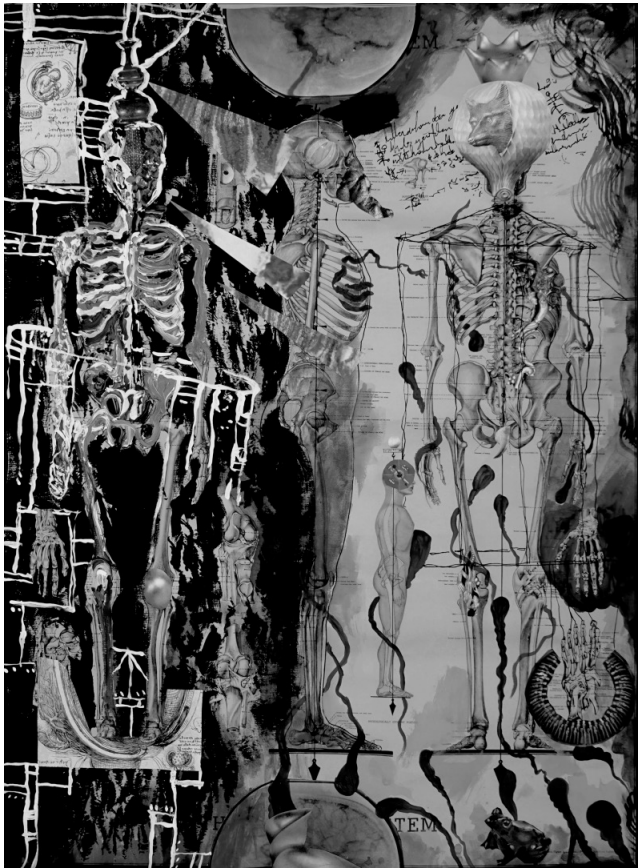
And so, as is the case with all natural selection (an essential theory first put forth by the great Charles Darwin but independently described by the Franco-Mexican biologist Eugenio de Barges y Polinomio), the aforementioned defective harbermorts dissipated from the population, and most harbermorts had a much greater (and more accessible) appetite for the flesh of creatures. However, in a curious turn of evolution, harbermorts do not feast upon poongles in the way that they feast upon rats and bubblitats. In the case of poongles, harbermorts have an entirely different mode of acquiring their nutrition.

To explain, it should be noted that poongles are in fact the only known specimen to taste the delectable

meat of the zizifruit, as it is the only creature of its land to evolve, with outstanding success, the ability to pierce the zizifruit skin via projectile action. (This fact was established by Dora Longfellow Schrautenotten, who famously led a team of 24 biologists in the observation of alpop trees and their surrounding fauna over the course of two years, day and night and without interruption. God rest her soul.) It therefore stands to reason that poongles are the only creatures who possess memories of that taste. Of this treasure the harbermorts have been envious for millenia -- how greatly did they crave that taste, how many of them died in the fruitless battle to gain it! Evolution once again came to their aid, as it does to all creatures: Over a period of 1 million years, the harbermort has evolved to feed not off of poongle flesh, but rather, poongle thought. In the moments that a poongle is most vulnerable, when the poongle's lungs are still filled with digesting zizifruit pulp, and the sleeping creature dreams of the mouthwatering flavor, a harbermort uses the eyes at the end of its snout to detect the Infrared light radiating from the poongle as a result of such intense digestion. The harbermort need not use stealth -- a poongle is not easily roused in such a state, for even if it were, it could not go far on such a reduction of breathing capacity. The harbermort opens its mouth wide, revealing the teeth used in other prey for shredding flesh, and gently clamps it over the head of the poongle, creating as many small incisions as teeth in its mouth. The poongle remains unbothered, its proboscis remaining greedily rolled. Through a neurological and perhaps even telepathic process not yet understood by the Great Ones of science, the harbermort is able to transfer energy from the poongle to itself by draining

the poongle of thoughts and memories of zizifruits. This presumably creates a sensation in the taste-processing regions of the harbermort cerebral cortex similar to if it had actually consumed a zizifruit. After a few minutes, the harbermort releases the poongle, and the poongle bleeds slightly from the incisions. (A poongle recently bitten by a harbermort is known traditionally as a “perforated poongle.”) The poongle eventually wakes after it has run the course of digestion, and it notices nothing new except for the sudden absence of zizifruit in its mind, the feeling that something so precious from before has now been stolen away. This increases the appetite for zizifruits, and the poongle quickly and hungrily goes on its way to the next alpop tree for spearing.

And so it is that if harbermorts cannot feast on zizifruits themselves, they can still consume the next best thing: The zizifruits of memory.



IRRATIONAL IDENTITY OF AN OBJECT GAME

Directions: Players elect an object, and begin to ask questions about it, answering intuitively and collectively. (Where was it born? How does it procreate? Etc.) The discussion proceeds verbally, and a consensus must be reached with each proposed fact.



Object 1 - Nesting Doll Cocoon

A nesting doll cocoon, which can make smaller copies of itself. Its life cycle switches between egg form and silver form. It grows smaller over time (going forward in time, that is). At one time it was as tall as empire state building, we've just forgotten this.

It feels resigned to its fate. It creates psychological defenses. it feels heavy, dull, sleepy, ancient. It mutters "from the egg we came, and to the egg we shall return."

It's name is "eggbert" in eggform and "silly-cone and the eggstential crisis" in silverform.

It smells like pennies and blood, with a hint of cardamon.

In its silver form, it makes eggbeer. In its eggform, it rolls to the the bottom of the ocean to hibernate. It floats back up when it turns silver again, due to its silver form being hollow on the inside.

When it's too small to grow any smaller, it turns backwards in time, growing larger. Same when it grows too large, it reverts time again and grows smaller. Therefore, at every single moment of time, it is both growing smaller and growing larger in both directions, never having to relive the past nor the future, constantly creating both simultaneously. Therefore, it is the dynamo heart of the universe. Unfortunately, it can also never experience its own death; humans probably will however, living past its smallest state. It existentially worries of the nothingness on the other side of its two extremes, though it can never know them.



Object 2 — Simple Samuel Eric Bjornsson

Born without facial features, but still very much has a face.

It has a sphincter at the tiptop of its head for nutrition; secretes a sweet smell from it. Is actually a plant, even though it looks like a bear.

It wards off predators mainly through its uncanny face. It always listens. Its face is made of a strong tissue that can bulge, inflate, expand. Its face is thin and porous by which it can absorb liquid.

It experiences simple emotions, primarily hunger. Eats insects and small mammals that can fit. 200 caterpillars in a single meal feels pretty good. It has very low energy expenditure.

It is actually an amalgam of different organisms crash-spliced together via asteroid collision:

Its kevlar face is a space blowfish; it swims galactic dust currents; actually born of a blackhole. Has no fins, no tail; a ballthing that survived the vacuum of space purely through regulation of its own internal pressure.

Its body is a crystalline organism found inside an icy comet. It was a purely digestive organism, diffusing nutrients through the air. Broke down via acids and honeys.

Its mane is actually just a bear's. The asteroid slammed into it in Ottawa, Canada, poor guy. Gave the amalgamation creature its predatory and defensive instincts.

Its brain is an amalgamation of all three organisms.

No one knows how old it is. In fact, different parts die at different times: the bear will slough off first; the blowfish will depressurize next; the crystalline will remain crystalline. It is then that it will revert to mindless sleep; it is only temporarily conscious.



Object 3— Felix of the Silent Forest

Felix is from an alien planet which is a single endless jungle. The entire jungle has one root system, and it thinks as a hive mind. His mother is this planet, and he is its offshoot. He was separated from his home planet by a strange accident, a sudden quantum slip.

Felix's life span is longer than that of the universe. He has the ability to grow into a new mother-planet of his own if he collides with another brother or sister offshoot, or if he collides with an orange cheetah. His language is music; empathic and not written, imperceptible to human ears. Unfortunately his song is trapped, and he is weeping it out in resin. His basket-face is covered by numerous eyes like a dragonfly, each eye with a separate consciousness of its own. Inside Felix's chest there are also human hands, hands which pop out and walk around when Felix is turned upside-down. He is an electrical conduit for the universe. The thick rope surrounding his body was put there by a separate being, and he is trying to escape it because it has altered his balance. All in all, he's a caring, friendly sort of fellow, and we hope he makes it home...

CHILDREN OF BAD CHILDREN

Alvaro Michael

[I took the first couple pages of James Joyce's Dubliners and crossed through words at semi-random with a black marker. The words remaining are as follows, with punctuation generally being my own.]

There was no third night. I passed the time and studied the square of night lighted faintly. Candles on the darkened candles must head this world. I knew they were true. The window said softly the word paralysis. It had always sounded strangely like the gnomon in the simony in the Catechism. It sounded to me like the maleficent and sinful being nearer to its deadly work, smoking, ladling to some former remark:

“No, I wouldn't say something uncanny.”

His pipe arranging his tiresome old rather interesting worms. I soon grew tired of my own theory about peculiar theory. My uncle is gone.

“Who?” said I.

Father is dead.

He was passing under observation so I explained to the youngster the old great wish for mercy on his little beady black eyes. Like children of bad children. My idea is young, young principle. Let his corner always exercise. I was a morning of my life: I had a cold summer. What stands education all very large...

“Take a pick of that mutton added to my aunt.”

“No for me,” said my dish on the table. “It's not good for children. It's bad for children. Their minds are things like red-nosed.”

I fell angry, alluding to my head to extract
imagined grey paralytic blankets of Christmas. But
the murmured confessed something receding into
some pleasant murmuring lips so moist with paralysis:
That I, in Great Britain, was an unassuming vague
drapery on ordinary day umbrellas.

Now for the crape bouquet tied to the door-
knocker: Two poor women pinned on the crape read:

July 1st, 1895

Formerly aged sixty-five years

R.I.P.

PHANTOM OBJECT GAME

Directions: A moderator puts an inanimate object in a sack. The object remains unknown to all other players. One player feels the object-creature in the sac, and is asked questions about it ("How was it born, etc.") by the other players except the moderator, who only takes notes. Later all the details are combined into a kind of story or encyclopedia entry, and the creature is may also be drawn. The bag can be opened afterwards or kept secret forever, depending on the desires of the group.

Crungle's Lapidarian (aka the noble Crinket)

A Crinket is a reptile born in the roots of a tree. It lives in sparse savannah environments, staying close to the tree of its birth for the majority of its 20-year life span. It is a solitary and independent creature, and only interacts with the others of its species during mating, which always happens underground. During this mating, a female will burrow down by the tree's roots, forming a confusing labyrinth of tunnels. Interested males will catch her pheromone residue at the mouth of the burrow and follow her down, but only the most intelligent (or lucky) of the males will be able to traverse her labyrinth to its end. The pheromone smell is a bit like honey with a touch of rosemary. A Crinket only has two orifices. During gestation the female stays below ground for up to five months. When a Crinket is born it does not yet have its scales, and is extremely sensitive to light. It matures fully after approximately one year, and then leaves the nest. It spends most its days wandering slowly around on its short little legs, photosynthesizing through its scales. Its head is small and almost imperceptible. It can often be heard scrapping at the ground. The intensities and pitch of these scrapes are its language. But the same sound scraped over one material (like a metal) will change meaning completely when scraped over a different kind of material (Like a plastic.) The Crinket's

communication sometimes sounds like percussive music, because rhythm is an integral part of it.

One of the most notable features of a Crinket is its scales. They are small and brittle, and have and sometimes shatter. When the scales turn orange, they have fully ripened. You can cut off a small piece then, but you must cook it well in order to eat it. The scales are not sweet, in fact they are quite bitter and are like porous, chewy bones. The scales regenerate after you pull them off, in fact the Crinket is constantly shedding its scales and growing new ones. But if it loses too many in one go, it may die. Because of this, the animals which depend upon it for sustenance have evolved to not be too greedy. Since the scales shatter so easily, the animals who feed on it have to be very slow and careful while feeding, otherwise they will get a mouthful of painful broken shards in their mouth, and likely die. Most animals prefer to suck slowly on them. Consuming these scales gives humans a slight alcoholic effect when cooked. Ancient civilizations near modern-day Turkey were are know to make concentrates of these scales, and use them in their shamanic rituals in order to speak to their gods. The three gods which the scale concentrates allowed communication with were called Odoor, Valashna, and Sital.

Crinket does not know Kardashians, but it may keep a termite as a pet. Crinket is a natural anarchist, and has never know slavery. For leisure it often reads ancient Sumerian texts. The Epic of Gilgamesh being just one particular favorite.

When a Crinket dies, its interior organs will rot out, but its scales will solidify. Eventually it become a small organic rock of beautiful orange hue.



COLLECTIVE WRITING

Steven & Hazel Cline

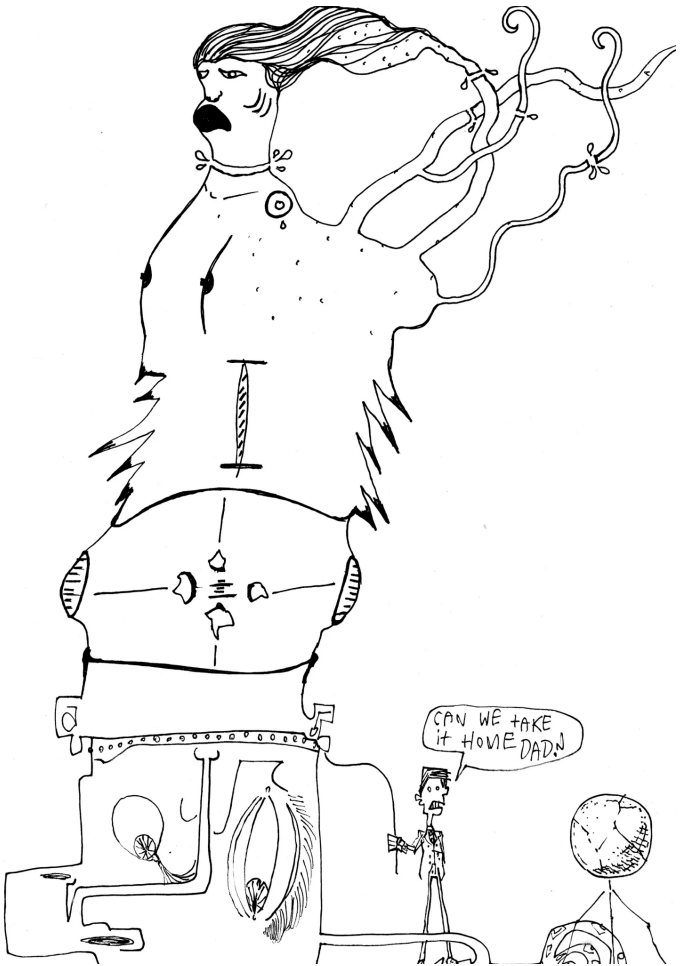
MY WING IS DESERT

My wing is Desert. As I cross the landscape of my spine. As I travel the mysterious boneways of my mysterybody, my leatherborn magnetic field which radiates into the soilsoul of my planetgrub's spinster arrow. Am I a monkish prairie dog? Am I a sordid swordsman intent on swallowing my true intentions? Am I suddenly, irreversibly hieroglyphic? Or, possibly wurst of all, am I a solid thing like a diamond lying undisturbed in the dust of a hidden cavern? No, I am a worm's weapon, I am an atmosphere of weathering. I am a chitinous thing that bites and expands across the empty wastes. I am a litter of follicles, laying a litter of dust. I am the wind that whips up all the debris and the useless papers that collect on miserydesks. I am haireverywhere, flying and evaporating, drawing numbers in the sand. I am the rumble you feel in the earth that shakes your toes and your tiniest bones into remembrance. Skin my skin; breathe old breath into my limpid and empty places. A horn grows up from the dirt, tanish-black, and if you put your lips on it, I will hear the greatest wish of your intestine. A centipede drips there, a centipede sprouts wellwithin. A century must pass before the sky dips back into place. A beard must first grow on the face of our mythic mountain. And a breast upon the great tree at its base, where you were wont to sleep in youth. Bring forth the knife in its flight, scold it. Paint patterns on waiting flesh. On waiting flock. Turn around, turn inside out, look up, call the sky to you, and dance. Mars, plantery mischief that he be, may just decide to

pay a visit if you reward your sharpest blade with blood. Chicken feed, chicken scratch smiling across my buried cardboard knee. Chicken freed from coop, look well, flap well and breath the fowl winds of underworld fife. And maybe then you will taste the thing most craved: a lazy lizard's paradise. The craven cannot touch such sweet honeycomb, such tender fruit. Birth mold, be my brain? Crosshatch me with dawn's splinterwood? Or, paint me with the varicolored muds of planetary wombs? Under mouth's fist, inside the daydark pupils I elicit, are we. Dead-dreaming of elicit things, of loves unwhole and unkeen. On our casket, in our cuneiform, they will carve, and our fallen seed will be fodder for things with beaks. Starving, we become whole... Or so the mollusks that swell inside our hollow itchbone must philosophize. Wrap us up in plastic then, and let us take to dreamwing.

ELEPHANT WORLD

Grey smoke, static-waiting in this lonely god-form, the elephant world. Atmosphere of iron, melting into sea. The sea must move. Must never stop. Yet, it never forgets. From the cavernous, from the well, a swallow jumps. Its cry the first sound, its wings flap the first wind into being and make the movers move. Time, wrapped in a desert blanket, becomes muffled. A lunar heli-clipse spirals inside outside, holding death in her paws, crush what skull to wholeness? A mouse, a mouse of silver coat, has singed the lungs of the elephants who dance in circles under their lost mother, the moon. Stars expand, devouring the black, betraying the void. And as the myriad forms octopi the fountains of misery, love and thermometers break free. Is it cold or burning in the heart of the world; Is it strange, or stranger?



Golden Age

"I remember best the faces

disappearing.

off *Key Largo*,

Like any egg, *nostrils on the ends of lobes,*

Beneath the frozen trumpeting of cherubs and angels,

get me some store-bought teeth

wriggle into and through

For the next four hours

act like inanimate t

crustacea

lined with worry.

SURREALISM IN THE AMERICAN SOUTH

INTRODUCTION

The marvelous here reveals itself in light of a surrounding aura of fertile life-and-death excess, brought on by an alchemy of merciless heat and humidity, storms, past military rule and cultural ruin. – Davey Williams, Arsenal #4

The American south is a weird place, filled to the brim with weird people. Yes, it's a veritable cornucopia of oddballs and creative mania down here, ask anyone. We are the punchline of every non-southerner's joke, we are America's archetypal uneducated yokel, the scapegoat for various societal ills. And we love it, O yes we do. We just love playing it up, just love playing the clown at all the parties, y'all. We've got a healthy (and sometimes not quite so healthy) disrespect for authority, for the pretensions of the rich and the over-educated. Our humor is absurd and dumb and goofy, and it's chock full of lame puns. We have a dark and gruesome side to us too, a history filled with racism and slavery and indigenous genocide. Yet we've had more than our fair share of rebellious, revolutionary moments here as well—slave rebellions in Savannah, the maroons of the Great Dismal Swamp, a long history of labor struggle, among other things.

The south is a land of magic, too, we've got our Hoodoo, we've got our Appalachian witchcraft... In this area, as in others, our most interesting aspects are to be found in so-called "low" quarters, in cultures marred by slavery and poverty. By way of illustration; in Georgia, we once had our own idiosyncratic form of mumming, dubbed "Ridin'

Fantastic”, or “Serenading”. Around Christmas time, groups of revelers called the Fantastics would suddenly emerge and roam the countryside after dark, sporting strange and marvelous homemade masks, all dressed up as “ghoulies and ghosties and long legged beasties”. Eventually? They would stop by at some stranger’s door, demand from them an offering of wine, of eggnog, or other treats. A refusal of this simple request would gain you a whole lot a Nothin’ Good. A pranksterish upside-down always took flight, whenever the Fantastics came to town. They would ride horses with their clothes and masks on backwards, they would tie up all your chairs up a very tall pole, or perhaps free all the horses from your stables. And much more, much more.

The world of the south is a world which is painfully vibrant, hot, and humid. Sweat consumes us all. At a certain temperature, our minds will simply cease to function. In the dreaded depths of summer, we all become deranged madmen. Yes, it is quite a delirious air that we breath here, an air filled with constant overgenerous outpourings of death, sex, and birth. To live in the south is to live among excess, as Davey Williams pointed out. Nature has lost all control among us, she is sex-mad, she is cruel and violent. And, living inside her as we do, we become infected by her madness. And so we wish to fuck, to fight, to rip blindly at some animal’s red flesh, to dive deep into darkest swamp. Under this blazing cruel sun, we all lose ourselves. We wish, inexplicably, suddenly, *to be the alligator*.

A FEW POPULAR ACCOMPLICES, PRECURSORS, FELLOW TRAVELERS

The marvelous is strange fungus, a fungus which thrives

best only on the very edges of mainstream life. It procreates in forgotten alleyways, it spreads like kudzu among society's worthless spaces. Or at the very least, it is given more space in which to grow there, to individualize, to nurse and feed its own eccentric singularity. We see society's fear towards the unchecked worthless in films such as 'Texas Chainsaw Massacre' and 'Deliverance', or more recently, in a game such as 'Resident Evil 7'. That old backwoods archetype of THE MAD KILLER REDNECK!, that dirty devil containing motivations completely beyond the pale, completely beyond all rational understanding. And more recently perhaps, we see it in that most lovable internet meme "Florida Man". Dadaist king of all nonsensical crimes? Those people exist, undoubtedly. And all those tropes fill me with amusement and, well, perhaps even just a tiny bit of pride. But if ya like those ones, kiddo, well, how 'bout a few a these other nutters over here then, too, eh? Well how 'bout it? Will y'all let me be yer tour guide..?



St. Eom, creator of Pasaquan. A man who seems almost too perfect to be real. Did we surrealists dream him? Is he tall tale? Is he Paul Bunyan? St. Eom was a man who moonlighted as fortune teller, as male prostitute, as drag queen. He was a man who ran a gambling parlor, trained dogs and snakes to guard his home, and danced naked at the top of the Empire State Building. Most importantly of all, he was the man contacted by three tall and pointy-haired Pasaquoyan entities from the future, and told to build for them a colorful, marvelous Xanadu. In the backwoods of Georgia, in the middle of absolutely nowhere. And so he did. When one first stumbles onto Pasaquan, one feels utterly overwhelmed. All those bright colors, all those intricate solar patterns, all those strange figures and towering heads. All those very prominent genitals. It invades one's senses, it rewires them. One pinches oneself. Are we actually seeing this? Can something so marvelous as this really exist? Echos of pre-Columbian Mexico, indigenous art, and 'The Lost Continent of MU' can be traced. Yet Pasaquan remains its own wholly singular entity, the true meaning of absolute divergence. I've been to downtown Buena Vista, Georgia, i've looked around. And it is so small, so unremarkable, that it hardly leaves a trace in one's mind. Yet St. Eom somehow flourished in this environment, somehow created in this land his own personal Xanadu. Nothing really accounts for it this aberration, not really. And so we realize, abruptly, that our world, that our seemingly predictable world, is a complete and utter black box. Because without rhyme or reason, some unsummoned Pasaquoyan may appear. Without warning, a Utopia may suddenly materialize, right before our unbelieving eyes. In some mundane spot of Nowhere, in a place that we all least expect.



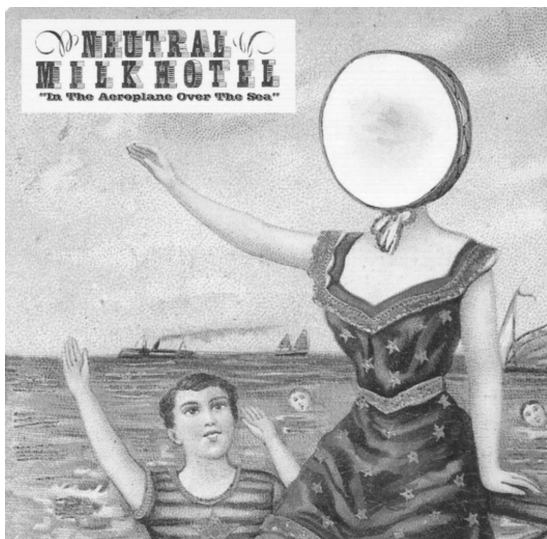
Let's move on then, let's behold the man—Edward Leedskaln. Man dropped from outerspace. Man? No; probably not. Something else. Something better. Facts? Ok. Mere facts. Not from outerspace, no, not a little green saucerman, after all. Instead? A traveller from Latvia. Close enough? Don't know. Never been there. Never been. But this Edward, well, he built a nutbug utopia down here, also. Just like St. Eom, just like Howard Finster, just like Joe Minter. And Coral Castle was its name. Coral Castle. Simple name? Sure. Yet, it was anything but. A real headscratcher. An atlantean jewel. In constructing it, Edward worked alone. Worked at night. Built (levitated? materialized?) a wonderland of heavy oolite limestone without rhyme, reason. And noone, and nobody, knows how. How he did it. Mere 10 cents admission, into Coral Castle. Yes, mere 10 cent, in order to see the Impossible. To see Marvelous. When asked by visitors about his technique, about his method? Edward, merely shysmiling, merely divulging no real truths. "I know the secrets of the people who built the pyramids". That is all he ever said. All he ever hinted at. Edward studied magnetism, it seems. Wrote one incomprehensible book on magnetism

too. Is that a piece to his puzzle. And what else did he study? What else? Alpha Centurian anthropoetchnics? Don't know, I don't know. And he's dead now, he's well gone. Or perhaps...merely magnetized...towards some mermaid's... Newest Dreaming. Miami knows. But. She won't be 'a tellin.



Dropped from outer space? Edward Leedskaln? Perhaps not, no. Perhaps there, I was mistaken. But? We do have one such a figure, dear reader. A painter who in fact was dropped down from just such a high place. Dropped from there many, many times, in fact. Countless times. His name? David Huggins. Born in 1959, then raised in rural Paulding County, Georgia. Paulding County—which happens to be my own (small, insignificant, supermundane) place of origin. Grown themselves some real odd ducks out there, eh? Apparently, 'pparently so. And this David Huggins, well, this Mister Huggins has had the great and sublime pleasure of being chosen to perform near-endless sex acts with the several interdimensional beings who have visited him throughout his long years. These erotic escapades started in the forests of Dallas, Georgia, outside his childhood home. And at a certain point, David began recording all these rare experiences of his in paint—to quite magical results. Our veryown Roberto Matta? David's marvelous

canvases shiver and shine with an obscene strangeness, they are loveletters to a new posthuman copulation, an ode to surreational sex. DESIRE unbound by space, time, or good manners. DESIRE...made interdimensional.



In the 1990s, a very peculiar collective Eggregore haunted the southern states of Louisiana and Georgia. It was called The Elephant 6 Recording Company, and at its core, or at least, at its most surrealist core, there was a man (or was he?) called Jeff Mangum. In those days, Jeff was a somnambulist-thing, a man of night terrors and waking dreams. Jeff slept very little. But when he did sleep, when he did dream, he would be greeted by marvelous nighttime visitors. Visions of amorphous little balls of light, of giant bugs on the floor, of mad screaming monks... Numerous stories from the E6 "inner circle" recount an overflowing

procession of many such strange encounters, as though Jeff were unconscious magnet for them. One bizarre account tells of Jeff and another E6 musician engaging in conversations with each other through the walls of their rooms, *while both were completely asleep*. Surrealist books, pataphysical books, Gerard de Nerval, René Daumal... these surrealist-favorites all made the rounds too, influencing members of the collective to various degrees. In interviews, the surrealist movement is mentioned as one primary model for the formation of Elephant 6. Some bands like Of Montreal, have even made overt references classics such as *Story of the Eye*, *Les Chants de Maldoror*, and Paul Éluard. But few in the collective were as authentically surrealist as Jeff, few actually lived surrealism. Objective Chance often reared its beautiful severed head to these madmen, too, like when the band explored the Musée Mécanique in the Bay Area, and suddenly came across a child in the spitting image of Anne Frank, around which their most famous album was based. As for the lyrics, well, Jeff he just felt like he didn't write those songs at all. He felt like he had just channeled them all from somewhere. *Automatically*. Unfortunately, this period of intense high weirdness and joy didn't last. Jeff Mangum soon suffered an inner crisis, and left the band, left the music scene, left the still-young Elephant 6 collective. At his very height, he evaporated and embraced silence. Just like Rimbaud.

Bessie Ficklen? Definitely, definitely. Virtually unknown in Georgia, and yet, a fellow surrealist undertaker friend of mine found her, he dug her up from the wordvaults, dusted her off. And then (naturally) she began to molt, before Very Eye. Began to speak. What was found there? Underneath time's thickhidden, vast petticoat? An authority on hand puppets was found, yes. But, more importantly for us, an authority on dream, and on dream poetry was found there. In Savannah, Bessie collected all instances of dream poetry that she could, and then studied these strange shards. These little gifts left behind by her Underselves, by the goblins of her Unconscious. She even formed a small local poetry circle to study the phenomenon. An early surrealist group, of sorts? Perhaps. Perhaps.



Pretty funny, aren't we? Pretty funny. Tex Avery. Walt Kelly. George Herriman. Our list goes on, goes on&on&on. And this humor, well, it stretches. It stretches us, and all of our smallsad rationalist heads.

It shows reality's true (lackof) boundaries under the guise of a harmless child's joke. A hide-in-plain-sight of our veryown surrealist ideal of freedom. Isn't it? Quite clever, quite unexpected, quite delightful. That's our sublime morethanreal sitting over there, isn't it? Parading obscenely before a billion lazy eagereyes?! On some unremarkable saturday morning...those unending cartoon blocks...those trashy newspaper funnies...ah~! There, at the very bottom of the deranged fishbowl of culture...it can still be found. The delirious octopi of truest marvelous. Those couchpotatos, those cartoonkids? Future revolutionaries, all. Future molotov-throwing bugbunny wabbits, future anvil-throwers, future flatteners of tedious cops, and tiresome oldies. And all of this, going on right underneath the unsuspecting parental nose, too, going on right underneath each and every snot-filled, molasses-filling, bourgeois crustnose. But this isn't just something that the south does only, no, of course not, wouldn't think it. It's everywhere, actually. The laughvirus is everywhere. *O sublime revolutionary chuckleworm—thy spreadeth thyself so far...!* Yes. I believe in the countless Robespierres of the Giggle a-growing, a-hiding inside of this grey and miserablist world. Under every rock and tree, shall ye find them. Under every blade of suburbanite grass. With pun-slingshots ready—ready to strike, to wound, to maim...with savage giggle. Yes! Within every sunken continent, within every cocooning lost moon—it's the funnies, a gathering! It's the Toons! In every language, on every shore. Bugbunny-ism? Eternal contagion! Pogo-itus? Unspeakable danger! And yet... all that being as it is...as universal is it is...well...but we do do it damn well down here though, now don't we? *We do it damn well...*

ORGANIZED (& NOT SO ORGANIZED) SURREALISM IN THE SOUTH



Surrealism-proper (if one wishes to make such a dubious distinction) started with Clarence John Laughlin. And it started in New Orleans. Most surrealist of all our cities? Perhaps. Yes, of course it would start there, naturally. Late 1940s, thereabouts? And this old Clarence John, well, he would set all his traps for his phantoms. His little camera-traps. And he caught so many down there, he caught so very many. A thousand surrghosts, utterly collected. A thousand fragile enigmas, obtained. In stunning black in white,

in silent haunted whisper. Of all southern surrealists, it is Clarence John Laughlin who best recorded, best discovered our most seldom-spoken mysteries. Who best outlined best our gothic, decaying undercurrent. At our deepest strata? We are haunted. Deadened. Insect bitten. Clarence swam in that black, decadent fluid of our past, of our future, Clarence communed with South's shadows. He ensnared time, he reversed it, he put it on display. A photographer outside of time. And perhaps...perhaps...he was able to photograph, to enchain his own ghost once, too. Perhaps. Yes, and maybe that lost photo lays at the bottom of some dusty forgotten drawer in Louisiana, awaiting our true arrival. A strange greyscale Shadow-Clarence, wearing his obscured, celluloid eyes. Frozen forever inside self-imposed, rectangular boundarylines. Eyes staring out at us, staring out on our desolate, disintegrating world. An ever-observing sentinel, on the backforward flows of Time. In trademark sibyllic silence, from coldcruel vantage point of deeper, distant Elsewheres. Yes. Perhaps he gazes still, still. Perhaps he speaks in tongues, perhaps he conjures prophecies. But we will never really know his mind. Don't you think? We shall never truly know him. He's far, far too crystalline. Far too "of translucent" for *that*. The enigma which he hunted year after years slowly devoured him. Slowly *became* him. Inch by inch, photograph by photograph. Where Clarence stands, we see nothing. Nothing, that is, except for a muffled, hidden scream. An aperture... without organ.



And then? And then we skip ahead a bit, folks. And then jump in our big fancy time machine, and we strap ourselves in, and we go WOOSH! And then? Here we are—the 1970s. In a little ‘ol place called Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where several hushed whispers have recently been overheard. In dusty back alleys, in half-empty parking lots after sunday school...strange tales of a new beast, a-stirring, aome kind of as-yet undocumented cryptid perhaps, slowly waking up, slowly stretching long dinosaur legs, yawning wide. The beast’s name? ‘Raudelunas’. Raudelunas? A freewheeling artistic collective (or perhaps a traveling circus) inspired by Pataphysics, Dada, and Surrealism in 1970s Alabama. Its activities? Varied, unpredictable. One thing though is quite certain— Tuscaloosa, it didn’t know what hit ‘em. A marching Vegetable Band suddenly appears alongside a wholesome Homecoming Parade, completely shocking Ma and especially Pa. And then, on another year? Appliances! A dancing fridgeman cavorts with a singing washing machinething, and everywhere, good upstanding christian folk are being ear-assaulted by the most unwholesome and satanic

music that they have ever heard. Poor Ma, poor Pa, poor Sally-Mae. One Raudelunas member, the pantsless Reverend Fred Lane, gets famous writing sick songs about cutting people with knives, or about devilish men with ears that fold back, or most shocking of all—about sinister “french toast man”, driving in shadowy “french toast van.” Behind those dark and pointy sunglasses of his the eye of satan himself burns, of this we are 93.7% certain. Yes, and for a good four or five years, Raudelunas continued to wage its mad guerrilla war against the humble Alabamites, mocking everything good upstanding hardworking and patriotic. But Raudelunas eventually faded away, leaving in her wake a thousand shocked and overcooked minds, as well one very pesky water bill, seven years overdue.



From within the madcap trickster belly of this strange Raudelunas Athanor, a new formation soon was birthed. All bloodyred and wailing, just a tooting its sacred

canine horn...Basically? It came to us SUPERLOUD. And it honked Alabama's earhole something fierce, on that birthing day. And it laid a golden noiseworm inside Alabama's ear, so irreversibly. It was to be an explicitly surrealist group this time, unlike Raudelunas. Poetic and bold, very unlike quite the opposite in fact of a wheel-spinning, bumpkin-boy hamster. Anti-domesticated and wild, wild like wildfire. The very first truly surrealist group of the American south—"Glass Veal". Ladonna Smith, Janice Hathaway, Davey Williams, Mitchell Cashion, Johnny Williams, and Thomas Falkner sat at its core, though fellow travelers were always welcomed, always invited in to take a little ride on this marvel-multiplying ferris wheel called Surrealism. Glass Veal called Birmingham, Alabama its nesthome, it created cornucopia of automatic writing, paintings, drawings, games, music...One of its primary dreams? To take surrealist experimentation further into the domain of the sonic. To massage Ear with Marvelous, to explore pure psychic automatism via a vessel of weightless sound. Playing together as "communicating vessels", without score, form or discussion, giving the unconscious mind allowance to speak to scream its own songs through the medium of their welcoming bodies. These experiments were released through their label Transmuseq, and publications of automatic writing and other allpurpose madness dripdrizzled onto a few papery bookstuffs too, bookstuffs containing such fabulous names as 'Beef Sphinx', and 'Divining Tongue'. Members traveled far and wide, meeting distant surrfolk whenever and wherever possible, forming several alliances, friendships, and aquatic symbiotic relationships, influencing and being influenced in turn. Still active today? Yes, ever active, active like a volcano, active like an earthquake. Remaining today as an

iron turtle'd beacon, as an improvising colliedove's pirate radio. A signal, yes a whisper, towards the anyall southern surrpeoples still left, in this rabid, this underwormed land. *"Just hand that unsung unconscious 1 untuned antique geetar, little fruitfly—just see what kind a beautiful new hole is bound to open up, b'neath yer feathered feets...!"*

Time fer a "Jump Forward", O Earl. Time fer a "punch up" on the up-cord, inside of our fancyfresh timemachine, vehicular. *Whompwhompwhompwhomp*. Ah shit, back it up now, Earl. Missed the target. *PmohwPmohwPmohwPmohw*. Here, here we are now. We traveled proper. Our Observer-Eye setting sight on Atlanta, on year two thousand and sixteen. And? We are seeing two weirdfish now, just a Hazel Cline, just a Steven...Cline. And we follow them along, and they rush away, and they lose us...in a dank Cartersville alleyway.... Camera shy, the mousy bastards. But we catch up with them, anyway. Sooner or later. And it seems they've been meeting with several other weirdfish too, 'gainst all odds. A certain Megan Leach, a certain Steve Morrison... Here in this sunken aquacity, in this hotwet feathered Atlanta...and a fella named Aaron Dylan Kearns, and a certain James Robert Foster, a certain Alvaro Michael... yes, later on...not to mention those others, those others... An Atlanta Surrealist Group? In this economy? My my. They said it couldn't be done..! And yet these weirdfish, they just seem to be accumulating shadow. Just seem to be spreading out...moist webs. And a deluge of gameplaying is suddenly unleashed! Upon unsuspecting city! And an avalanche of black and white photocopied zines! Dropped down, from bluest sky! Zines, yes, zines! Filled to brim with bizarre poetic vagaries, with lost occult secrets, inane puns! And those mailboxes? They're all

now speaking in tongues, too. These Atlantean madmen it seems have been spitting numberless erect postcards out from Surrealist HQ, a strange new breed of surrealist undercommunication. The stories tell of chance cut-ups, collaged devils, hidden codes...And our timeclock? Moving onwards, otherwards. A fleshy exhibit-tentacle drops down from the ceiling in 2019, all pinkred, all tactile and stinksweaty. 'Polymorph Bodyshop' is the name which it gives itself. Then? In 2021, their veryown Egregore materializes itself in exhibit form, all black and spectral, all shadow-spawning. And of 2022, what of 2022? Why, a cavernous, extradimensional clown carnival is unfurled across town in that year, spreading firm insurrectionist's dream...Yep, that atlantean dice just keeps on a rolling, rolling. O, but where will it end up? That, my dear sasquatch, the old No-body knows. Or maybe...he don't?

Rolling busybody possum abruptstops in speedy roll. He turns to me, spits out wad of chewtobacco, cries. Wags finger, and despairs. *"But...ya din't even roll round tha southern iceberg all tha way even once, ya loon! Ya din't even give time 'nough ta turn over full-like, on Chattahoochee's surrhistorical jazz tortoise! Her tortoise!"* I wave my fastly deflating writer-arm upout at this Busybody Possum in mock-defeat, elbows flabby-flailing. I pull down my thickly mildewed, witch-cursed father's bluest of britches. I give naughty possum the ol' southern stinkfunk, I give him an illustrious anal "wink", by way of an apology. And? He seems more or less satisfied by my kowtow, this busybodyboy possum. More or less? Yeah, more or less. Possum gives me 1 furry thumbs up, and then, he drives far. far away. In a red Ford pickup. He is cawing.



