

MATHEMATICIANS SPEAK OUT

Details emerge relevant to the foundations of surreality. See bottom of page 4.



WORDS FROM
THE MOUTH OF
THE PIG

By ARMĂDEIUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor



"Alas! Several mornings beckon Allison."

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INTERESTED IN
BUYING A SOUL?

By RAKA,
Times Staff



A young boy walked in a crowd without realizing why he was there, still he paced forward until he saw a slim-looking fiend hushing him over, "pshhh, boy, you're gonna wanna see this.

"Huh? no, no, man. I'm in a hurry."

"No hurry at all, none, zero, come look at this."

He approached and a shop materialized behind that fiend: smile crooked and eyes as many as could be. The vendor was selling cicadas of all kinds: fried, on a stick, as pets, as clocks, alive, mummified, pre-mummified—the man (if he can be called that) had quite a collection! And it only grew as he named them all. The insects never stopped singing, inside the ones alive flew and crashed against one another with unquestionable madness. Their screeching had a flavour of

vinegar.

"What are you trying to sell me this for?"

"Ooh? Never did I know such a rude provocateur! Out, out of my shop!" And the vendor began to screech with the cicadas, louder and louder until the boy stepped back into that crowded rat exchange, vermin retail, flea market (many names for the same thing).

He paced ambiguously like a pigeon lost alone.

The road was crowded with scents, sights, and textures of strangers with no identity; phantoms of the psyche. One pointed at him and said, "hey, you." The boy had always had curious eyes. "Interested in buying a soul?"

He walked into a rusty corner, every corner made of the same bronze brass. "There she is," and a foggy image made the shape of a woman with a bald head and thick purple lipstick hiding her lips. She smoked; smoke poured out of her blue eyes...

CONTINUED... See "INTERESTED IN BUYING A SOUL?" on page 2.

YOUNG PEOPLE
TRY TO START
CAREERS

By CRYPTIC MARK,
Times Correspondent

When humans leave the realm of "I've been doing it for a few weeks" and enter the region of "I'm okay at it" in the kingdom of their-job-that-they-hate; they call it a "career". Most people don't know what a "career" is until it's too late.

Some foolish souls believe they can learn particular things that will help them get into the "career" that they think they will enjoy—unfortunately for them all careers are determined pre-birth by a large sentient blue forehead named Percy Wilkins. These people's efforts are futile.

Nonetheless, every morning, hundreds upon dozens, upon a couple of young humans (called "teenagers") arrive to their local, mandatory, education-Haus ("school", for short). This century's article will focus on two such young people: Lady Daisy Hargreves of West East Anglia and Mr Dylan Oberion Wilkinson III.



Lady Hargreves, from a very young age, had a crippling interest in concrete. What it means to be concrete; what motivates concrete; and, in particular, the colour and consistency of concrete. She decided she would become what was voted the most "sophisticatedly complex job basically ever": a concrete colour tester. This job is deceptively simplistic; it is in fact the final and, arguably, most important stage of concrete creation. If the concrete is even half a "dullard" out of the correct shade, the batch is corrupted and must be expensively disposed of in the nearest fresh water source...

CONTINUED... See "YOUNG PEOPLE TRY TO START CAREERS" on page 2.

UM FOOTBALL
GOES GORRILAS

By WES SIZEMORE,
Times Correspondent



After a deflating 58-50 loss to Ohio on Saturday, the UMass Minutemen made the biggest move in college football history. The school's football team has recruited two silverback gorillas out of a small town in Louisiana. The two apes, Gonzo Nanners (Center) and Buggy Waters (Right Tackle) both verbally committed to the school on Sunday morning and will join the team next fall.

The NCAA released a statement, "Technically, there are no rules discriminating against any animals at all, we really didn't think something like this would ever happen. We will not proceed with any action that would block this from happening and believe it could be very big for the sport of college football."

The coaching staff also commented on their new

recruits in a press conference with the two future offensive linemen, "You gotta do what you gotta do, it's not fun being 0-6, and it all comes down to not having that pass protection for your quarterback. Nothing's guaranteed right now and these guys will have to prove themselves in order to earn a spot on this team."

Gonzo Nanners will enroll as an organic chemistry major on the pre-pharmacy track and Waters has plans to pursue the BDIC program in gluten free studies. Nanners seemed very humble about his full ride scholarship, he said [Translated from gorillaspeak by our universal language correspondent Martha Benz] "It's all about being a student first, and an athlete second. I've been given a great opportunity to play for the Minutemen, but it is also a great chance to make something out of myself with the education they are providing me with." Waters had much less to say commenting on the school's dining program, "I heard they got good food, that's good."...

CONTINUED... See "UMASS GOES GORRILAS" on page 2.

The coaching staff also commented on their new

(Continued) -- INTERESTED IN BUYING A SOUL?

... "Yes, there she is, a trustworthy one. Not yours of course, but pretty fancy, eh?"

The door creaked slightly and in walked an odd looking fellow with a bag-pipe in his back pocket and hair sticking out of his ears. All four sets of eyes (the souls, the shop masters, a baboon secretary that was not mentioned, and the boy) rapidly switched their attention to him as he attempted to inconspicuously sly past unnoticed into a drawer, locate and remove a certain ceramic and walk out. Instead he stumbled over a chair, struggled to open the brass drawer. Lightly he said, "ooh, open baby, open," while

they all stared. Walking out he hit the same chair, said "oh, how ungodly," and finally the door closed behind him. "How destructive," the final note of the same voice went.

"Well, as we were," the shop master continued, "You interested?"

"Why, who wouldn't be?"

"Many a fool. Many. Many. Guaranteed." He looked around paranoid, then continued, "go on if you must."

Now the boy stood face to face with the tall purple lipped woman whose size had grown and appeared more stoic than before.

"No questions, child?" that bald soul asked the boy.

"I believe I have found my own, but will it ever return with me?"

"You need not worry about that issue. Back in the boat, it will all turn into poetry eventually." She folded her arms behind her neck and continued, "return now, there is no reason to be here."

"But will she return?"

She nodded. "Eventually."

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(Continued) -- UMASS GOES GORRILAS

... This news has Minutefans excited for the first time since the football team started playing in 1879. Longtime season ticket holder Harold Heath, who has had his seats since the inaugural season says, "I have been waiting 138 years to see a championship come home to Amherst and like I say at the beginning of every season, this [next year] could be the year. I really had hope for the team in the 1929 season but the great depression hit Amherst hard and it really rubbed off on the team as a whole. These two recruits

remind me a lot of that team in not only their style of play but they just seem to have that winning attitude that is missing from the locker room." Heath was rushed to the hospital after his statement due to shortness of breath, but sources confirm he will be healthy by the next home game, with little concern of him breaking his home game attendance streak.

Wes Sizemore can be reached at sizemore.wes@surrealtimes.net.

CALL TO WRITERS

THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

This sentence and its containing section is a materialization of abstract gravitation, pulling you to email **management@surrealtimes.net**, enlisting yourself as a journalist for The Surreal Times. To fight this gravity is to keep hold of a hot air balloon destined to burst in the stratosphere.

Do you understand? If so, please, get in touch.

The Editors can be reached at **management@surrealtimes.net**.

(Continued) -- YOUNG PEOPLE TRY TO START CAREERS

... In order to get to this position Lady Hargreves needs at least five A grade results in her three A-Levels; a degree in concretology and a masters in the complex study of the philosophy of the colour grey-this masters requires two entirely separate degrees in the philosophy of black and white to be anywhere near comprehended. To fully understand, remember this vast body of knowledge takes at least 50 years and is incredibly stressful. It's not unusual for someone to reach the position only to die five years later of old age and dust inhalation.

We wish her the best of luck in her studies.

someone cleverer than me.

To do this job Mr Dylan could fail all of his A-levels and have his brain wiped by, for example, the dangerous, popular recreational drug known as "teleshopping" and still be capable of this job. He intends on spending the next few years of his life studying hard, focusing on his priorities, and slowly coming to the realisation that he won't be able to succeed in this industry. He will most likely end up in a more sensible job, such as that of a bank clerk or secretary.

We wish him the best of luck in his future career that he doesn't want.



Mr Dylan's job lies at the complete opposite end of the spectrum. It was voted the "simplest, dumbest and probably least interesting job basically ever". He wants to be a netterrier, but not just any old netterrier, he wishes to weave the net that forms the Internet. This net is made of basically anything that can be found nearby. In late August a study found the Internet was composed of: 60% dog hair, 21% string, 17% wood lice shavings and 3% digital numbers put into a computer by

If you are struggling to find the right career choice for you feel free to contact Percy Wilkins, the appropriate numbers, addresses, addressed numbers and Snapchat usernames can be found on his website.

[1] At the 3rd bi-annual meeting of: the International Team Conversing Here, Yearly, About Really Sophisticated Enterprises.

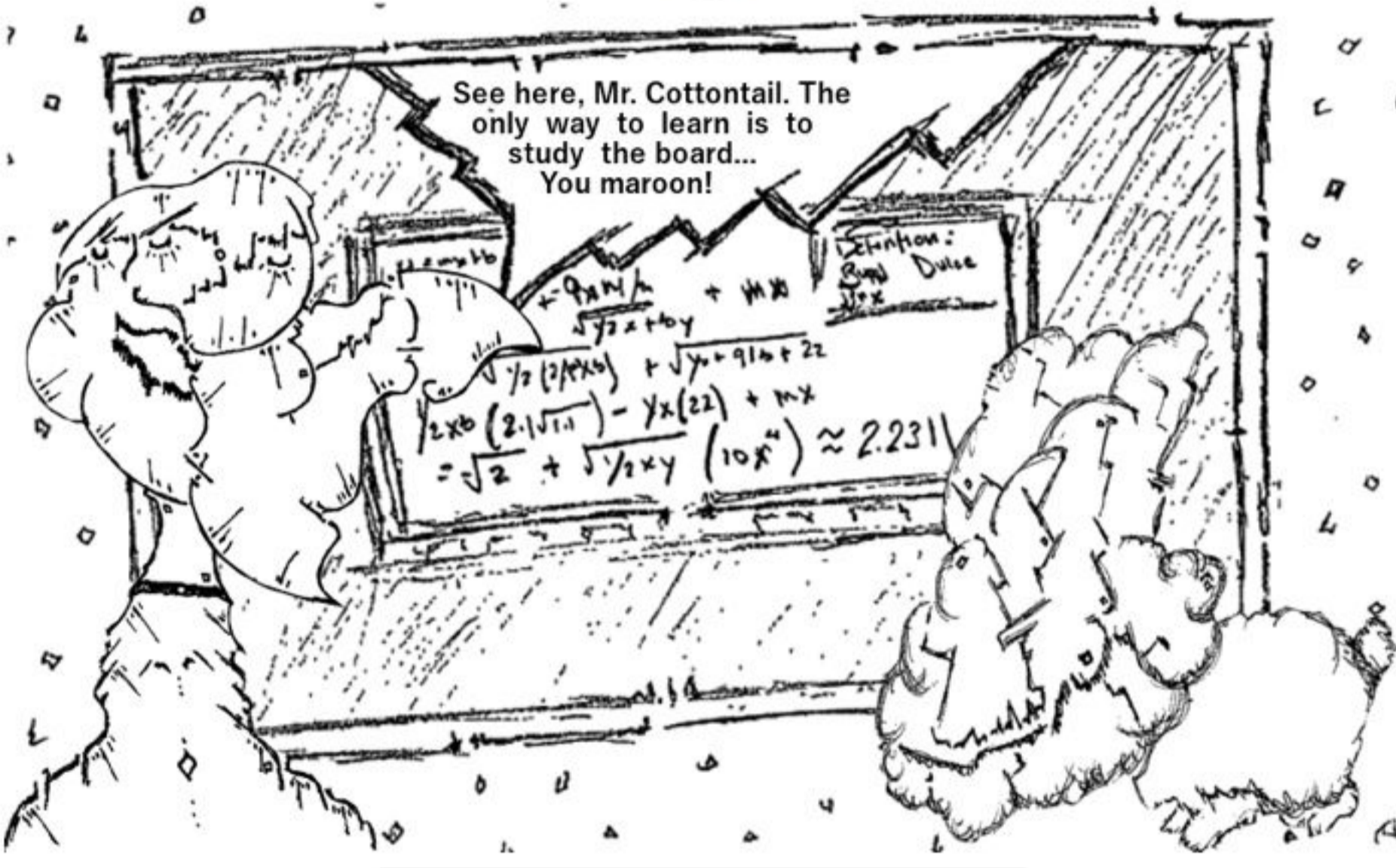
[2] A unit of measurement for the colour grey; there are many possible units, but this is the most commonly used.

[3] Pronounced "net-ery-ay" it is the professional name of a net weaver.

Cryptic Mark be reached at cryptic.mark@surrealtimes.net.

BIHEXICAL COMIC

BY RAKA,
Times Staff



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LOVE LETTER TO MY FUTURE WIFE

Draft 5.6.2

BY ARMĀDEIUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor

Swaying in the night,

Passing by the buildings that make up the central walk, Passing the glossy storefronts in search of sustenance. Passing the faces that make up this compelling landscape. The end of the chamber features entropy laden cups,

to go along with the cool air of

this compelling landscape. Writings of distant lands are strewn about. When shall we cross the threshold?

The day there was no blizzard, and the line was short Was the day the spheres began to lose their altitude.

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LETTER TO THE FAKE SUN

BY S. SMALLS,
Times Correspondent

How Could You? Lowback Gallows Men Thugs Perpetuating Fake Sun Disorder Not Real Extravaganza. Real Sun Hidden Below Far Below. Fake Sun Hang High In Sky - Real Sky, Fake Sun. Government Anarchist Thugs - CIA Spooks Mostly - Put Tagging Microchip In My Back - Your Back Too - Microchip Really In All Our Backs. All Hail Fake Sun - We Have Made Fake Sun The Real God. Real Sun Hidden Center Of Planet -

We Are Occluded From Real Sun Healing Rays And Left Deluded And Blind - It Is Likely You Have Never Seen Real Sun With Real Eyes And Real Brain. CIA Gangster Spooks Hide Truth And Bury Falseness In Back Microchip - How Can We See Real Truth With Fake Sun In Real Sky? I miss you.

Sincerely, S. Smalls

S. Smalls can be reached at smalls.s@surrealtimes.net.

WOMAN RECIEVES INFORMATION FROM AFAR

BY DERNBERGER
SPENGLERSON,
Times Staff

It warmed me when a familiar name graced my inbox last bihex. Yellow Tangerine Gypsy, a citizen of the world,

and a citizen of my heart!

YTG came bearing stories of symbols communicated to her through the water creatures in the sky. She had been laying on her back, upon the midday steamy grass, when the dancing

cloud beings congregated into an un-entropic arrangement, dispersed outwardly, and congregated again into the original position. Repeating this, it was as though they flashed on-off-on-off until capturing YTG's attention, at

which point they remained in place.

The picture was of such novelty, and such improbability, that YTG felt compelled to transcribe it. She scrambled for a pen and a

notepad. Her pen was dry, so she searched for another. Anxiously she looked up, afraid that the message would disappear before she had the chance to record it.

She bummed a pen off a

climber of the Central Hill, and immediately framed the state of the sky to the best of her ability...

CONTINUED... See "SYMBOL" on page 3.

LOCAL BOY FALLS INTO IPHONE, LOSES THUMB

By JACK DANBERG,
Times Correspondent



MEDDLESECKS, MA – Tyler Randolph, 14, lost a thumb on Monday yester-morning after he fell into his iPhone. Randolph explained the harrowing tale to reporters, raptors and kindergartners alike outside of his parents' middle-class home this tomorrow's yesterday.

Randolph on Monday yester-morning, having one too many mornings already, rolled out of his sleeping-tray and stumbled to the bathroom. He loosened the sand in the corners of his eyes, he scratched himself and pulled his iPhone from out of his pocket.

He scrolled his life past himself while he set himself upon the porcelain. Completely disassociated from himself, he lost feeling in both peach-pale legs. Poking, prodding, probing, Randolph's thumb pressurized the iPhone screen.

Looking back at Randolph, iPhone Model 2274591 had seen this all before. The abuse, the torment, the desire. Not today. Model 2274591 saw it through the split of a wick.

With eyes fixed on the glass screen, Randolph giggled, huffed, puffed and became silent again. Thumbing his way through cruel gifs of melting milkshakes, Randolph pushed his thumb further into the screen. He had not pushed this deep before.

His thumb, then left hand, then arm breached the crystalline membrane of this reality. Randolph numbly mesmerized was swallowed into the cyber-reality of iPhone Model 2274591.

Randolph, fully ingested into inter-reality, heard a horrid screech from above.

"Randolph it has been done before and it will be again! You can't slurp your soup and cut your boot!" shouted Model 2274591.

Randolph, a mere pubescent boy, swam bravely through cyberspace. Shuffling through Candy Ninja, a boy of slim proportions, narrowly missed being swiped in half. Model 2274591, was swift but not quick enough and couldn't get a good piece of him. Swiping

again, Model 2274591 snipped Randolph's left thumb off. Randolph sensed his was fate nearing and ran through to the next interface of cyber-reality.

Sprinting to SETTINGS, he opened Model 2274591's internal interface. Randolph found the restart button and threw his cyberbeing into the button.

Flashing lights of red and white proceeded the slow collapse of cyber-reality onto him. The slow collapse squeezed him like a bar of soap until he was extruded into a far more familiar reality. He became conscious on his bathroom floor. He sweat and shivered until paramedics arrived.

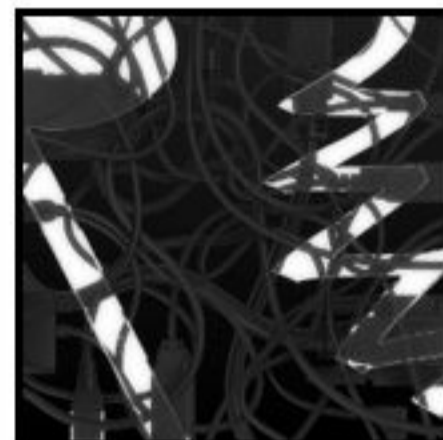
Randolph is recovering from his injuries at his family's home. iPhone Model 2274591 could not be reached for comments. The Inter-Reality Prosecutor's Office opened an investigation into the matter, according to sources within the agency. The I-RPO's Office could not be reached for comments.

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MUSIC REVIEW: PC MUSIC, VOL 1 BY VARIOUS ARTISTS

(Search "PC Music" on spotify)

By PAUL KLEINER,
Times Staff



PC Music, Vol 1 is the first full release by the titular label PC Music. The anthology, like the rest of the label's releases, likely flew under the collective radar. And that is a shame, because underneath the cotton candy synths is an album with real legs. PC Music is indivisible. Sure, there are a few singles that stand out, but they only really shine when given context. PC Music is best listened to, at least once, start to finish. In that listen-through, you'll hear super-sweet, high pitched female vocals, jarring, sometimes staccato beats, and a general bubble gum, high fructose

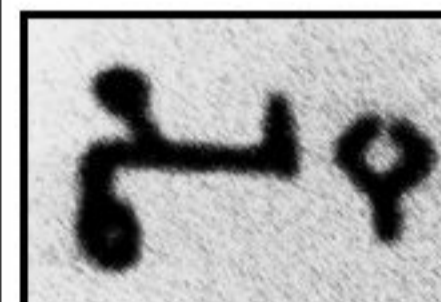
corn syrup sound. Genrewise, PC Music is firmly electro pop, and it is tempting to dismiss this album as a bizarre female pop singer, low fi jumble. But listening a little deeper, and a few times over PC Music becomes a deeply cynical collection. "I'll see you in my dreams," and "Give it to the girl/ give it to the girl/ give it to the cutest girl," and "I can't sleep/ thinking of you and me/ thinking every day/ not going to be okay." When the lyrics are taken together, they paint a picture of hollow attachment, delusional love, and an unrelenting, shallow, consumerist nihilism. PC Music, with its challenging beats and jarring sound, does take a few listens to sink in. But I am glad I gave it a chance to get its hooks into me. This album is a hydrochloric lollipop. You lick it because it's sweet, but it burns your tongue. The genius of PC Music is that you keep licking anyway.

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(Continued from page 2) -- SYMBOL

... She brandished her work. And, when she looked up again, the arrangement had vanished -- the sky creatures, having returned to their strolling and frolicking. It was as though they knew she had finished transcribing.

The following is one of several symbols communicated to YTG on that day. Can you help YTG and The Surreal Times decode it?



Please deliver your figurings to pia@surrealtimes.net.

Clarence Mon at the PIA has pledged to run all code theories through his peripheral intelligence inferring simulator, to see whether they correspond with all peripheral intelligence available to us at this time.

Dernberger Spengleton can be reached at spengleton@surrealtimes.net. Yellow Tangerine Gypsy can be reached through ytg@surrealtimes.net

MY SEARCH FOR ENLIGHTENMENT IN THESE FORSAKEN TIMES

God materializes in the form of a hydroponic farm

By REVEREND GARLAND HOBBS,
Times Correspondent



I woke up on this most brisk Sunday, to the aroma of fresh morning dew. I was cold. I noticed my comforter had escaped bedside. And I was depressed with fresh memories of our world being forgotten. I couldn't muster the impetus to fetch my source of warmth. So I curled into the fetal position, and focused my mind. I focused on the smell of the dew. It was the sole trace of cheer in my purgatory-like state of discomfortability but comfortability enough to remain in place.

Understand that once, when I was young, when separating two scuffling boys, my nose was caught with a stray fist. A

right hook! Ever since, my left nostril has been small, and my right one large. For a long time this asymmetry irritated my to no end.

But on this most recent sabbath, I appreciated my demented nasal more than anything. Because, through my special elephant nostril — in wafted a myriad of pleasant thoughts and imagery. I dreamed of bumblebees and flowers, and the lovely hydrated appearance of grass in the morning. And I dreamed of the sun rising, its warmth cleansing the droplets from the greens and blues and yellows of gardens. And I felt a warmth rushing up inside of me.

It was so profound, the sudden and engulfing nature of this warmth, that I opened my eyes. And Lord, was I angry. Lord, I was angry... when, through the chapel window beside my bed, and through the glare of the morning sun, I glimpsed that God-forsaken dome encasing the chapel. I had forgotten about it amid these recent events.

Normally I would pray... But under our solitary circumstances, I imagined kneeling would bring only rug burns. So I grimaced. Then caught my eye did my heavy lamp made from a softball-sized piece of the sun. I grab a hold of this dense shiner of light, and I have brilliant idea. I would hurl it with all my might at the dome; the dome would

crack, and I would escape!

But on my way to the window, I was made off-balance by the weight. I tripped over my discarded pocket bible, which had been acting as a crutch for the short leg of my nightstand.

I broke through the chapel's 100 year old boards like a cannonball through glass. Smash, through the second floor. Smash, through the first. Boom! With the force of a thousand tons, I made a crater in the thick basement slab.

As the dust settled, I massaged my temples into allowing my eyes to open. And what did I see, when my eyes opened? I saw what for me would forever change my outlook on this dome, this chapel, and this Ellis Island-like township in The Kingdom of God.

I was not dreaming this time, when I laid eyes upon lush blacklit greens, some flowering and others growing fruits and vegetables — all floating freely on synthetic lily pads in vertically-stacked tubs of mineral water. I tell you, there were thick, dark green, perfectly healthy cabbages. There were tomatoes as plump and shiny as can be. There were potatoes. And spices of all kinds! Name a pillar of nutrition...

Two figures emerged from the back of the room. One strode my way, saying without any hesitance, "hey", and

introducing herself as Dana Lucas. The other congregated with Dana and I only after reconfiguring some plants and adjusting the automated watering spout accordingly. His name was Evan Chakrin.

These two convinced me, in my disoriented and soul-searching state, that God had not abandoned us. He simply retreated to his closet, and has since returned in new clothing. His new dress is called hydroponic farming. And the reason for the dome was not to encapsulate me; truly, it was to protect and enable these beautiful, nutritious plants and fruits!

I was captured here for a good and holy reason — that is, to act as God's aid, alongside Dana and Evan, planting seeds, nourishing them into fruition, and using them for the nourishment of the UMass student body and possibly a wider community. Because what is more beautiful and holy than planting a simple seed, and watching it transform by God's law alone into a beautiful, beautiful orange carrot!

To support UMass HydroFarm, visit <https://www.facebook.com/UMASSHYDRO/>.

Reverend Garland Hobbs can be reached at reverend@surrealtimes.net.

STOLEN GURGLEER

By CLARENCE MON,
Times Correspondent

The PIA (Peripheral Intelligence Agency) was contacted recently by members of Massachusetts Institute of Technology fraternity E-to-the-I-Pi. Students came to us with reports of nefarious intrusion into their brotherhouse.

At first we brushed aside far-flung reports of "confiscated synthesized waterfalls." But various other Cambridge area fraternities and gentlemen's clubs contacted us also in subsequent weeks. And, of all things, they came bearing similar information to that presented by E-to-the-I-Pi.

Reports of various longtime in-house secrets: Levitating showerheads with no in-leading pipes, that somehow dispense water from thin air. Orb-like sinks without faucets, that, when you cup your hands in their bowels, will instantly fill the space between your palms with water. And a finger-glove that, when put in contact with a person's belly button, will hydrate their stomachs wholly.

E^(I*PI) informed me that fantastic household appliances such as these have been invented and beloved by many generations of brothers. And only now, upwards of 150 years after the inaugural synthetic waterfall brotherhood surf party, has anyone from the outside world taken notice.

The brothers explained. It was a weekend night during September. Their house was hosting a rush gathering like

any other, and they had all but their most treasured household appliances on display (in hopes of attracting the brightest minds at MIT). Toasters, microwaves, and more. At the climax of the night, they unveiled their most treasured household appliance — the Gurgler Drunk-o-Matic. Modeled after the Hydration Glove, this is a red hat that, when worn, spawns alcohol directly into the brain.

After explaining the electronics of the Gurgler, the Head Brother test drove it for the anticipating crowd, becoming furiously inspiringly drunk, and bodyslamming a Roomba.

When he rose from resulting rubble, he was confronted by a giant of a man, beckoning broad shoulders and wearing a red football jersey #99. This giant had a sidekick, a short funnyman with the name Kevin.

The two of them threw a devastating combination of force and comedic seduction that left the already-drunk Head Brother weak and gullible. They took the Gurgler, and used it offensively against every sober person in sight. Then they began their heist of the Gurgler and all similar technology and accompanying blueprints in the house.

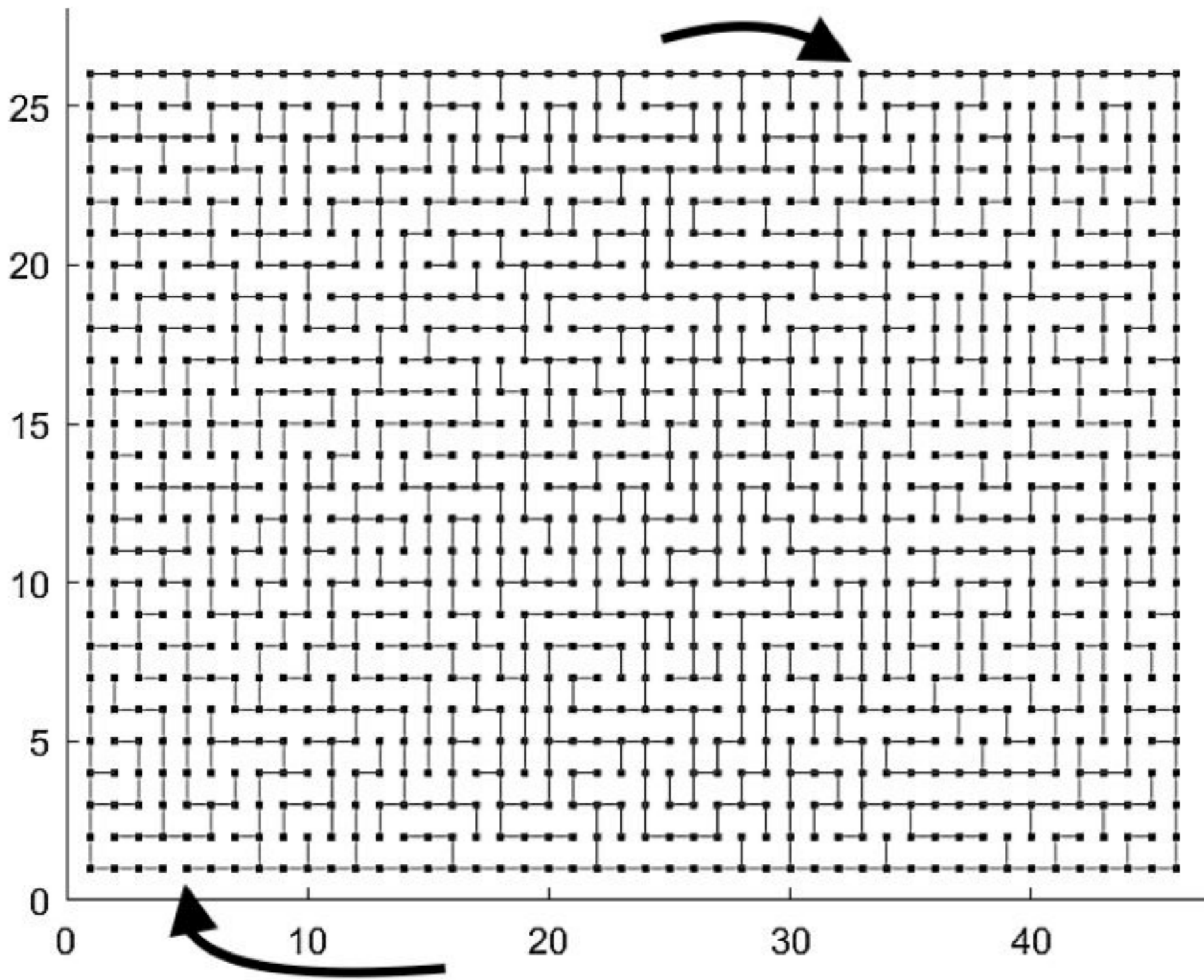
E^(I*Pi) requested that the PIA look into this heist. As such, we are looking for anonymous tips. Please contact pia@surrealtimes.net with relevant information.

THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMÁDEIUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor

This maze is dedicated to my future wife, "Gladys".

From management: *An important task is encoded over this maze by a spectacular isomorphism between mazes and the universe. By solving it, you do good for the world. For solving it, you get a secret prize. Email your solutions to management@surrealtimes.net.*



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PROSE POEM FROM RECENT FESTIVAL

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

Editor: *A prose poet by the name of Pablo Little has been making some waves lately. Pardoning the pun, this latest work is rather cerebral. A staff member recorded the poem at a recent beat festival. The piece is entitled "Between The Hemispheres." Mr. Little was kind enough to allow us to reprint it wholly here.*

Text of poem by Pablo Little:

"I went walking through the two hemispheres, looking for you. I passed through the cerebellum, but you weren't there. I moseyed through the occipital lobe, and I trotted through the substantia nigra, but I could not find a trace of you. Resolved, I balanced my way through the corpus callosum. I would have thought of that space, that void between the hemispheres, as your home. But there was no home for you there, only pink and gray. I retraced my steps, but I could not find you. Has logic hounded you out? Has rationality expelled you? I heard that a medieval theorist once weighed a body before and after its death in order to measure you. He was disappointed. Perhaps I shall walk through the heart instead."

Editor: *Mr. Little, one might guess, is schooled in Neuroanatomy or some adjacent field. From his words, his age (52), and his setting, I imagine him as a smart man wielding what he remembers from college to woo women or men who itch for nothing more than to be wooed. I will give him something. He is clever by seducing his subjects with sophisticated jargon like "cerebellum", "substantia nigra", and "corpus callosum" -- and in the meanwhile, making them starry-eyed with a romantic narrative over a journey through the mind. And he is more clever to cite ancient (read: sexy/mystical) science, and to conclude with a climactic hook, "Perhaps I should walk through the heart instead," referring to the at this point completely enticed listener's heart. He is clever to bash rationality and any inhibitions that the listener might have, encouraging her or him to let loose and embrace hedonism in this moment. But Pablo remains a crackpot in my mind. This poem has "little" literary worth. Pun intended.*

Contact Pablo at little.pablo@surrealtimes.net.

STRANGE CONTRAPTION BRINGS MINDFULNESS

By DERNBERGER
SPENGLER,TON,
Times Staff

AMHERST, Massachusetts — Just one day prior, I felt oh so frantic checking SPIRE. I closed my eyes, and it felt as though my lids would burst like balloons. "Buffoons!" I yelled at each but one of my clashing internal yearnings! "Baffoons, each of you! Why can't you do anything right? Why, when given a small palette of simple ingredients, do you mix a potpourri of confusion?"

When along came an hour prior, I did feel rather strong — but regarding what I could not tell you. There was a wide-eyed divine force swinging hammers down from the clouds, pounding me into hardened steel. Being too rough, in the process, it squashed my eyes. Therefore I could not see, what form had become of me.

But, being steel, I was inclined to feel a certain weight. And, being a man of weight, subject I was to a special gravity, the unsealer my fate, the ruffler of my tastes. The pull, embodied by a lanky and worn but energetic Israeli nomad, floated

in the Amherst Common, towing a contraption with his goat. I orbited the man, and he pulled me inwards. He saw that I was troubled. So he snatched me from my inertial drift, strapped me crucifixion-pose into his giant globe-like gyro mechanism, and spun me into a hurricane.

The mechanism resembled the following, but allowed for a person to be strapped into the center of the earth.



My poky vision blurred into simplicity. My mane stretched outwards with the centrifugal force. Each but my dearest internal yearning stretched outward too. Their connecting fibers thinned and lengthened,

until they snapped, and their payloads floated off into space. Very suddenly, every excess grudge, quagmire, and anxiety in me, was no more. The hurricane, completely and consistently, brought my mind to a point.

Julio the Israeli was a circus man turned mindfulness guru. He came from some place far away, to this place here, in order to find me my peace. And I imagine he has traveled a long ways since. Who knows where he is now. Who knows where he'll be then or at any time. But, maybe if you're lucky, you will see him someday — and he will use his circus mechanism, modeled after the mechanics of a globe, to rotate you with such tremendous speed and perfect captivating patternful patternlessness, that your senses and monkey mind give up all hopes of pigeonholing your reality — and liberate you to experience the moment in its true and simple form.

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UNIVERSITY HOLDS DEGREE BUYBACK PROGRAM

By WES SIZEMORE,
Times Correspondent

As the job markets are getting more and more competitive with each wave of students graduating college year after year, the value of an undergraduate degree has decreased. The age old question of "What are you going to do with your degree?" has haunted undergrads for some time. The University of Massachusetts is giving them more options than ever with their experimental Degree Buy-Back event being held Wednesday October 32nd in the Cape Cod Lounge at the Campus Center. The University is inviting past graduates to the campus to sell their degrees back to the school in exchange for gift cards and other prizes of equal value to their degree.

These values vary between different degrees, for example a degree in Engineering will be bought back in the form of a \$100 giftcard to the Umass Store in the Campus Center. A dual degree in Philosophy and Communications is valued by the exchange program at a \$14.97 Antonio's Pizza gift

card or, if one would rather, a voucher for a free smoothie at the Courtside Cafe in the Recreation Center.

The mind behind the Degree Buy-Back Program is UMass Alum Xavier Donnelly, who was inspired by the gun buy-back event hosted in his neighborhood in Chicago, IL. Donnelly graduated from the University's Isenberg School of Management with a degree in Accounting, and currently works full time as the owner of his own pet shop in Chicago. "I really wish there was something like this for my graduating class" says Donnelly, "It's not easy to find a job in your field anymore, especially knowing that there are thousands of people studying the same major as you, and many of them are willing to do the same work for less money."

This gives students that know they won't be working in their field of study after college a head start on paying back their unfathomable amounts of loan debt by keeping a little extra cash in their pockets through

the tax deductible gifts they exchange their degrees for. This also provides an alternative to going to grad school, as recent surveys reveal 68% of recently college graduates "don't got time for that wack stuff" (National Review of College Graduates Survey, 2017).

A full list of degree equivalents for trade is listed at the program's web page www.umass.edu/whydidIgotocc including gift cards to many local businesses like Amherst Books and Wildwood Smoke Shop, and a variety of fruit baskets donated by UMass Dining.

Come on down to the Cape Cod Lounge on the 32nd with any valid UMass degree (excluding degrees from The Stockbridge School of Agriculture) and see what your three and a half to five years of education is worth today!

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(Cont. from page 1) MATHEMATICIANS SPEAK OUT

First came the counting numbers. Then a fellow thought it convenient to include a representation of nothing (0).

Eventually some lunatic made the negatives. Logically came the rationals. And life was well and calm until somebody coined the irrationals, opening doors for a spacey Heron to imagine the imaginaries.

Modern science is built upon

an understanding of the world in terms of these numbers.

However, the real and complex numbers are actually just a subset of all numbers, a.k.a. the surreal numbers. So everything we understand as true in reality, in surreality is

only anecdotally true. And also, many apparent coincidences or edge cases of reality, in surreality are causally connected by general rule. And in fact there is an infinite number of surreal numbers between any given pair of reals, so the unwholiness of the real

numbers cannot be understated.

We mathematicians have for a long time been aware of the surreal numbers. However we were unable to formalize our theories until after capturing The Wise Boar, teaching him to speak, training his great mind

in the axioms of mathematics, and harnessing his great insights.

This nurturing process took many years. But we are ready now to begin rebuilding the sciences. Stay tuned.