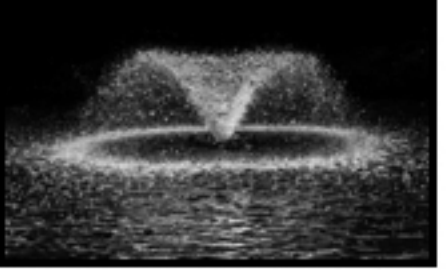


FOUNTAIN
OF YOUTH
LOCATED

BY MOE "TINY"
SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter



In the last issue, The Times reported that Marcus van Door, 63, AKA The Baron Of Bullets, placed a ten million dollar bounty on the Fountain Of Youth. Today, the Baron announced that he has found the Fountain of Youth on a small island off the coast of Argentina. However, the bounty has not been paid out. The Baron claims he found the island through his own research. At a press conference today, the Baron showed off a vial of water purportedly from the Fountain. He has refrained from exposing himself to the water until its effects can be determined. "I do this for everyone. Soon we will spread the healing waves of the Fountain," said the Baron. The Surreal Times will document this history as it unfolds.

Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel can be reached at tiny.schlemiel@surrealtimes.net.

INTELLIGENT COMPUTER
WORM ON THE LOOSE

BY TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant, UMass PD



A dangerous and costly computer worm is running rampid in the Amherst area and, I have been told, around the entire nation. It is entering our computers in one fashion or another. We at UMass PD, are not yet sure of how it is doing this. We are sure, however, that this worm is causing computers to project high pitched sounds from their speakers, varying the pitch up and down until something

called a "resonant frequencer" is found. When this "resonant frequencer" is found, drinking glasses in your home and sometimes even windows will shatter completely.

We are confronting this issue from multiple directions. Preventative methods, restorative methods, and reparatory responses are all items on our radar. Regarding those, we will keep you posted.

In the meanwhile, we advice all individuals with computers to disconnect their speakers, in the case that their speakers are disconnect-able, and to cover their speakers with sound-proofing foam otherwise. Pillows can be used as a

substitute D.I.Y. solution for sound-proofing foam if necessary. See Jonothon Woodruff's description of the process here, in his PSA on meteor impacts: surrealtimes.net/article/?id=192.


An alternate option for individuals who are dependent on their speakers for their work or their hobbies, is to replace glass or china dinnerware with plastic dinnerware.

Best to you all, everyone.

Sergeant Johnson can be reached at tjohnson@surrealtimes.net.

FROM THE MOUTH
OF THE PIG:

BY ARMÄDEIUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor



"Mossy calipers qualify for aid."

Armädeius Galouei can be reached at armgalou@surrealtimes.net.

ARKANSAS HOWLER ARRESTED AFTER
ALTERCATION WITH NEIGHBORS

BY ROBERTO PICCOLO,
Surreal Times Reporter

The Times regrets to report that The Arkansas Howler has again come into contact with law enforcement (the Howler is famous for his repeated attempts at the world record for loudest human utterance).

Witnesses say that a disagreement over volume between the Howler and a neighbor became heated. The neighbor appears to have mocked punching the Howler to illustrate his anger. The Howler then used his training to shout directly in the neighbor's face, injuring his

ears. When the onlookers heard the howl, one called the police. Reportedly, the Howler has reconciled with the neighbor in question, and the charges are likely to be dropped. The last few months have not been kind to the Howler. He left Arkansas after having his access to his children cut off by a court.

After giving up howling, the Howler was taken in by Amherst P.D and underwent a brief stay in McLean Hospital. Despite the good wishes of both his rival the Saskatchewan Screamer and the readers of The Surreal Times, it appears the Howler is still having trouble. The Surreal Times will

document this history as it unfolds.

Roberto Piccolo can be reached at piccolo.roberto@surrealtimes.net.

HARSH SANCTIONS, NO CHARGES TO FOLLOW RECENT
MINIATURE AUTOMOBILE COLLISION

BY MAD CHRISTOPHER
VAN EYCK, SR.,
Times Correspondent

Northampton, MA. A Local source confirmed today that no charges will be pressed in the aftermath of a March 29 car crash. The crash occurred at 8:35pm that day, according to witnesses, who reported seeing

the two cars traveling towards each other only seconds before their collision in a Northampton apartment.

The apartment currently belongs to Jessica Milton, 38. Obvious, albeit minuscule, damage to both cars' front ends confirms that the crash was head-on. Investigators and first

responders became suspicious of malicious intent upon discovering that "neither car had any passengers or drivers." Forrest Milton, a young Northampton resident who currently lives with Jessica Milton, was later identified as a primary suspect, after investigators at the scene

discovered him clutching the mangled, miniature cars in his pudgy little hands. A breathalyzer test showed that the suspect was not intoxicated.

Forrest, who will be six-and-a-half this May, burst into tears when arraigned by his mother, which only heightened suspicion. When an

exceedingly polite reporter requested comment, Forrest yelled very loudly and threw a Lego brick at him. Sources confirm that the reporter took this gesture as a 'no.' Forrest's tears have elicited sympathy from the community, and no one has come forward to press charges against him. However,

his mother did sternly admonish him after the incident, and has confiscated all of his model cars until Christmas.

Mad Christopher can be reached at mad.chris@surrealtimes.net.

GOV. TO BEGIN INVESTIGATION OF THE 'SHOWER ACT'

BY CRYPTIC MARK,
Times Correspondent

The 'Shower Act' is when a human of any age, shape, size or scent strips to their bare skin and stands under the watery espousings of a chromed hemisphere- the water is produced by its holed base. The humans that partake in such an act find it to be relaxing. They

enjoy not only the water, from the chromed hemisphere, but the mysterious fog generated within the "bathroom" or "shower cubicle" [1] during the 'Shower Act'.

This strange Act affects the individual on both a mental and physical level. In the realm of the psyche an individual may experience complete and utter

mental drift from their everyday life- as if riding a boat upon the very water droplets that cover their bodies. On a physical level, the individual basks in the base pleasure of the warmth of the water and gazes into the mysterious fog that surrounds them. They may also enjoy the practice of lathering themselves in softly and sweetly scented

soaps.

The individual finds this relaxing as it prepares them for the inevitable period of lighted or darkened time that will follow (dependent on the time of the 'Shower Act'). Humans find both the light and dark incredibly stressful.

One individual woke up one

morning, removed their clothes, climbed into their shower and never left. Surviving solely on dampened toast, [2] it's estimated they lived this way for 1,327.0645 days before running out of bread. It's then believed the individual attempted to escape the bathroom, only to become utterly lost in the mysterious

fog that enveloped their home. This poor person--as a result of their quest for escape from both the light and dark-- perished alone. When found, their body was so shriveled and pink it was unidentifiable... .

..|..

CONTINUED on page 2.

... (CONTINUED) REGARDING THE SHOWER ACT

From page 1.

...Another individual, Mrs Bertie Worcester Sheerston III, entered a stressful time in her life. Shortly after, she entered the shower. Were it not for her wife wondering why the water bill was so high and, coincidentally, investigating the source of the mysterious fog beginning to seep from the crack under the bathroom door, Mrs Sheerston III may well have ended up like the above victim of the 'Shower Act'. Whilst her body was saved she unfortunately remains-- at least for the foreseeable future-- trapped in the 'Shower Act' state of mind. Riding a small boat down a never ending cascade of water.

Despite the common occurrence of the 'Shower Act', little is understood about the state of mind an individual enters; nor is much known about the long term effects on the body that the 'Shower Act'

has. Because of this, the cases mentioned above--and many others like them-- the Great Government has begun a huge funding programme to research the 'Shower Act'.

What follows this research will undoubtedly be complex legislation and great upset for those that only recreationally engage in the 'Shower Act'.

[1] *A glass box in which a nude individual stands to engage in the 'Shower Act'.*

[2] *The bread was stored in a freezer installed within arm's reach of the shower; it was toasted in a small 2 slice toaster kept atop the freezer. They were powered by a plug socket outside the bathroom--for safety reasons.*

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

WRITING COMPETITION FINISHED! WINNERS ANNOUNCED!

BY DR. DAN NIBBLER,
Midwife



Readers and sophisticates alike! A winner for *The Surreal Times*' first ever writing competition has been wrangled! "*The Azech*", a story by Marilyn Márquez, was determined to stand tall above all of the other loquacious beasts, and was therefore tranquilized and brought in for closer examination. Under the fine eyes of our editors, it checked all boxes, it fit all bills, and it provided all necessary thrills. So, without further adieu, we will deliver to its mother the highly anticipated surreal prize.

We alluded to this prize our

earlier article, "*Piece of Surreal Engine Found Near Fault Line, Becomes Prize*": surrealtimes.net/article/?id=210. At first glance, the prize is a grand mechanism. Looking closer, it is otherworldly. And it is the only of its kind in all of the land. Ms. Marilyn Márquez, upon delivery, will become a lucky woman. Please do congratulate her when you next see her!

We would like to take this sentence to congratulate her ourselves.

Additionally, the staff of *The Surreal Times* wishes to acknowledge having debated intensely over the merits of the over thirty other submissions. From "*Antisopera*" by Gwendolyn Ellis to "*Housewife Faces the Apocalypse*" by Abigail Grace, the decision was difficult. However, "*The Azech*", with its surreal

elements and superb writing style won out. "*Anisoptera*" was a close second. And, "*Housewife Faces the Apocalypse*", along with a handful of other honorable mentions, will be honorably mentioned in another announcement next week.

These stories will be made available to the public after contact is made with their mothers.

The runner-up will receive partial ownership of the surreal prize -- 10%. And it will be the victor's responsibility to coordinate that the runner up holds possession of the prize for precisely 10% of every decade from the moment of delivery henceforth.

Dr. Dan Nibbler can be reached at nibbler.dan@surrealtimes.net.

ON THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

**BY ARMÁDEIUS
GALOUET'S SURROGATE,**

I am terribly sad to say that, without explanation, my life's work has ceased to work... and I cannot fathom why.

The Bihexical Search is from here on out discontinued indefinitely, the reason being: the sudden dysfunction of my spectacular isomorphism. The point: No longer do maze solutions correspond to turn sequences translatable into solutions to the world's problems. Maze solutions are merely maze solutions now.

Going forward: Until a new isomorphism is discovered, *The Surreal Times* cannot justify devoting funding to producing new mazes. And, unfortunately, there is no guarantee that a new isomorphism will or can be found, or that it exists. I am sorry.

arm.sur@surrealtimes.net

MUSICAL FUN ALL AROUND

"The Atonal Music Listening Club Places Used Pianos In Various Places Around Campus"

**BY DERNBERGER
SPENGLER,**

Jason Humboldt recently stepped down from his position as the head of the Atonal Music Listening Club. Some controversy surrounds this...

However, students in Amherst are rejoicing! There is music and dancing all around, and even when there is no dancing, there is still music, and the non-dancing is done in a fashion much like a dance.

One friend told me, "I stumbled upon a piano in the UMass Amherst campus. All of the sudden I was sitting on top of

it, being carressed like a child in his mother's arms, and being sung a lullaby. More than anything, in that moment, I needed a rest, because I have been so stressed lately. And that piano put me to sleep. I woke up moments later, reinvigorated and ready to learn."

Another said, "I was in Roots Cafe, needing to write a piece for my creative writing course. But, hell, I was out of ideas. I felt like my mind was blank. Distracted, I began to people watch. There was one guy doing spins in the midst of a the sunny, grassy field outside. There was another running circles around a telephone pole. There was another walking the yellow line down the center of Rt. 9. Then I saw a funny looking, Where's Waldo-looking kind of boy, wearing blue stripes, hesitantly approaching a piano that I'd

never noticed before. When the boy began tickling jazz the ivories, he made some sounds, but more so he streamed pure creative material into my head. With each chord, each pattern - he provided me with an abstract Lego from which I constructed larger narrative arcs and structures. He played, and I wrote. When his dissonances resolved, my plotline resolved. And it was done!"

I've heard many stories like these lately -- of people being wonderfully enabled by rhythm, harmony, and melody now available in so many study and play places around campus, all thanks to new leadership at The Atonal Music Listening Club.

Mr. Spengler can be reached at spengler@surrealtimes.net

AN UPDATE FROM INSIDE THE OLD CHAPEL DOME

**BY REVEREND GARLAND
HOBBS,**
Times Correspondent

Hello, my followers! Hello, those who remain by my side. Hello to those who walk with me away from the cold tundra of the Catholic Church. Hello, to those who join me in my exploration of the luscious humble greens of The Earth, and all the God that permeates them.

In my latest sermon, I shared to you all a personal story. It was a story of self re-discovery.

In my nightstand lamp, I noticed, my light bulb contained a portion of our very solar source: the sun! I hoped that, by harnessing its immense power, I could escape the dome surrounding my chapel.

My plan was to throw the dense object from my bedroom window, and perhaps make a small crack the dome. The idea was, that I could then chip at the crack with my iron cross and eventually escape.

But when I tried lifting the sun-infused lamp to examine it more closely, its enormous weight collapsed the floorboards beneath my feet. I crashed through many layers of antique wood, and soon found myself in an oasis hidden below. This was an oasis of hydrofarming! Of the most uniquely human unearthing of God's most precious magical creations!

Ever since, I have been working diligently (and most fulfilling!) alongside Dana

Lucas and Evan Chakrin at the UMass Hydrofarm, Old Chapel Chapter. We are as holy as can be here, embracing the earthly divine.

This has been fresh air. Finally, I am free of the infatuation of flaky speculations regarding the divine, promulgated by the church. I live here together with real farmers! Cultivators of God's seeds! And, the dome which I was so tormented by initially, is now my friend. Why? Because it enables myself and my fellow Good Growers to grow! It keeps us in, and the distractors out, allowing us to do our work.

The Reverend can be reached at reverend@surrealtimes.net.

SIGHTINGS OF DOPPELGANGERS IN THE SOUTH

BY RAKA,
Times Staff

Here in the south, doppelgangers are a common sight. It is not rare to walk around a strange town and find two identical individuals with characters so diverse, together they would make a lovely fruit pie. But, these individuals have never met.

"The phenomena is a strange one, but certainly not a new one," said Dr. Felix Montgomery, specialist in cloning and twin research.

Of course, doppelgangers sightings can be traced back to Egyptian spirit doubles and Nordic vardøger, ghosts that stalk and follow their double.

"The most curious aspect of the anomaly is that doppelgangers can never meet... to meet your

clone would be like staring into one's own soul," the doctor continued, "I don't know what it is, but the synchronized waves of the universe simply don't allow it."

And although he later remarked something like it being impossible as stepping into a mirror, a case or two have been reported. Is the doctor right? Can one never meet his doppelganger?

The word doppelganger is literally translated from German to *double-goer* introduced by Jean Paul in *Siebenkäs*, a short novel which his wife abhorred. And in the subject of wives, poet John Donne anecdotes the horrendous effect which a sighting can produce: "I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her

shoulders, and a dead child in her arms." And the vision induced nightmares, followed by dreams, and more nightmares.

A recent survey conducted by the Peruvian PIA found that the phenomena has become so popular that local news has put a spotlight on "Eat Yourself," a restaurant in Viru, Peru, which has been offering bizarre meals for decades. The meal consists in customers cloning themselves with technology that replicates human details, thus instantly creating a full fleshed doppelganger of a hungry customer... and for the moralists, there is a sign on the front desk that reads: "All clones lack a soul." The brand new doppelganger is then baked into a pie, soufflé, crème-brûlée or anything within reach of the cook!

Lester La Fu, owner and manager, confessed the original idea was to somehow lure doppelgangers together and make them eat each other in front of a live TV audience.

"Everything was set up already," he said, "except we faced the impossibility of making doppelgangers meet... somehow something silly always got in the way." Pity. The restaurant has been open for almost a decade, but only recently is it seeing the fruit of the massive investment.

If a pair of doppelgangers are spotted it is certainly a omen of the worst kind. Preferably turn around or keep those lookers shut.

Raka can be reached at raka@surrealtimes.net

HOTLINE HOTLINE GOES OFFLINE INDEFINITELY



BY TOMMY POTENTUARY,
Television Personality

I'm sorry folks! It seems as though the latest and tastiest new tech, The Hotline Hotline, is now down...

Yes, - oh, am I sorry.

This new telephone service empowered people like you and myself to connect ourselves to a random hotline

from the universe of hotlines, with complete randomness and guaranteed satisfaction. But, as of late, it is no longer available. The gadgetry behind the service spontaneously fizzled out just one week ago, on that hottest day we had.

I have no explanation for you; so, my leash latches, please do not email me asking me for one (like you did regarding my recent game show promo gig...). Sorry!!

Tommy Potentuary can be reached at tommypotent@surrealtimes.net

DJ HAWK RADIO 2ND ANNUAL ACUPUNCTURE SOCIAL PASSES ALONG

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER, Times Staff



DJ Hawk Radio was born above the stars. Some say he opened his eyes and immediately recognized the universe swirling before him for what it was: a musical masterpiece. His father, a table turner himself, did not understand his son's hobby. But DJ H.R. had it in his nature to blaze his own path. From a young age, he spent his time swashbuckling his hands through the gooey cosmos, spinning galaxies and scratching whatever local constellations had to offer. He played all the universe's music for everyone to hear. And, through his most in-depth studies, he went so far as to leak us sounds from the outer multiverse.

He was a prodigy and a man who brought great joy to great numbers. That's why the people of our universe were so heartbroken when he fell ill. The harsh weather of deep space was what did it. Ever so gradually, the oscillating extreme heat and extreme cold

of deep space, combined with exposure to dangerous exo-atmospheric particles, caused his limbs to decay into near nothingness.

DJ Hawk Radio died March 14, 2018. Tune in to the gravitational waves, and you might hear the echoes of his existence.

Services will be held on April 15th, a tad outside the event horizon of black hole V616 Monocerotis. There will be an open casket, an intergalactic orchestra performance, and eventually our beloved will be sent into the singularity (where he'd always wanted to go). Light gliders will be provided to attendees for transport to and from the event horizon. V616 Monocerotis is the most conveniently located black hole in the universe, and so it is the hope of DJ HR's family that a large attendance of his loves ones will be possible.

Considering DJ HR's passing in conjunction the fall of the Rise Together Corporation and changes in leadership at The Atonal Music Listening Club, our world is in an unfortunate state, with little exposure to anything but itself.

Mr. Spengler can be reached at spengler@surrealtimes.net.

By LOOMIS TAUNCH, Times Correspondent



The Amherst Acupuncture Association (AAA) hosted its first annual Acupuncture Social during April of last year. It was a tremendous success. Founder and treasurer of the AAA, Darla Springfield, announced, shortly after the event, that it had been such a success, and that the resulting connectedness between people and their higher collective would have reverberating

effects months in advance.

Miss Darla's right hand woman (her Siamese twin, the shorter of the two) commented that, "It perhaps might have been such a success, that cosmic coordination may be permanently tuned."

This would mean, as she explained, that no more acupuncture socials would be necessary, although they had already been planned for. Of course, the taller sister, Darla, interjected, elucidating that cosmic coordination requires continuous maintenance -- much like a romantic relationship -- involving downtime, relaxation,

adventure, and experimentation --- playfulness, competition, and collaboration --- and above all: intimacy, tested trust, and intense focality, as well as independence.

Well, April is here and so is the second annual acupuncture social. This year's event will incorporate much of the same as last year's did. It will involve various peer-to-peer acupuncture activities that will serve to tune the hands of higher consciousness to each other, to engage the different aspects of the collective in a multitude of ways, and to pursue a greater sense of societal coordination.

I hope you will consider attending at 8pm on April 14th, in UMass Amherst's Fine Arts Center. RSVP by emailing accsocial@surrealtimes.net.

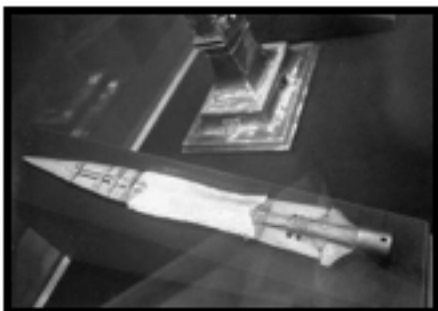
It may not be easy, especially for those out of tune, but it will be good. And, if you are disinclined, then for you this is most necessary. Because, what does an octopus do with an inharmonious tentacle? It devours it.

See you there!

Loomis Taunch can be reached at taunch.loomis@surrealtimes.net.

WHO REALLY STOLE THE SPEAR OF DESTINY?

By JOE KIERLSKEGRIENGER, Times Staff



Several weeks ago, the Spear of Destiny, the spear which pierced the side of Jesus on the cross, was verified by the Vatican and subsequently put

up for auction. The auction never took place. The spear was stolen by a team of professionals with the aid of an inside man who gave them the codes to the auction house vault. The police began running the backgrounds of all the workers with access to the codes. Their search was quickly rendered useless. One Richard Petrov, an employee of the auction house, fled the country shortly after the heist. After interviewing his coworkers and examining government records, The

Times has discovered his real name: Janko Savić, a fifty seven year old Serbian national. His name pops up in a few mundane places in The Republic Of Serbia, from tax returns to convictions for minor crimes in his teenage years. Savić appears numerous times in now declassified records of private arms deals between Serbian entities and American sellers, some illegal. Marcus van Door, AKA The Baron of Bullets, appears to have been in the same place at the same time as Savić seven

times in the last fifteen years. The Baron, an international arms dealer, is not known for collecting antiques or religious relics. At this point, all of this could be incidental. But some coincidences are hard to overlook. The Baron has declined to comment. The Times will document this history as it unfolds.

Joe Kierlskegrienger can be reached at kierlsk.joe@surrealtimes.net.

ELDERLY MAN CARVES CROP CIRCLES FOR CHARITY

By COMMON OBSERVER, Times Correspondent

Sometimes, something is to such a degree something else, that the perceiver of this something hasn't a second thought before announcing the something as such.

From the tree frogs I received word of a few things recently which I soon enough realized were together as one such something.

Various farms lately have had strange intricate and highly symmetrical designs cut into their cornfields. These are crop circles. However, the designs bare much lower precision than the usual crop circle. Also, I am told that they differ in second light: in the way that they have entry points on the ground level. It is as though, had they been drawn by a pen, the pen would have never separated from the page.

The farmers themselves lacked the elevation necessary to observe these designs. And, as

I have learned, they were not aware of them whatsoever, being passively amused at the idea of them but not particularly interested.

Each farmer I spoke with detailed the same interaction: a white-bearded man with a push lawnmower, claiming to be putting on a charitable food offering using money won on a scratch ticket. This man called himself Jerry, and he wanted to buy corn. But, he would ask the farmers if they'd mind him taking it upon himself to harvest the corn, as to get a lower price.

"I didn't know how he was goinna harvest anything using a push mower..." one farmer[1] told me, "but I also saw that the fellow had a good heart, so I told him to go for it - do his thing. One dollar per yard is my price... When I said that, he was thankful as can be. I was happy, too, when he placed a big ol' wad of greens in my palm. And I told him he could get to harvesting whenever he

so desired. I trusted him to take what was fair. So I went on back inside and had a warm bath. I heard the mower starting up not long after!"

Other affected farmers spread word of Jerry amongst each other, many arranging subsequent harvests and Farmer Jones eventually offering to be a venue for Jerry's food drive were he ever to need one.

"I'd be happy to help, is what I told him, because he was doing a good thing," Farmer Jones told me. "A good guy, doing a good thing, and helping me out at the same time. Of course, of course, I'd be happy to lend him a hand. The guy's a good fellow. Barely left a mark."

[1] Mr. J. Jones, Farmer, South Silver Lane, Sunderland MA.

Common Observer can be reached at common.observer@surrealtimes.net.

A NOTE FROM THE POLICE: INDIVIDUALS SATURATING ROTARIES...

By TOM JOHNSON, Sergeant, UMass PD



Groups of hooligans are clogging nearly every rotary in the towns of Amherst, Sunderland, and, most recently, Northampton. It is our understanding that they take shifts, one to two hours long, approximately three cars at a time (depending on roundabout size), circling the rotaries over and over again, repeatedly, and thereby preventing traffic flow.

UMass PD surrounded the downtown Amherst rotary, and eventually arbitrated three of these hooligans.

When questioned of their motives: The first of these three mentioned "hopes of

catching the higher eye's attention." Another said, "The Aliens, man, or whoever. We're trying to tell them that we're listening. You should too." The third, and most intense of the hooligans, claimed to be "making the world neat enough to look at."

UMass PD brought these individuals into the station, on grounds of suspicious activity, but eventually released them with only minor traffic violations.

Regular people are having trouble being on time for work, and for school. Emergency first responders -- police officers, the ambulances and fire trucks -- are having difficulties getting to the places where they need to go. Many problems are arising as a result. When first responders cannot respond to life-threatening situations, then lives are at stake.

Unfortunately there is little we

can do at the moment, because these hooligans are coming from a bottomless well, and under current Massachusetts law a minor traffic infraction is not grounds for arrest.

Going forward, please go about your days avoiding all rotaries and rotary areas whenever possible. Also please report any information regarding this hooliganery to UMass Amherst PD.

To the rotary hooligans: please consider the lives you are endangering by clogging our roadways. Please stop this silly-ness. You say, "times of need are the best times to be seen," but I say times of need are times to get your bottoms out of the way and let the professionals do their jobs.

Sergeant Johnson can be reached at tjohnson@surrealtimes.net.

JOB OPENING: PROFESSIONAL WANDERER

This Surreal Times is currently hiring a professional wanderer.

By RAKA, Times Staff

Requirements: Willingness to walk aimlessly, be faithful to the push and pull of synchronicity, and learn to to enjoy to company of boredom — ergo, must be able to

transform boredom into imagination. Must be proficient in at least two practical survival skills.

Proficiency in turning stories into living things. The wanderer must be able to turn abstractions into life, bringing

unsuspecting passersby to be amazed by things they have never seen.

Job description: One will wander around unpredictable environments and report back on the fruitful findings of surreality and mesmerizing

stories encountered in said wandering. One must also "inject surreality" and create, organize, and design gatherings that keep clean the spirit of "mind altering." As per protocol, salary will paid in copper coins, souls, or jelly

sandwiches. If interested, please contact management@surrealtimes.net.

Raka can be reached at raka@surrealtimes.net.

THE HERMENAUT
BLASTS HIMSELF
INTO ORBIT

By ROBERTO PICCOLO,
Surreal Times Reporter

Peter B. Barnes, now known as “The Hermenaut”, has fulfilled his decade long promise to shoot himself into orbit permanently. Barnes, the world's first Hermit-Astronaut, spent ten years creating a perfectly self sustaining capsule and learning rocketry. The capsule, a fiberglass sphere with a diameter of 10 feet, contains genetically modified plants to supply food, water and oxygen. The fifty four year old has no need for clothes and any luxuries, save a solar powered one way radio which he uses to berate the Earth during every waking minute.

“Lousy hypocrites! Human pieces of dung! Deceitful, miserable, lying, cheating, no-good, back-stabbing, cheating,

shill, snake-in-the-boot, good-for-nothing, lying, miserable ants! All of you ants! I've no use for you! Stick your head in a vat of acid, all of you ninnies!”

The Hermenaut regiments his beration into three daily six hour chunks, with space left for three fifteen minute reprieves and a sleeping block. During his ranting yesterday, the Hermenaut said that his favorite part of the day was launching bags of his excretions towards Earth. The Surreal Times will document this history as it unfolds. This reporter is slightly envious of Mr. Barnes.

Roberto Piccolo can be reached at piccolo.roberto@surrealtimes.net.

VOW: I WILL BLAST MYSELF INTO ORBIT TO DERIDE THE HERMENAUT

By CHIMPANZEE JOE,
of Hampshire Woods



There is a human amongst you, or formerly amongst you, who

gets it. This human understands, and will always understand, and is capable of making others understand. This human has wisely decided to blast himself into space.. He never wishes to speak to a human again. And his wish will be fulfilled. To my knowledge, no sapiens will contact him ever again. But a pan troglodytes will. I,

Chimpanzee Joe, hereby vow to launch myself into orbit alongside the Hermenaut and deride him continuously for one twenty four hour period. I have acquired a special translator which will make my Chimp vocal cords intelligible to the Hermenaut. I vow that I will deride the Hermenaut on Wednesday, April 11th.

Peter B. Barnes, you may be able to escape humanity in orbit, but you will not escape me.

Chimpanzee Joe can be reached at chimp.joe@surrealtimes.net.

VOW: I WILL DROWN OUT THE CHIMP'S TAUNTS WITH MY HOWL

By THE ARKANSAS
HOWLER,
Inwriter



Peter B. Barnes, or the

Hermenaut, blasted himself into orbit with a simple goal: to belittle humanity at every possible instant for the rest of his life. He never wanted to hear another word in return, and the publicity seeking Chimpanzee Joe is going to ruin that. I will not let him.

another utterance, let it be a single, unintelligible howl. I, The Arkansas Howler, hereby vow to scream in orbit as long as that damn Chimp speaks. I have entered a space race with another species. I must beat the Chimp into orbit alongside the Hermenaut. All the Hermenaut wanted was to blast himself

into orbit and insult all of humanity continuously for the rest of his life. A goal we should all aspire to. Don't let the Chimp ruin it.

The Arkansas Howler can be reached at loudest.howl@surrealtimes.net.

24TH NATIONAL HERMIT CONVENTION ENDS IN DISAPPOINTMENT: NO HERMITS ATTEND FOR 24TH YEAR IN A ROW

MOE “TINY” SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter

The organizers of the 24th annual Hermit Convention have once again failed. For the

24th convention in a row, not a single Hermit attended to socialize with other practitioners. Those looking to meet prominent Hermits, such

as George “Rambler,” Pudowski and the ever reclusive Mitt La Pierre, were disappointed yet again. In the continued absence of a quorum,

the prestigious title of Ultimate Hermit goes unclaimed for the 24th continuous year. But no more! The Surreal Times has announced that it will crown

the Ultimate Hermit. Updates will follow.

Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel can be reached at schlemiel.moe@surrealtimes.net.

DR. EVANS VOWS TO BE ULTIMATE HERMIT, DESCENDS IN SEA

MOE “TINY” SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter

Dr. Evans, one time Surreal Times contributor, has vowed to enter the sea - eternally. Claiming to have discovered

the key to immortality, the good doctor has created an eco-submersible which will provide food, oxygen, and water from his surroundings. This potentially centuries long seclusion should, according to

Dr. Evans, make him a shoe-in for the Ultimate Hermit. Dr Evans has declined to announce the location of his hermitude, which could make informing him that he is the Ultimate Hermit problematic. However,

Dr. Evans feels that since he will be under the sea eternally, he's bound to get it eventually. In order to keep himself himself occupied, Dr. Evans claims to have constructed a device which allows him to

communicate with fish. He plans to use this to tell the fish how much he would like to fry them up and eat them. More on this history as it unfolds.

Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel can be reached at schlemiel.moe@surrealtimes.net.

OPINION: IS THE HERMENAUT EVEN INTERESTED IN BECOMING THE ULTIMATE HERMIT?

ROBERTO PICCOLO,
Surreal Times Reporter

In recent years, competition for the title of Ultimate Hermit has become intense, despite the

annual Hermit Convention never having a quorum to give the title. Hermitude has become a performance art, a way to demonstrate to the world your disdain for it over the course of

many years.

Yet the Hermenaut seems not to care about being the Ultimate Hermit. He's never mentioned it in any of his berations, and in

the ten year buildup to the launch of his sphere he barely spoke with anyone at all. Perhaps the Hermenaut does not care at all about the title. This is a new level of

Hermitude, and it goes beyond the Ultimate Hermit. The Hermenaut may be the One True Hermit.

Roberto Piccolo can be reached at piccolo.roberto@surrealtimes.net.

THE NEW HERMIT: SELENA SNEEBLY

MOE “TINY” SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter

The first female Hermit has emerged (or retreated, as the case may be). One Selena Sneeblly on Tuesday paddled to

a small island in the Pacific ocean. With a large stock of bottles, she writes blistering missives to to humanity, her hatred for mankind bobbling along the waves toward civilization. It is unclear how

long she will continue her Hermitude, but by all indications she's in it for the long haul. Could Selena be the Ultimate Hermit? Time will tell.

Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel can be reached at schlemiel.moe@surrealtimes.net.

MY BRUSH WITH HERMITUDE

THE ARKANSAS HOWLER,
Inwriter

I myself have dabbled in Hermitude.

To be continued... The Howler can be reached at loudesthowler@surrealtimes.net

WRITER CRITICISM

PHANTOM FRAMER,
Inwriter

Email to The Editors: hello Dernburger Spankleton,It seems that your little cult has begun to cause a bit of trouble around the campus. This damned newspooper you call news has nothing in common with news.Its more like drugs or something.no,mushrooms perhaps.Dammit,these kids seem to have brian damage after visiting that damned web-

pooper.there all fucked up.be warned the local townsfolk are havin a big meetin at the bug building and there awfull mad.just warnin yu all,were gonna run yous outta town.yous and all your weirdo wordsters needs to GETTOUTATOWN

Phantom Framer can be reached at phantom.framer@surrealtimes.net.

NEW COLUMN: ASK G.G. FOR ADVICE

G.G.,
Columnist

Real Times got you down? Need something more than your typical surreal times smörgåsbord of word-smithing to keep your misunderstood spirits up? Need some advice from a well lived old sole with a magnificent mind? Introducing G.G.: Someone you can write to with questions about anything on or off the planet that may be troubling to

your sole. You can seek some advice from G.G. so you can continue to live a happy surreal life!

Dear G.G.,
I ran into a strange people on Monday that defied my right to skip down the sidewalk in utter happiness by blocking my path. These people persons made me feel like I should walk slowly and stay in the robotic like form of the peoples. Soon, the

further I skipped down the road, the more people joined me and before you know it we were a giant blob of happy skippers. What do you think of giant blobs of happy skippers invading college campuses around the country?

~Tobias~

Dear Tobias,
Giant blobs of happy skippers could rule college campuses! Think about the joy they would

bring to all that would be so lucky to encounter them or perhaps join them. Big things could happen and positive change could occur if blobs of happy skippers join forces and stand up for what is right: the right to skip across college campuses throughout the country.

G.G. can be reached ask.gg@surrealtimes.net.