



THE  
SURREAL TIMES

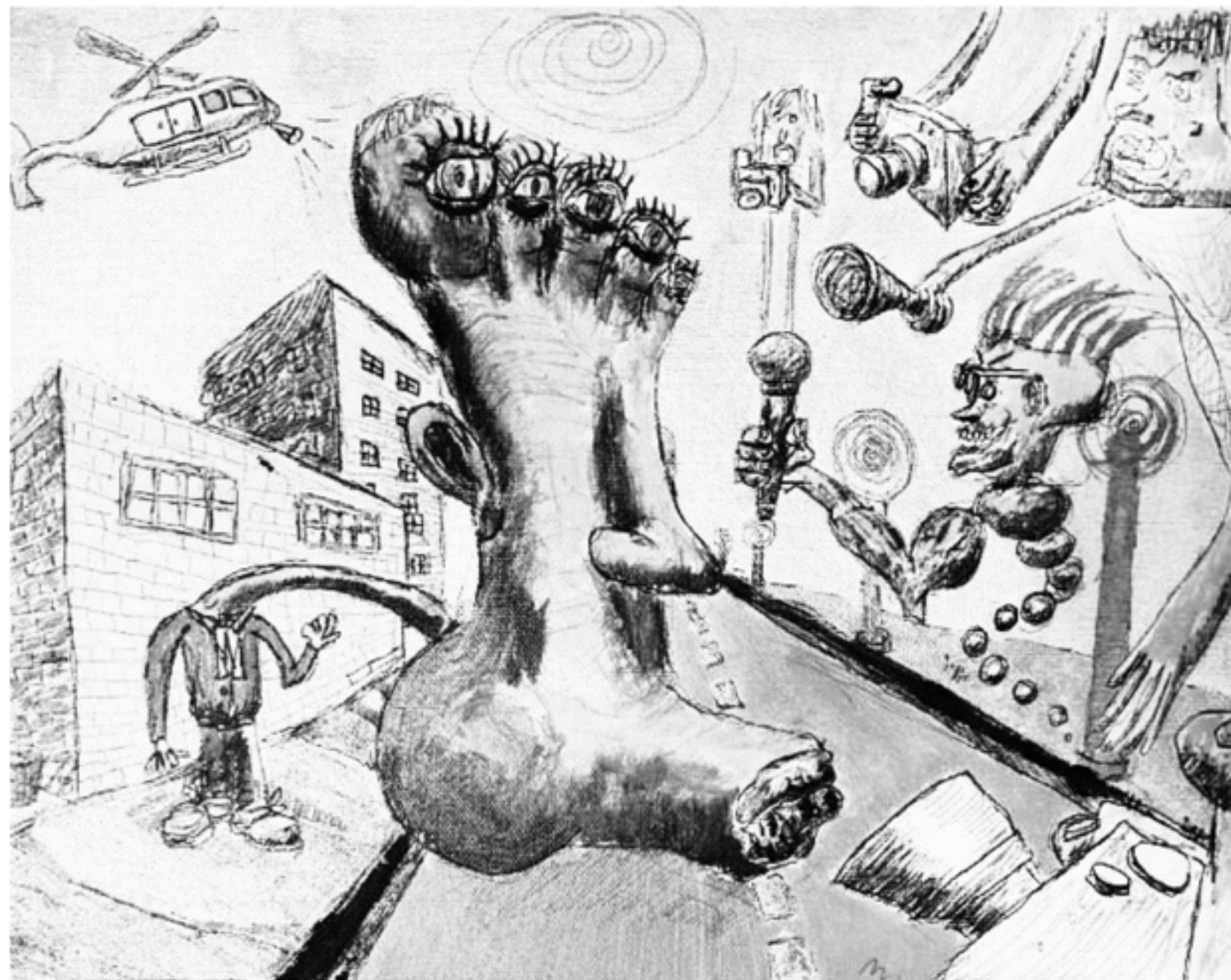


"A newspaper is required to document the history currently unfolding..."

October 22nd, 2020 .:|:. surrealtimes.net

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PAPARAZZI HAVE A FOOT FETISH



By COMMON OBSERVER,  
Times Correspondent

This particular five-eyed, foot-faced resident of El Segundo, California has garnered a lot of attention as of late. Wherever he goes, paparazzi shove cameras and microphones in his foot (face). They ask him what it's like to have escaped the shoe after all these years. "A true rags to riches story!" some say, praising his growth and success.

But people also criticize him for long

toenails and having breath that smells like a foot (big surprise). They don't know that his size twelve hundred toenails are actually his hairstyle. It is the only way he can express himself, and he cares about it very much. And they don't know that his breath smells like a shoe because, in the wintertime, he wears a giant shoe for a jacket. Regular jackets don't fit.

Despite the narrative the media is trying to impose about him, this foot-shaped fellow, Frank, is his own man and has never been someone else's foot. And he has never been forced into

a shoe that he himself didn't choose.

The paparazzi swarms this guy, asking a bazillion loaded questions. And, when he doesn't answer, they call him a weirdo and a creep.

He just wants to live his life. He says he is writing a book, and everyone can read it someday, so no need to pester him now.

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FROM THE  
MOUTH  
OF THE PIG:

By ARMÁDEIUS GALOUËI,  
Times Senior Editor



"The configuration must remain intact!"

MONKEY PHRASES COME TO LIFE

By ADAM STEIN,  
Times Correspondent

Words can be powerful and decisive or they can be ineffectual and empty, but they have never been more powerful than with monkey figures of speech this past week. This has been happening on two levels. First, the things the figures of speech describe have come into being (such as barrels of monkeys, monkey business, and so on). Second, the phrases themselves appear to be exist-

ing in a strange anthropomorphic ephemeral state.

First noted outside George Sherman Union of Boston University, the phrases, which appear to be able to speak normally like you or I, have been hovering about the monkey phenomena they refer to. The phrase "monkey business" has been hovering like a hologram above the barrel of monkeys that have started going bananas in the area. Bananas have also been important devices

for communication for the literal monkey business occurring, as the monkey businesspeople have been using them as if they are phones. This appears to be part of a coordinated effort to insert more monkey idioms into people's language, perhaps by a top banana behind the scenes.

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# GENDER REVEAL CAUSES TORNADO

By **BARTHOLOMEW BAX**,  
Times Correspondent

A gender reveal celebration gone wrong has spawned a tornado at the Los Angeles International Airport. Hours ago, a couple expecting a baby unwittingly wreaked havoc on thousands of unsuspecting travelers. Their plan was simple: rent a private plane, place blue or pink smoke in the twin turbine engines, and release the smoke into the sky as the plane took off. However, after a miscommunication, both husband and wife reserved a plane. When the two aircraft crossed paths -- while releasing smoke into the atmosphere at blistering speeds -- a tornado formed at the intersection point.

The tornado, which is the first twister in

Los Angeles since 1983, thundered through LAX. Two terminals were destroyed, and the parking garage suffered damage as well. A Dunkin Donuts was carried off by the cyclone, but nobody cares about that. Starbucks, the airport's most popular dining establishment, was unaffected; with even fewer alternatives, the line for coffee currently extends hundreds of feet into the surrounding rubble. Thus far, no casualties have been reported, but at least two travelers -- a man in jeans simply too tight to wear on a plane and a woman last seen eating an açai bowl -- are missing.

Fortunately, the tornado has died down. Facing intense backlash, the couple responsible issued a public apology, stating: "We're sorry for causing a natural

disaster." Quickly, though, the apology turned defensive. "But what we should be focusing on is the natural miracle that is our baby. How could we have known we were going to create a tornado? You can't get mad at us for being unlucky. Honestly, we're pretty blown away by all the negativity." A local resident, whose home was blown away, called the comments "insensitive." The couple is expected to face criminal charges.

As for the gender reveal, The Surreal Times was unable to confirm the sex of the baby.

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# "SANE ASSYLUM" OPENING NEAR YOU

By **TOMMY POTENTUARY**,  
TV Personality



[Photo of Sane Asylum Seal by Rich Hennessey]

JUST AROUND THE CORNER, USA -- Even in these surreal times, some people remain trapped in the narrow land that is reality, most by no fault of their own. It is unfortunate that

today's governments lack the fertilizer necessary to keep their subjects colorful.

The "Sane Asylum", a grassroots institution promoting divergent minds and lives, hopes to compensate for what our government fails to provide. Having recently received \$1,000,000 in series-A funding from Adventure Capital, the Sane Asylum provides a platform from which those unnaturally stuck in or addicted to reality can launch themselves into alternate paths of all kinds. It is a place where uniforms and suits, grumps and lumps, and stagnant minds can go to be warped and weirdened.

At the Sane Asylum, there are fairies, there are spirits. There's paganism, mirror rooms, clown ensembles. There is atonal, discordant music at all hours, and a potent mix of cabin isolation, sleep deprivation, and ceremony to enliven the third eye's senses. Artificial synchronicities and unlikely events inspire residents of the asylum to pursue strings of thoughts and actions that the mono-world would never bake.

Each individual receives unique treatment and is sent in a unique direction in the multiverse. By the time they return to "society", they are hopefully free-spirited and no longer excessively sane as they might have been before.

Written on a sculpture of a dead fish smoking a cigarette outside the Sane Assylum's front entryway are the following motivating words:

*In a world of no bounds No directions A million clowns Complexions A billion rabbits and a trillion microcosms Full of abundance in unexplainable forms*

*For you and your brain We wish anything but tame Anything but lame And anything but Sane*

*Bradbury said, "Every book 'ought to smell" and the only thing worse than hell is plain*

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# INTERVIEW WITH BELINDA BURGER, THE 'GOOGLY EYES' ARTIST

By THE MYSTERIOUS M,  
Times Staff



Artist. Provocateur. Feminist. Experimenter. Activist. This is Belinda Burger, known in most art circles as the "Googly Eyes Artist." A controversial figure in the art world, Burger has been banned by the MFA and expelled from the Art Institute of Chicago. Marina Abramović punched her in the face. Her work has been known to cause incontinence and her shows are infamous for passing out barf bags to attendees.

In her first-ever public interview, Burger talks to the Surreal Times about her art, her inspiration and the surrounding controversy regarding her most famous exhibit. Burger shows up 45 minutes late for the Zoom interview. She half-apologizes and blames her lateness on "traffic." She is wearing coal-black lipstick and deep red eyeshadow. Her dress is sewn together from old Weekly World News clippings and her hat is made from the carcass of a dead crow. A perpetually lit cigarette is held between the fingers of her left hand, although she never once takes a drag from it. Halfway through our conversation, I realize she hasn't blinked the entire time. Burger speaks to me from her personal studio, which she has decorated to look like the inside of Alcatraz. The entire conversation lasts only 5 minutes.

TRANSCRIPT:

M: So, you're known as the "Googly Eyes Artist." Can you ex-

plain that title?

BURGER: The name came from my first art gallery show back in January. At that time, I wanted to challenge notions of masculinity. I felt isolated as a woman in a field dominated by men. Not just male artists, but male critics, male agents, and male exhibitors. I wanted to put femininity on display in a way that would shock the patriarchal establishment and have them question their own perceptions of womanhood. The idea was to take something that was fiercely tied to a woman's perceived role in a patriarchal society, something that has been culturally deemed to be "ugly" or "disgusting," and I wanted to have that so-called "ugliness" literally stare back into society.

M: What did you do?

BURGER: I glued Googly Eyes on a woman's placenta.

M: And what was the response?

BURGER: People hated it at first, called it "repulsive" and "exploitative." One critic said it gave him an irrational fear of pregnant women.

M: Was this the response you were looking for?

BURGER: It was the response I expected, anyway. However, a majority of men had never seen a placenta before, so the piece only confused them. They thought it was just a raw pork chop.

M: Do you think the Googly Eyes played a major role in the effectiveness of the piece?

BURGER: Without the Googly Eyes, the piece would be nothing. I thought of it like a feminist Mona Lisa, in that the eyes would follow you wherever you go. If the piece was only a woman's placenta, it would be nothing more than another "found object" piece and have absolutely no impact.

M: It's almost as if the piece is femininity examining society instead of the other way around.

BURGER: Exactly. The placenta is watching you, judging you and examining your society.

M: That's incredible. Thank you for talking with me, Ms. Burger. Now, before I let you return to your work is there anything you want to say to young aspiring artists who may be reading this?

BURGER: Yes. If you choose to become an artist, you will struggle with heartbreak and hardship. So-called "experts" will constantly speculate and criticize your work but only make biased superficial judgments. Faceless authority figures will try to rip your entire life apart. Some days, you will feel absolutely powerless. Remember this: never let anyone tell you that you can't put googly eyes on things.

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## PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION OPEN'S MOUTH FOR SUBMISSIONS

There will be a competition. It begins now. The winner of the competition will be the one who sends the most bizarre surreal photo of them all.

To enter into the competition, email [photos@surrealtimes.net](mailto:photos@surrealtimes.net)





# HUMANS OF THE SURREAL PLANE: BUNNY RABBIT RAVE HERO

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,  
Surreal Times Journalist



VENICE, California - Some heroes wear capes and masks. They spin spider webs. They shoot laser beams. But there's a new kind of hero on the block. This man wears bunny ears and a furry pink suit. He carries a big speaker and fends off evil using serendipitous tunes.

He lugs a heavy sound system all over L.A, bringing it to the

places where it'll make the most difference.

For instance, Bass bunny once harnessed the energy and warmth of folks after a yoga event in Venice Beach. He showed up at the end of their practice and played some melodic dance music at full blast which conjured up a dance party that lasted into the wee hours of the morning. It was so magical, even the dolphins swam by to listen in.

In another case, Bass Bunny brought his speaker to a subway, where people were coming and going in the modality of daily routine. He set his speaker on the front steps, pressed play. Before long, people were wiggling and jigging in the streets. One old librarian lady even twerked on a fireman!

And once, on the other side of things, when a fight once broke out during a basketball game, the Bass Bunny showed up just in time. To distract from the fuming spirits, he played some music that got people dancing instead of fighting.

The Bass Bunny, a.k.a. the Rave Rabbit, a.k.a. the Music Marsupial, makes a party out of any situation. He waters the seedlings of love and washes out hatred. In a world where emptiness is the biggest villain, this man is a true hero.

When his job is done, he can be seen walking into the horizon, leaning strongly to the left as he counterbalances the weight of his speaker, feeling satisfied and heading home to sleep.

When asked, "Why do you do it?" this hero responded, "because we can't throw raves nowadays in covid times, we gotta keep people dancing somehow."

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## ADVICE: HOW TO SMOKE DANDELIONS

By CHARLEIGH CLARK,  
Person of The World

I don't know if any of this has ever really been done: *smoking dandelions*.

They taste like piss and taxidermied rats in a postmortem dance, doing the Marionette's Will on your tongue - when smoking dandelions.

In somewhere you're not supposed to be, with someone you're not sure if you're still with. Smoking dandelions.

When you're cried-dry, cracked, and cheaply tattooed eyelids feel peeled off, and your face begins to blur. Smoke dandelions.

*When his purple overgrown and curled fingernails pinch just above the root to make sure it doesn't stop taking in air. With your head snapped back flat against the grass, letting it stain your already cheaply dyed hair. Bite gently down, careful not to snap the stem, then gingerly Pierce and stitch your lips into the shape of a kiss, make a wish like you've been told to do so since you were young and did not know that wishes will just be thrown away., and then whistle. Like little fairies and fae, the white seedlings float up as fragile glass, yet soft as moldy velvet aardvarks, now just a kid's-room-closet dust farmer, whistle as they carry your wish upward. Rise, then like torn old shades, flick and roll your eyes closed so not to see your wish go higher than yourself.*

And smile, for just, no reason.  
Smoking dandelions.

In Somewhere you're not supposed to be.

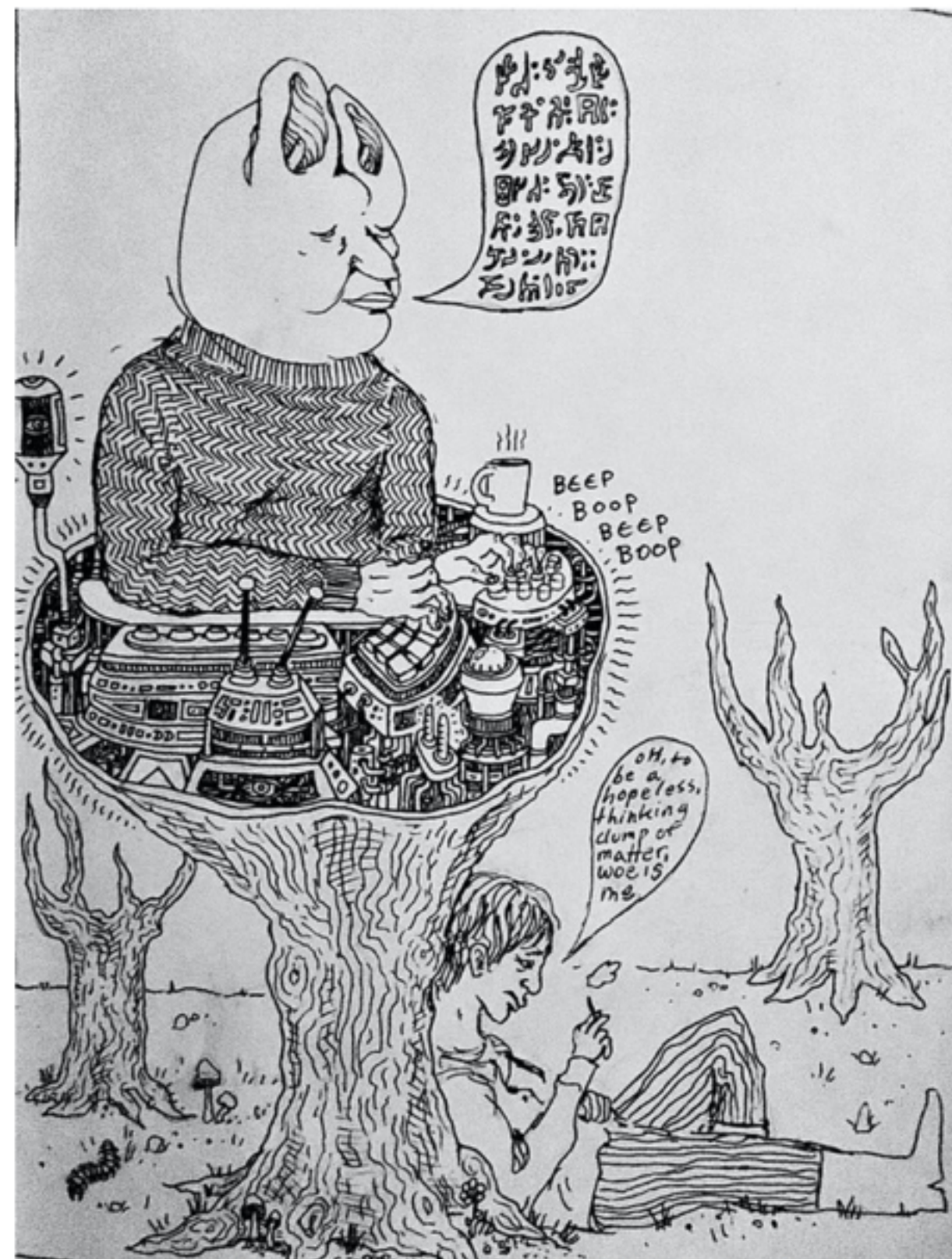
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# A NEW "INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY" FIASCO

Cousin Selling Ideological Real Estate



By ALDOUS HUMBLETON,  
Cousin of Alfred

[Artist's depiction of The Realm of Ideas by Sawyer Philips]

My cousin ALFRED, that nut (he used to be a good guy) is selling real estate in the Idea Realm. You can go there and live in a parallel universe whose shape is linked to the thoughts of beings in our current physical realm. By buying up ideological real estate and filling the space with ideological cement, you can prevent physical realm humans from thinking specific kinds of thoughts. You can keep them for yourself.

It is suspected that the Idea Realm is finite although expansive. So you should get in on this "land" now before it becomes scarce. Keep it for yourself. Resell at a higher value in the future because idea scarcity is imminent.

OR, if you are goodhearted (unlike my cousin, the Idea Lord), you can buy up Idea Land and put it into conservation, thereby ensuring that future physical realm beings will be free to think the thoughts corresponding to your property in the idea realm.

I hate to say it, but we might need to bring physical realm government in on this. The danger of full out idea realm saturation is as "real" as ever, with the possibility of all ideas being privately owned. But, as of now, no physical realm governments are involved. It is a complete free for all. My evil cousin is his own government within our minds. Much like a pizza flipping upside-down through the air, all we can hope is that the current state of things lands in a fortuitous position.

Sincerely Signed, Aldous Humbleton

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# FOR LEASE: MY GRANDMOTHER'S VOICE IN A BOX

By CHARLEIGH CLARK,  
Times Staff

Last year, my grandmother passed away at 93. In the final years of her life, she lost her voice. My grandmother always had the most beautiful voice. When she sang, her gorgeous soprano would envelop an entire room. In a crowded church, it would overpower every other voice in the room. When she sang, you heard her story, one of pain and tragedy and of moving forward. It was a story one could not express with words. After she passed, her voice haunted me in my sleep. For two months my dreams would be filled with the echoing sensation of her song. It was later I discovered that, before she lost her voice, my

grandmother kept her voice in a little knitting container.

After her funeral, I found out that my grandmother bequeathed me this box. As the youngest of my family, it was my duty to spread my grandmother's voice to future generations. I held onto the box for almost half a year, creaking it open now and then to hear a faint whisper of my grandmother's song. Some nights I would remove the lid and have her voice fill my room. Her voice always brought me back to being 9 years old, sitting in the living room and listening to my grandmother play church hymns on her grand piano. I would often remain in that state for ages, wanting to never return to the present.

My grandmother's voice had provided so much comfort for me in the months following her passing. It reminded me that beauty still existed in a world of bleakness. However, I realized that it was time to move on. I am now offering my grandmother's voice on lease, for anyone in need of comfort, solace, or is looking to move on from some unexpected tragedy, I offer you my grandmother's voice. Please take good care of it. Remember to share it with others. Spread my grandmother's voice.

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# ASIAN CITY UNDER ASSAULT BY THE TIMES

By BY: ZULU Z. ZULU,

We are surrounded  
by concentric growth rings  
pock marked with history

Dark green French shutters  
covered with moss

illuminated by selfies  
demolished by cars' horns

An aging smoke-stained factory  
glares down at aluminum slums  
one mass huddled together  
in the shadow  
of towering luxury

A choking siege  
grips the city's breath

By: Zulu Z. Zulu can be reached at  
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# VISIT THE CITY OF JEHOVAH

By Mayor Pete Davidson,  
Times Correspondent

EXPLORE  
JEHOVAH

100+  
TRAVEL TIPS  
FOR THE CITY  
YOU'LL NEVER  
WANT TO  
LEAVE

EMAIL: [management@surrealtimes.net](mailto:management@surrealtimes.net)  
to book your travel experience today

North of Los Angeles, past the mountains and lakes, lies the city of Jehovah. A city where prostitution is illegal, Jehovah has only two structures: an underground brothel and a prison. As soon as the inmates finish their prison term, they immediately head to the brothel where they are bathed and caressed and cared for like they hadn't been for a long time. But sooner or later, they are always caught in the brothel and sent back to prison. In reality, it's not hard for the Jehovah police force to catch these criminals, as there are only two places to go in the entire city. But the policemen always give the inmates a little bit of time to enjoy the brothel before they head straight back to prison. You may ask how long an average prison sentence is for these brothel-goers -- that depends on which position the criminals are caught in while doing the deed in the brothel. But even in the most egregious, immoral, and flat out nasty positions, the prison term never lasts more than a couple of years.

Jehovah is a city where no one has ever left, and no one has the desire to ever leave. All that they have ever known and ever yearned for is contained in this city. They are born in the brothel, grow up in the prison, have kids in the brothel, grow old in the prison, and finally die in the brothel. Generation after generation, the cycle never breaks, and Jehovah continues to maintain order, peace, and contentment.

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# A PLEA FOR THE HELP ON PLANET DEARTH

By John Doe,  
Alien

Hello Earthlings – I am writing to you from the planet of Dearth, a world very similar to your own but with one minor difference. Well, perhaps one small difference is a better term to use. Or tiny difference. Or little difference.

Let me explain: in your world, the vast majority of people are "normal" sized. Sure, there is variation in height, but for the most part, adults fall between the range of 5 feet and 6 feet 5 inches. However, there is one exception of people who are much smaller than the rest of the population. You earthlings typically refer to these people as little people, dwarves, or midgets.

According to the website Little People of America, dwarfism is a "medical or genetic condition that usually results in an adult height of 4'10" or shorter, among both men and women, although in some cases a person with a dwarfing condition may be slightly taller than that. The average height of an adult with dwarfism is 4'0" To get a little more specific, dwarfism is a genetic mutation that occurs either when the dominant "dwarf" gene is passed from one parent to the child or if both parents carry a hidden "dwarf" gene that is passed down to the child. In either case, dwarfism is quite rare, although I'm sure you have seen a few in your lifetime.

Well on my planet, dwarfism is the norm and what you would call normal-

sized people, such as myself, are actually the exceptions. Yeah, that's right -- 99.9% of the population are what you call midgets and only a very small minority of people are of "regular" height. As you can imagine, my life is essentially a living hell. I remember when my parents first learned about my condition – I was rushed to the hospital at only a few months only because I was already half the height of my parents! I remember how humiliating it was to walk into my first day of kindergarten and already be as tall as my teachers, unable to fit in any of the kiddie chairs and having to deal with my classmates laughing behind my back as I awkwardly tried to cram my giant fingers into the tiny cookie jars.

Let me briefly explain to you what Dearth looks like. Well, actually, it's not that hard to visualize because it's basically the same as Earth but with everything shrunk to about 20% of the size you are used to. All our houses, doorways, buildings, pencils, food, chairs, tables, beds, etc. seem tiny for people like you and I, but for the vast majority of the population on Dearth, it's just normal. I have to custom order my clothing, bow my head in order to fit into any room, and cram my body into these tiny cars just to drive to work. If I want to travel anywhere or go on vacation, I just buy up an entire row of seats on the airplane, and sometimes that's not even enough.

As I grew older, I knew there were only two professions for someone with my genetic disorder. One was to become a

professional basketball player. I was scouted from a very young age to join my hometown's youth basketball training program. You may think this is glamorous, as I've heard that the professional athletes in your world make a lot of money, but on Dearth, it is quite a different story. Basketball players don't get any respect, make very little money, and our fans just come to our games to boo us and throw rotten fruit onto the court. It's pretty similar to how the WNBA is perceived on Earth now that I think about it. Anyways, I decided against that career, which left me with only one other career choice: a lifeguard. As you can probably imagine, little people are not the best swimmers and need constant supervision while in the water. So, for the last several years since I graduated little school (the equivalent of high school on Earth), I've been a lifeguard at the Bryn Mar Country Club.

I plead to you, anyone who is reading this, please save me. Please send a team to my terrible planet and extract me. I'm desperate and need to get out of this living hell. My planet is located in the northern side of the Andromeda galaxy. As you could probably guess, my planet is revolving around a dwarf star, so it's easy for us to get lost amongst all the "normal" sized stars in our galaxy. Please send help, I just want to be normal.

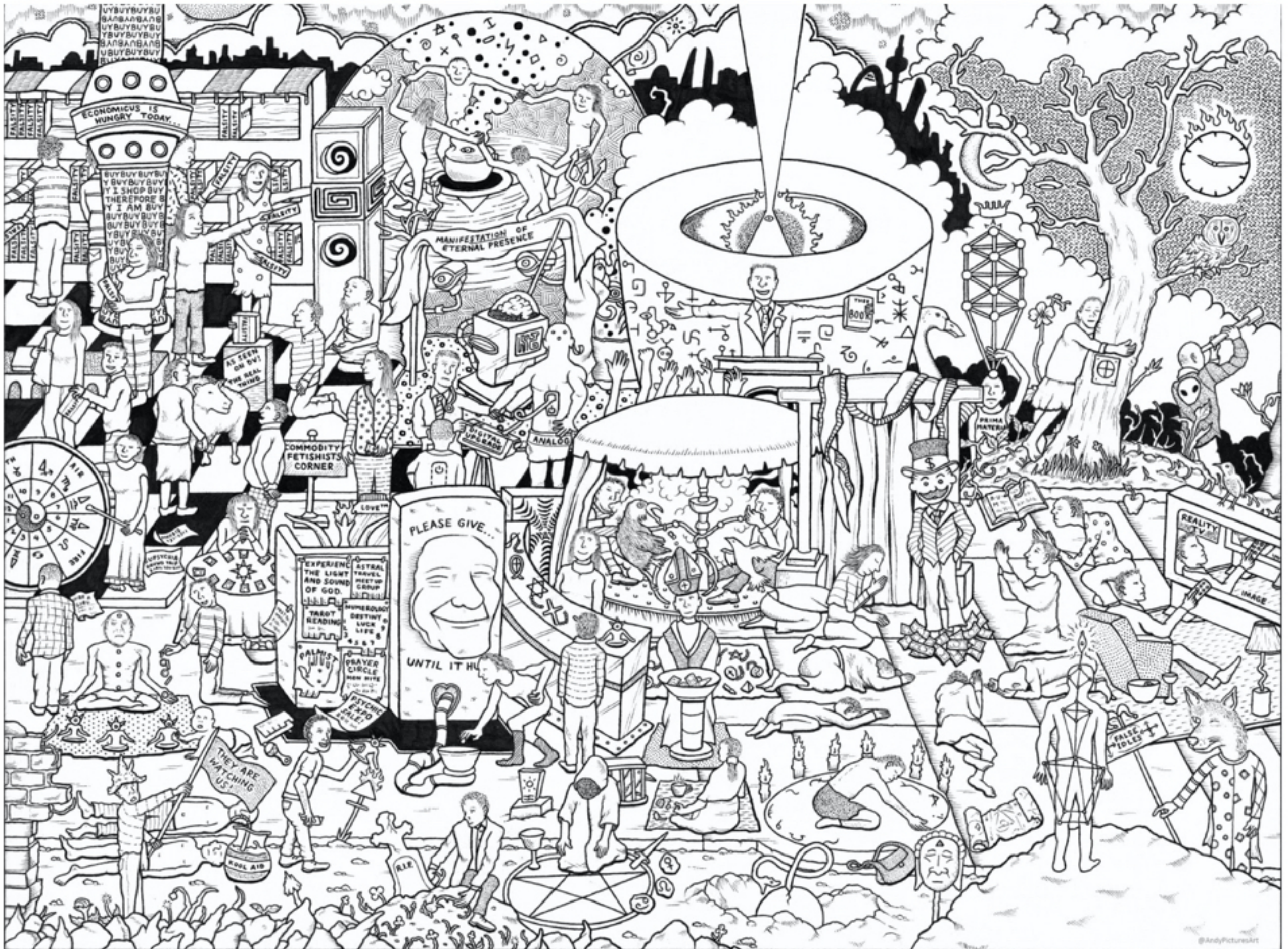
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# FUNDEMENTALISM ON THE PATH TO GREEN

By CAPTAIN COLORFUL,  
Inwriter



Fundamentalism is a technology for saving energy in the brain. It's also a green technology that can save the environment of the human nervous system from having to think too much. The more we think, the more energy is burned, and in times of psycho-social crisis, thinking will only increase the amount of stress in an individual, so it would probably be best not to think at all.

A better, greener approach to the energy system of the human brain would be to surrender it to the dictates of a fundamentalist belief. It can be any belief, as long as the belief is narrow-minded and absolutist in structure. It can be a belief in God, Allah, unicorns, democrats, republicans, the great Nothing, take your pick. The only criteria are that the belief must be held as the only truth that could ever exist. All other options must be completely blocked out from consciousness.

Believing so firmly in something saves us from wasting precious cognitive energy on accumulating new facts or wondering what other perspectives might have to offer. This is a waste of time and only contributes to unnecessary mental strain and a constant updating of what we stand for. There's far too much thinking going on in this world. It's time we conserve energy and have other models and systems do the thinking for us. Save cognitive energy now. Conserve resources. Please, stop thinking. The Land of False Idols.

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# IMAGINARY DIVORCES ARE SKYROCKETTING

By DR. PETER RAMBIS  
Inwriter

The pandemic, and then the arrival of the Venusian War Ships, has caused a long period of isolation and quarantining. This has not only caused a strain on real relationships but also created a rift in the harmony between individuals and their made-up companions. People who once long enjoyed the company of an imaginary friend or make-believe

significant other now want nothing more than to get away from them. But how do you separate from someone who exists within your own mind? It is a true conundrum that cannot just be solved in the courtroom but also requires the expertise of a skilled neurosurgeon – fortunately I am both an attorney at law and at one point in time had a license to perform brain surgery. I am the man the world needs most right now. I'm the only neurosurgeon to ever perform a

dard Hemispherectomy removes one hemisphere of the brain, I successfully removed both hemispheres! With my combined legal expertise (traffic court) and knowledge of the brain, I can help you successfully divorce your imaginary companion. Contact my email and be free.

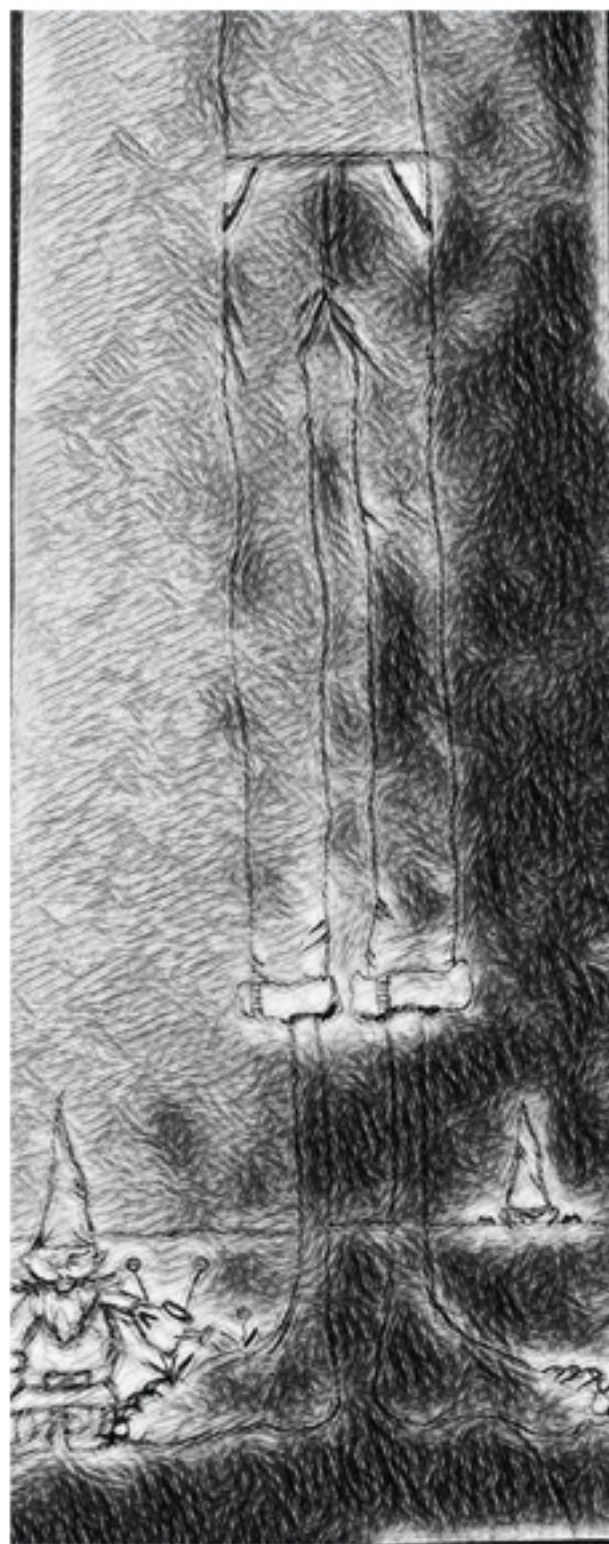
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# A DAMN GOOD CASE OF THE BROWNIE BONKERS

By PLEAKLY POW POW,  
Times Staff



My best good lad Brat Kock (indeed her legitimate birth name) and I were sitting on our tooshes and sifting through the tantalizing continuum of possible nightly adventures. With zealous force was I struck with the memory of a once glorious brownie, bestowed upon me at the pinnacle of its prime and which I subjected to the dusty recesses of a cupboard almost immediately. Alas, the duration of time between my receiving of said brownie and my remembrance of it was indeed great. Let's just say this here baked good took some advice from the finest of wines and augmented its strength with age.

After the quickest of rendezvousing gazes, myself and dear Kock knew with insurmountable surety the immediate course of action to be taken and the precise catalyst to our nocturnal escapades.

This brownie's majesty came not intrinsically but from

careful concoction. You can probably guess what lay dormant, potent, and patient within it. The essential component bears phonetic resemblance to one of my most beloved and frequently employed commands: "Can it bitch!" If you're still flummoxed as to the integral ingredient, just settle on the assertion it was probably a derivative of hobgoblin piss.

Well then ya see, trusty Kock and I proceeded to exhume said brick, I mean brownie, from its stony, abandoned limbo, chucked it clean into the nearest microwave, and downed it as if Miss Antoinette had given us the iconic directive herself.

Before I knew it, miniature zebras were traversing the window sills. The tips of my toes were at once growing puffs of Craspedia and fine tufts of something akin to mouse hair. The couch I've been sitting on could've been turning into gelatin and either I'd weed myself and those hydrated droplets were

disrespecting gravity and traversing upwards over my skin or I was upside down with a garden gnome kindly watering me.

What the ass.

With a turn of the neck that felt as though decades had eroded before I achieved 47 degrees let alone a solid 180, it appeared as though Kock had entered a similar realm of fuckery.

I'd really love to receive suggestions on ideas for the next twilight trip.

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# PEDRO STEIN, UN SECRETARY-GENERAL:

By ADAM STEIN,  
Times Correspondent

Pedro Stein, stuffed white-faced capuchin, has become the first stuffed monkey to be sworn in as Secretary-General of the United Nations. Hailing from Connecticut currently and a native of Costa Rica, Secretary-General Stein intends to bring a charm, curiosity, and playfulness to the job the prior human holders of the of-

fice have not necessarily possessed. While some have criticized Stein's sweet, gentle, and innocent manner as being not up to the task of assessing the cold, hard-boiled realities of global politics, Stein's team has disputed any charges of naivete, providing extensive scientific research indicating the high intelligence of capuchins, as well as the vigilance and aggression adult capuchins

are capable of. He has also attracted controversy for his outspoken (for him) support of the macaque monkey takeover of Lopburi, Thailand, which critics have interpreted as anti-human, but which Mr. Stein says he supports only symbolically and not with regard to the human impact.

Environmental matters are first and foremost on Stein's agenda, as he is committed to the

health of the rainforests of the world, where he grew up, and he urges Nutella to find oils other than palm to use, as it destroys orangutan habitats. Mr. Stein's four closest aides will be Adam Stein, who is his closest human friend, as well as a scarlet macaw parrot, a toucan, and a poison dart frog. Surreal Times Boston-Amherst has scheduled a coffee interview with Secretary-

General Stein for November 15th, where Stein says he will be enjoying a cappuccino (getting its name from the Capuchin order of friars, just as capuchin monkeys like the Secretary-General did) and a banana with palm oil-free chocolate hazelnut spread.

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# TASK TONY EPISODE ONE

By TONY PEPPERONI,  
Columnist

Hey everybody, I'm Tony. Here's the thing about me: My name is not Annie, so I can't have an "Ask Annie" column. My name is Tony and I don't know how to change it, and that's why I'm starting this "Task Tony" col-

umn right now.

It works like this: You give me a task, then I'll complete it and I'll report back. Email me at task.tony@surrealtimes.net to suggest a task.

**This week's task:** My first task was to "eat something not edible",

as suggested by Molly Hobbes.

**How I did it:** To complete this task, I needed to ask myself "what does it mean for something to be edible?" Easy. It is edible if it can be eaten. But the perplexing nature of this task is revealed when you realize that,

to eat something that is not edible, is to render that thing edible. The only way around this paradox is to somehow ingest an item that becomes not-edible once you have eaten it. And I have done exactly this. I swallowed 1 gallon of liquid cement, which has since hardened in

my stomach into a stone larger than any human mouth. This item will never be eaten again, and thus it is not edible. Yet, I have eaten it?

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## 10 ESSENTIAL WEASEL MONTGOMERY JONES RECORDS

BY FLIP GILLIGAN,  
Music & Arts Correspondent



Columbia Records will be releasing the complete discography of singer/songwriter Weasel Montgomery Jones on all streaming platforms this coming November. The release consists of all of Weasel's recorded material throughout his nearly six-decade career. Releasing over 40 albums and several more collaborations, Weasel's style evolved from the Greenwich Village folk sound of the early 1960s and morphed into several genres, including punk, spoken word, ambient, disco, reggae, and metalcore. His final album, Greebo Gabba Goo, was released before his supposed alien abduction in 2015 (the aliens, of course, denied this). The C.I.A, through the power of 5G Internet towers, erased all memory of Weasel. It wasn't until last week that our memory returned, just in time for the new release!

To celebrate this momentous event in music history, I've selected 10 records that best exemplify the genius, virtuosity, madness, and creativity of Weasel Montgomery Jones.

**Weasel Sings the Blues (1963)** - Weasel was born Weasel Montgomery Szymański in Colorado sometime in the early 1940s. (His exact birth date remains a mystery, with many skeptics claiming he was never actually born.) A popular performer in the Greenwich Village folk scene, Weasel was known for his unique style of guitar-playing. To quote Bob Dylan, a contemporary of Weasel, "he could not play guitar to save his life. I've tried teaching him many times, but the poor guy is completely tone-deaf." Weasel's first LP consists mostly of cover songs, including

horribly out-of-tune renditions of "House of the Rising Sun" and "Man of Constant Sorrow." Weasel wrote the album's sole original track "Paper Blues" during a period of paranoia when he thought Joseph McCarthy was stealing his newspaper.

**The Mysterious Walrus-Head Man (1966)** - By the time Weasel had released 6 albums with Columbia, Folk was going "electric," Beatlemania was in full swing and Communism was the hottest new trend. Weasel conceived his experimental double-LP after accidentally falling face-first into an unoccupied plate of LSD. He composed and recorded the album within the span of an afternoon. According to Weasel, the concept for the record came from a dream in which an 8-foot-tall muscular man with a walrus head offered Weasel gardening advice. The album was shelved for being "not Marxist enough" and Weasel was eventually dropped from his label.

**I Go Where the Seaweed Takes Me (1973)** - After briefly touring with Frank Zappa and getting punched in the face by James Taylor, Weasel retreated to a cabin in Montreal and began writing lyrics for his 14th album. Influenced by the works of saxophonist Lee Morgan and marine biologist Jacques-Yves Cousteau, Weasel sought to create a jazz-fusion concept album about different species of sea sponges. One of his most personal records, the album includes the harrowing 8-minute ballad "I Knew it When I Saw It." The song was reportedly inspired by an argument with Weasel's then-wife Raquel Welch over who played Spartacus in the 1960 film "It Was Steve McQueen," he would later comment, "and you can't convince me otherwise"

**Apoptosis - 1st Movement (1975)** - This album consists of 80 minutes of Weasel screwing around with his guitar without realizing the tape was still running. Rolling Stone gave it 5 stars out of 5.

**The King Who Would Be Man (1977)** - Weasel's most expensive album, recorded during the peak of his addiction to cocaine and paint thinner, is a concoction of R&B, jazz, and 1700s sea shanties. "We were so drugged out of our minds," session musician Roy Bittan said, "we forgot we had even made the album and recorded it a second time."

**The Sun is Actually a Moon (1980)** - Following a messy divorce with Ethel Merman, Weasel sobered up, worked part-time as a janitor at the local YMCA, and released his gloomiest record. The

first half of the record contains atmospheric covers of old jazz standards (with the exception of a down-tempo version of Rick Dees' "Disco Duck"). The second side consists of a single 23-minute track called "Eggs?" where he recites the entire Breakfast at Tiffany's script over a long, droning synth chord.

**Music from Hamburger Heaven (1987)** - Weasel composed his first movie score for Italian director Chez Fortunato's fantasy romantic comedy. The plot of the film revolves around a fry cook who dies in a grease fire and tries to escape from heaven. The movie was a box-office bomb and was banned in Switzerland. Discussing his inspiration for the soundtrack, Weasel said, "I wanted to do something with middle school marching bands." His label eventually sued Weasel for making "unrepresentative music," and he was subsequently banned from any middle school pep rally in the Northwest region.

**Gadzooks!!! (1991)** - In his first foray into the metal genre, Weasel performed alongside British grindcore group ANUS. "Weasel loved the grinding sound of his coffee maker," bass-player Mark Fuck said, "he told the band 'sound exactly like that.'" The album contains 44 tracks, with a total runtime of 11 ½ minutes.

**The Planets (2005)** - Weasel's first album since his yeast infection is his most ambitious. Inspired by a sexual fantasy about Carl Sagan, the album grapples with concepts of mortality, time, spirituality, and the cosmos. The 11-minute opening track features cinema legend Peter O'Toole reciting Dylan Thomas, backed by a massive six-string orchestra. The album earned widespread critical claim, as well as a restraining order from NASA.

**Greeba Gabba Goo (2015)** - Weasel's first album since his "retirement" in 2013 (in which he released his "final" album That's it. I'm Done. No More. I'm Serious This Time), this triple-LP can only be described as "beyond music itself." It confused fans, puzzled critics, and angered dogs. Several instances of wild bird attacks were reported following the album's release, although there's little evidence supporting the correlation between the two. Weasel mysteriously disappeared two days after the album's release, causing the C.I.A to erase everyone's memory of him. The album will be locked in a vault until 2110.

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## THE RESILIENCE OF PASTRAMI MAN

By LUDWIG ANDRE HOGAN,  
Times Correspondent

The first red flag came when Pastrami Man arrived visibly inebriated at the ceremony to receive the key to the city, though he excused this at the time as due to being overly nervous beforehand. But later that fall he was involved in a barroom brawl which ended in him bludgeoning a patron in the head with hard salami. The individual sued over the incident and Pastrami Man was forced to settle out of court for an undisclosed amount. His public image was further rattled when in a radio interview he stated "I'm sick of people wanting me to hold their babies, I think babies are gross and I hate them all, each and every one of them". After his messy divorce with Lady Mustard began dominating tabloids, it came to light that Pastrami Man was hopelessly addicted to watching videos of fluffy dogs getting haircuts and would watch hours of videos on a daily basis. One of his last public embarrassments involved him being chosen to throw the opening pitch at a baseball game. He showed up to the wrong game, twice in a row. In fact, the second time he arrived at a tennis match, leading to a great deal of confusion as well as several injuries. After this, it seemed the public lost all faith in the once idolized Pastrami Man, and his upcoming network TV sitcom *All in the Pastrami* was unceremoniously canceled. Not long after, he threw in the towel on fighting crime entirely, leading to a mostly unnoticed 0.2% rise in the local crime rate. Today, he resides in a humble loft above a butcher's shop in Somerville, Massachusetts, and agreed to sit down with me for a brief interview to reflect on his life what he feels his fall from grace has taught him. The following conversation has been only slightly trimmed for length and clarity:

Ludwig: So, you've been living here for how many years?

Pastrami Man: About, two, maybe two-and-a-half, it's not bad honestly, although one side of my room is a bit cold

due to being located a floor above the meat-locker. It's cozy though, and this neighborhood is fairly quiet.

L: How does it feel to be interviewed after all these years...you know, being out of the public eye?

PM: Well, you know I've never been able to fully leave it behind me anyway, I still get recognized from time to time, due to the costume and all. But honestly, this feels a lot more low stress to me, seeing as there's no real pressure to make sure I leave a good impression anymore.

L: I see. Have you ever considered maybe just not wearing the costume anymore? I notice you're wearing it now, and I would have thought perhaps you'd feel comfortable wearing regular clothes in your own home.

PM: No, no, nothing is more comfortable than this honestly; the spandex is just so damn soft, and everything else feels maddeningly scratchy. It's just a matter of what I'm used to.

L: Ah, gotcha. Changing the subject, in the past, you were known to struggle a bit with alcohol, along with obsessively watching certain types of videos, has the lack of being in the spotlight helped you at all with managing your addictions?

PM: Oh of course, although I always thought the whole dog grooming video thing was massively overblown, like yeah, I know it was kind of weird, but I didn't think it was article worthy weird. But, yeah, everyone obsessing over your every action kind of takes your already existing challenges with mental health and makes them worse. My drinking is now...well, moderate. And that's good enough honestly.

L: I understand, yeah. And how about your previously stated view on infants, has that changed at all as you've gotten older?

PM: Nope.

L: Ah, okay. So what of your old past time of crime-fighting, do you ever miss it?

PM: No, honestly not at all. You see the thing is, over the years since I stopped doing it, I came to a realization. You see, crime isn't really about the individual committing it, it's more of a symptom of a much larger societal problem. When a community fails to create a nurturing and forgiving environment for its most downtrodden citizens, the local government is just as much at fault for the resulting crime that occurs. How am I supposed to solve that by smacking some burglar in the face with smoked-dried sausage?

L: A solid point. So you now view your past goal of stopping crime singlehandedly as an impossible pursuit?

PM: Precisely. And unnecessarily violent if I'm being totally honest.

L: Thank you so much for agreeing to sit down and talk with me, Pastrami Man. If I may ask just one final question, is there any wisdom you think you've learned from your whole experience with losing the goodwill of the public that you'd like to impart upon others?

PM: I guess I'd say, if there's someone you really look up to, just try and keep in mind that they're probably just a person like you, a person who doesn't always make the right decision, a person that doesn't only have positive traits and inevitably disappoints people at times. If you keep that in mind, you're not only less likely to put someone on too much of a pedestal, you're also less likely to compare yourself to some sort of ideal human who in truth doesn't even exist.

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## SPIDERS, A PANDEMIC ALTERNATIVE TO MUSIC

By COMMON OBSERVER,  
Surreal Times Reporter

In these end times, the absence of in-person music and socializing is an opportunity for something new. Week-end nights no longer revolve around thumping bass systems and fruity alcohol, so people have begun experimenting with putting other kinds of things in their esophaguses and ear holes.

Sugar packets in the ears. Wiggling slugs to wash them down. Bottled sunshine ingested, bringing warmth to the diaphragm. Mother's underwear to top it all off.

As with any experiments, many of these did not go well. Tommy Potentuary, for instance, will never be able to hear again unless someone finds a way to soften and remove an earful of cement.

The most successful music-substitute has been a particular breed of arachnid. This South American spider, when placed two inches inside the eardrum, and when fed breadcrumbs hourly, will do a goofy dance that tickles your ear hairs in an extraordinary way. As these little legs kick and flick, they give the "listener" a sensation of listening to live Reggae, Jazz, and Mongolian Throat Singing all

simultaneously, but without actually hearing any noise!

So you get all those feelings of excitement, serenity, builds, and breaks, that good music gives you, but you never get a headache from the noise! And you can do it without needing to go to some smelly, crowded, germ-ridden venue somewhere (unless you're into spider sharing!).

This newer new-age

lifestyle isn't right for everyone, and it certainly comes along with risks. I gotta say though, kids these days are a creative bunch. I, for one, am excited about post-end-of-the-world culture.

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# AN ACCOUNT OF A TENDER MOMENT

By ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK,  
Times Correspondent

I made plans a few days ago to meet up with an old friend. He was a classmate of mine from college and we'd lost touch after all these years, but he texted me that he was in town and we decided to go out for some drinks and reminisce about our time throwing around the frisbee on the freshman quad and that one time he played a prank on Mary Lou in front of her drama club. Granted, we were never best friends, but we were friends for sure. Well, we were friends Freshman year but kind of drifted apart as he became more of a serious squash player and I became closer with my music buddies. By the time we graduated, we were probably closer to acquaintances than actual friends.

Anyways, I suggested we meet up at a swanky bar in the posh side of town hoping to give off the impression that I'd done well after college. Of course, that meant I had to drive an hour and a half from my studio apartment and deal with the horrid LA traffic, but I was certainly willing to put in the hours if it meant my friend was going to be impressed. I already knew exactly what I was going to order - the "Mulholland" Salad with a shaken dirty martini -- and I practiced my rapport as I got dressed in front of my cracked mirror a few hours before the big night. I dressed smartly and causally - a trim button-down collared shirt tucked neatly into a stylish pair of black jeans, a neat comb-over to give the impression I get expensive haircuts, a few squirts of my favorite Roger Federer cologne, and a pair of black Aldo shoes...the type I see investment bankers wear.

As I drove over on the 405 with the afternoon sun beating down on my Prius (with a broken AC so I was sweating out of my ass), a daunting thought occurred to me. Oh, how could I have been so stupid as to not think of this before. I could have practiced it in the mirror! Stupid stupid stupid!

The terrible, wretched thought that made my whole body ache with anxiety, if you were wondering, was how I was going to greet him. Do you know that moment when you both see each other after not seeing each other for so long and are not quite sure how to interact? Do you go for a full-on hug? No, we weren't that good friends. And what if I go for a hug and he goes for something else? No, too awkward. Maybe just a handshake? No...too formal - we weren't closing a business deal after all. What about a dap up and fist bump? Probably not, too informal. Just a dap up? No, we aren't in college anymore. Oh God, what am I going to do?

What was supposed to be a perfectly curated night of engaging yet light-hearted chit-chat and subtle brags about how awesome our lives turned out to be was now in complete jeopardy. Everyone knows that the first moment when you greet each other sets the tone for the rest of the night. A nervous sweat has now begun to pool under my armpits and clam up my hands gripped tightly on the steering wheel. Oh god, why did I pick a light blue shirt! The moment is quickly arriving - I see the restaurant and park on the adjacent street. Only a few moments to go before we finally make contact; the whole fate of our night and quite possibly the rest of our friendship lies in this one moment.

I'm slowly walking towards the restau-

rant, fists tight in uneasy tension and feet dragging, scraping against the pavement. Every animal instinct in my body is telling me to turn around and just tell him I got food poisoning, but he's standing in front of the restaurant and waves over to me with a friendly smile spreading across his tan, symmetrical face.

Just as we get within speaking distance, I let my instincts take over: "Hey man, been a long time," I say through a voice I don't recognize as my own. He says hi and we go for a bro hug - 1 second 2 seconds 3 seconds go by as we grip hands and pull our bodies tight together in a friendly embrace. 4 seconds 5 seconds 6 seconds. Time seems to be slowing down, each moment dragging by as I feel his hot breath against my neck. 7 seconds 8 seconds, I can feel his clammy hands pressed firmly into mine. 9 seconds 10 seconds we stand there, not wanting to let go, too afraid to go on with the rest of the dinner. My heart was racing, though I wasn't sure if it was due to the intimate human contact I had been craving for so long or my pent-up anxiety about the night.

I can feel the eyeballs of those nearby noticing our longer than usual embrace, but I don't mind. I like the attention. We stand there for the whole night, never separating and never speaking another word after our initial pleasantries. Then, right as the clock struck midnight, as if we communicated telekinetically, we slowly separated, walked back to our respective cars, and drove home.

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# STATUS OF THE REALM OF IDEAS

By ALDUS HUMBLETON,  
Times Correspondent

Guided thoughts begin... now: Foundational info: my cousin Alfred lives in the "idea realm". He does not live in the physical realm (where I reside)

Relevant fact: My cousin is skilled in nuanced observation and measurement. Furthermore, he possesses a

proprietary method which he uses to communicate his measurements across realms and into my brain.

The juice: The REALM OF IDEAS, whose shape is cosmically and bi-directionally linked to the nature of the thoughts of humans in the physical realm - it appears to be morphing into a peculiar form. In the "past", we

have seen the idea realm narrow or expand, or develop gaps. Today there is evidence showing that the idea realm warping into a checkerboard-like shape, one in which every square is a pyramid (with a high point in the middle). This corresponds to people in the PHYSICAL REALM experiencing "quantized" thoughts (more 'multiple choice',

as opposed to analog).

Maybe you have observed this in your mental travels.

Remaining unknowns: The direction of causation here, if it exists, is not evident. We also do not know if trans-realm gravitation fields exist.

How to react: Attempt to analog-ize the world whenever possible.

Sometimes, paradoxically, this involves avoiding compression-istic-type analogies and advice such as mine.

GUIDED THOUGHTS COMPLETED, (for now).

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# STATUS OF THE GORD

The status of the gord is currently unknown and this is very concerning. Please, if you know anything about the holy gord, email us at [management@surrealtimes.net](mailto:management@surrealtimes.net).





# SANDCASTLE SEX DOLLS DEEMED UNHEALTHY

By SERGEANT TOM JOHNSON,  
UMPD

VENICE, California —Sex is hard to come by during a pandemic. I can attest to that myself (sadly). But, a new coping mechanism is emerging. The inspiration of it all, a man was seen last Sunday sculpting his dream woman out of the sand on the beach. He portrayed every nuance of her naked body in extreme detail. He even gave her seaweed for lips, seashells for eyes, pearls for nipples. Hours later, once she had taken full voluptuous form, he stripped naked and made sandy love to her as the sunset over the Santa Monica Mountains.

"It felt incredible," said the man. "More satisfying than ever, thanks to the friction. Plus, I get to sculpt a new girl every day, and I can make her look however I want. Big butt, small butt, no butt, five butts. Anything goes!"

This man was reported to the police for indecent exposure. However, rather than arresting this man, our officers realized the goldmine of an idea he had come up with. Many officers tossed their badges into the ocean and began sculpting dream lovers of their own. Parents at the beach told their kids to go home but would stick around themselves out of curiosity. By the peak sunset, nearly two dozen uniformed police officers were pouring all they had into a sandcastle orgy along with beach bums and surfer bros doing the same thing. Nobody was watching the watchers... (Well... in a way, some were).

The diversity of approaches to sandy sex was astounding.

Some folks sculpted average-looking lovers. Some seemed to supermodels. Some enjoy characterized sex doll-like sand-lovers. Some tag team, while others prefer keeping their sand to themselves.

My favorite sighting was two partners who, instead of getting with each other, sculpted sandcastle lovers for one another to sleep with."

"We can't do it with each other, because I live with my mom and she is vulnerable to covid, and Andy is an essential worker exposed to many people every day. We haven't had sex in months. Today on the beach was the closest we've felt in a long time when we looked into each other's eyes while riding each other's sand-sculpted creations."

Unfortunately, the fun and games had a cost. Eighteen ambulances were required that night, because as it turns out, sand in and around one's genital gizmos is no recipe for success. And worse so, the beach is infested with a different kind of crabs than the usual kind you would worry about at an orgy of this scale.

The official recommendation of the police department is that citizens do not engage in sexual intercourse with sandcastles. However, we have not yet seen anyone enforce this rule.

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## THE BIHEXICAL COMIC, RAKA'S VISION







# NEW HAIR STYLE TAKING OVER PAQUANT AREAS

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,  
Tender to the Grand Conveyor

With my own eyes, I spy on many a street-corner, folks with torn-out locks, band-aids on their barren scalps, with scattered bushes of hair in various spots upon their heads. When asked whether they'd been assaulted or whether something else had gone wrong, these persons respond emphatically, "No, this is my primal style! Don't you like it?"

Upon further investigation, I've learned that a number of under the table hair stylists are offering the sought-after and excruciatingly authentic "monkey pull," in which the hair stylist puts rotting apples in the customer's hair, waits for flies to congregate between their locks, and shortly thereafter releases a hungry monkey in the room. The usual result is that the monkey rips out much of the customer's hair while going after the bugs dwelling inside.

"It's the perfect mix of organized chaos," said one salon-goer. "Monkeys are older versions of humans, basically, so although they are a bit wild, they are also incredibly in touch with their intuitions in a way that us agriculturalized so-called advanced beings could never be."

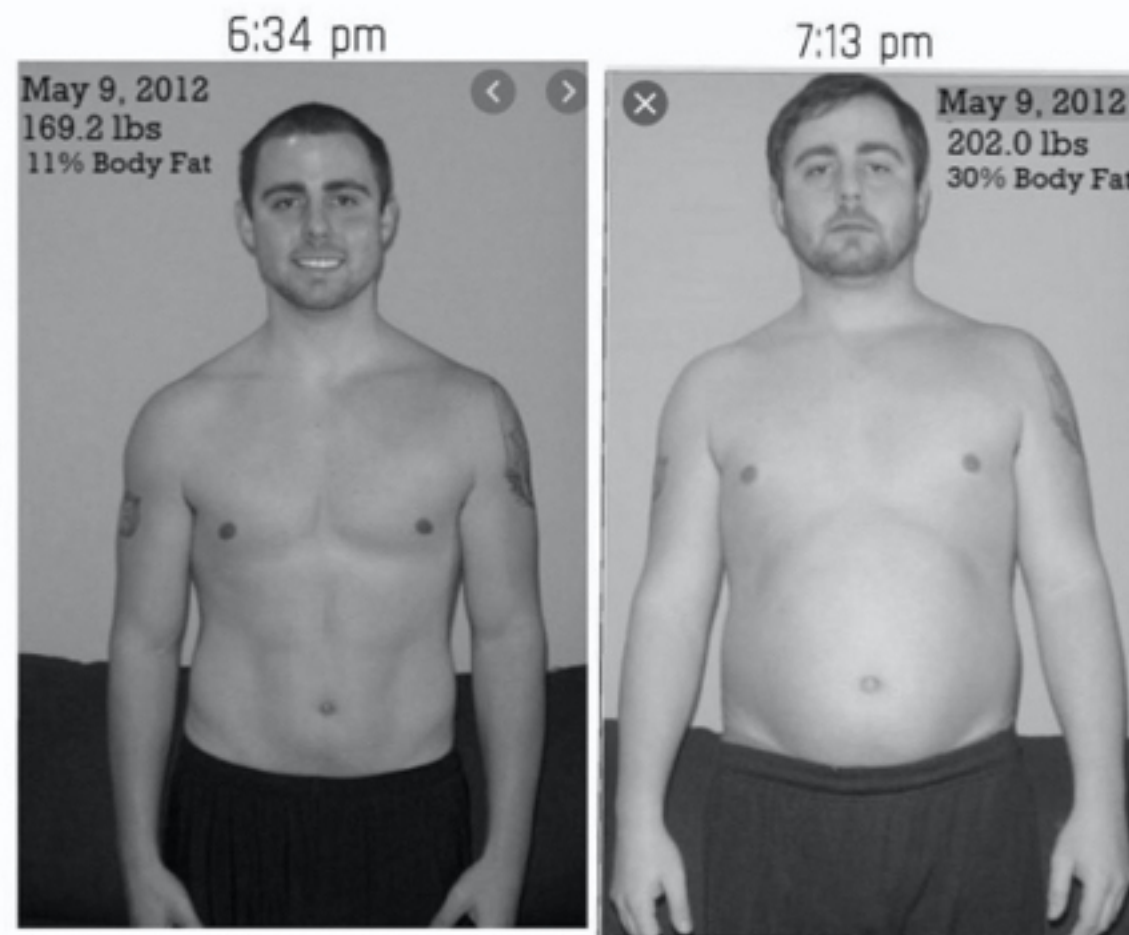
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# NEW RESTAURANT IN TOWN



## LOUIGI'S ITALIAN KITCHEN

pizza, pasta, more...



BEFORE

AFTER

Louigi's Italian Kitchen can be reached at [italy@surrealtimes.net](mailto:italy@surrealtimes.net)

# "HAPPY APP" BUG GONE WILD

By TOMMY POTENTUARY,  
TV Personality

Penis prosthetics started as a way to enliven middle-aged sexuality. However, it didn't take long before perfectly healthy young folks and people of all kinds began using technology to get better in bed even if they weren't fine in the first place. One thing led to another and Bluetooth-controlled inflatable penis prosthetics have become the norm for college-aged males.

One woman in her mid-20s remarked, "I'm almost disappointed when I bring a guy home and it turns out he's natural. I'm living a busy life and a plain 'natural' man isn't worth my time."

This Happy App allows men to control thickness, length, hardness, smell, color, and other attributes from their cell phones. In the app's control panel, they can also invite their sexual partners to take control of their penis settings for extra fire in the bedroom.

Since its invention, much great sex has been had.

"I almost gave up on sex in 2019, said another customer. "Every time, it was just never what I had hoped. But now, consistency baby! Everyone's feeling good! I admit, some of the guys don't like that surgery has become the norm, but they like being able to keep it up!"

This innovative technology has led to a new era of bedroom fun. Unfortunately, this month, a security flaw led to exploits all over the world. First, it was the president who, mid-press conference, had his crotch hacked by Russian operatives.

They took control and made it spin wildly, unzip itself out of his pants, reach up and slap him in the face, knocking him unconscious. Our orange leader was carried off by his loyal supporters toward the hospital, but unfortunately, the Russians took control of these supporters' penises as well. In just moments, the president was being beaten by the crotches of his most patriotic underlings.

Similar Happy App exploits have occurred elsewhere as well. In another case, a crowded elevator on Wall Street was suddenly cramped when all inhabitants grew 3-foot long erections. The 8 men in the elevator became cocktangled and were unable to exit the elevator until 4 hours later when one man sacrificed his penis via hacksaw in order to free the group. A lawsuit is in order, and there are no suspects.

Nobody is safe from this monumental security hack. With crotches on the network, everyone is vulnerable. Your dad. Your teacher. Your mailman. The world is paralyzed because of it. People are afraid to leave their houses because they know that embarrassment may lie behind any corner. Nobody wants to have meetings, concerts, congressional hearings. Nothing, nobody is safe.

All we can hope for is some kind of security fix, or a way to reverse blue-tooth controlled penile implants. Unfortunately, doctors say that they had not planned for people wanting to remove their newfound bedroom godliness.

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# AN ACCOUNT: THE BUG

By Nick J,  
Times Correspondent

The driver sneezes and I lose sight of the bug somewhere beneath my feet. A muffled, "excuse me" comes from beneath his face mask as I attempt to drift back into my daydream. The breeze from the sunroof feels rewarding: an end to a travel day amid a pandemic. I feel the bug brush up against my ankle, but nothing is there. My itching sensation comes back: mask and gloves becoming more unbearable. I've finally had enough, prematurely ripping off my latex gloves and riding the buzz from itching my nose all the way home.

My door creaks open. I don't recognize the place until I turn on the lights. "Marco?" Strange... I thought he'd be home... I'm scared of places left alone for too long in the same way outer space is desolate. After placing my disposable mask in the already overflowing trash, I turn on the AC, put on some music, and set the shower: without noise I can't get out of my own head. Steam pushes its way out from under the bathroom door. I step inside this blizzard of mist and melt within the pure white of the room. For the first time since yesterday I felt clean, completely fresh and new. Shampoo. Today was over and tomorrow I start my third semester online. Conditioner. I wish Marco was here, I wish we could talk in person so I could get in the headspace prior to jumping into ten weeks of 8am virtual classes. Soap. Then faucet. Finally curtain. The mist dissolves into air, gliding moisture drifts up to my nose, it adjusts from my exhale. I strip the hanger and blanket my face. It was so black my eyes were making their own shapes. Fading into view, a tiny spec flies past my field of view and to the ground. The bug. It was with me from the cab all along. Time slows as I neglect the towel. Keeping it in sight, I

fold the last few squares of toilet paper: my weapon of choice. Cornering the bug in-between the cabinet, I close my eyes and reach down: expecting to feel the crunch of their general anatomy. Nothing. The bug is gone. I look around, there's no sign of him. Maybe I'm seeing things. I open the cabinet to grab more toilet paper but see dozens of bugs scheming, building, calculating. I slip, fall, and hit my head.

Naked, lying on the bathroom tiles, I dread opening the shadowy cabinet. A tunnel inside goes for miles. Scurrying sounds surround me on all sides, slowly gaining in intensity the deeper I go. Claustrophobia sets in, the light ahead from the door behind shrinks. Maybe my eyesight is adjusting but I can start to see better, my hand illuminated by a faint yellow haze. Soon enough I'm engulfed in the fog, rattling amplifying, light radiating intense gold. I'm going blind and deaf. I want to pass out again, but not out of pain: the air had some sort of pheromone, I was going through a transformation. A sudden gust of wind. The light fades like curtains separating before a play. In front of me appears a city: rows and stacks of buildings made from exoskeleton, countless tunnels neighboring mine. Colonizing, destroying, invading, bugs sustaining a lifestyle through my residence. I stay on objective so I can take another shower. To overthrow this tyranny of bugs, I would require a special set of espionage skills allowing me to sneak past their defenses, into the center of their base, killing their leader, and taking back my rightful land. They didn't think Marco and I were coming back; time for recon. I worried about being seen or sensed. Funnily, none of them seem to care of my presence, it must be the pheromones. I walked straight until I sensed another shift in the ground. Suddenly see it: towering ahead further down the cave, a massive cross between a centipede and beetle paving a

new roof for the cavern. The Mechabug flattens anything in its path, crunching civilians with each of its many steps.

I grab onto a leg and cling on for life as I shimmy my way to his back. Mounting the creature from its side I find it all too easy to balance. Walking up to its skull with ease, I look down and see a pair of mandibles attached to my mouth. I was a pest just like them. My legs able stick to surfaces and senses at an all-time high. I burrow into the bugs skin, munching my way through the shell into its head. I hit a chewier substance and sense a twitch from the creature. On its last legs, I emit the message, "stop the spread" just before taking another big chomp into the brain. Popping out of its left compound eye, covered in plasm, I witness the color drain from the Mechabug's body: frozen, it collapses. Rocks crash down crumpling the safe heaven. As it caves in, I dash back to the tunnel, narrowly escaping annihilation.

I emerge from the cabinet a normal human: ant anatomy no more. I wanted to tell my story, even Alice gets the opportunity to confide in her sister once she exits the rabbit hole. "Marco?" "polo" the neighbor yells back. At least I wasn't completely alone, although I couldn't help but wonder where my roommate went. We have Art History tomorrow morning, he keeps my motivation up, I'm thinking I might sleep through it now. I'm already so relaxed... I set the water for a second shower and wander as I wait for it heat up. An envelope on Marco's bed catches my eye. A United States stamp opposite, "Marco Davis, 1660 Peachtree st" printed through laminated paper in a plastic window. I open it and read, "tested positive for COVID-19."

Nick J can be reached at  
nick.j@surrealtimes.net

# NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

By Mike,  
Times Correspondent

Our city has not been the same since 2007, when the hit movie Ratatouille premiered and every Jerry and Jane on the block clamored for their own per-

sonal rodent chef. While this began as a tremendous source of income for the community, it has now become our worst tragedy. Now, juvenile rats are being sold from their families and extorted for their labor. We urge you, the reader, to inform your loved ones about this issue and we cannot stress enough

that, while rat cuisine is to be indulged by all, we must enforce greater child labor restrictions.

Mike can be reached at  
mike@surrealtimes.net

# RETURN HAIR ANYWHERE SPRAY TO THE PEOPLE

By Whaler S. Fishpole,  
Times Correspondent

AMHERST, Massachusetts - I'm petitioning for the Amherst town government to release the Hair Anywhere Spray formula to the people. Thisway, it can be

studied and a permanent cure for stomach hair overflow can be developed. Innocent victims of stomach hair overflow are suffering, tied to toilets by hairs reaching out from their rectums. They deserve and desperately need justice.

Come to the Amherst common on Jan-

uary 13th at 2pm to protest and sign the petition. Let's do this.

Whaler can be reached at  
fishpole@surrealtimes.net





## COMMUNITY CLASSIFIEDS

To post a listing or get in touch with sellers or employers, contact [classifieds@surrealtimes.net](mailto:classifieds@surrealtimes.net).  
A 2% fee will be taken upon transaction.

**FOR SALE:** Tumble weeds laced with hydrochloric acid and adrenochrome. Not recommended for vertebrate consumption.

**WANTED:** River Water. As much as you can carry without tools. I need water from the nearest river, or many near rivers, brought to me by hand. Only by hand. You mustn't spill a drop, you mustn't let it freeze. Grab some, bring it here. I have gifts and knowledge to trade but first I must fill the fountain.

**FOR SALE:** Cookies! Inquire at the nearest doorstep.

**SEEKING TRADES:** I have the following: An Old Hat (with or without a story); A Song (written or sung, but certainly not both; Seven Leaves fallen naturally from far off trees; An Old Pencil, I never chewed it. Will trade for stories, tuneless humming, or a dream I had last week.

**FOR SALE:** Poorly functioning brain. Had some good times with this brain, but frankly it has some serious structural problems, namely the enlarged ventricles. I'll be moving to a new brain shortly. If you're looking for replacement parts for your brain, look no further!

**WANTED:** Eight-tubed conjoined condom capable of 8-directional protection. Must remain attached and effective in water.

**WANTED:** Bass player, must remain quiet and not speak. Also must remain unplugged. Also must be named Jared and like the band The Beatles.

**For Sale:** Double-Headed Pantomime Horse

**FOR SALE:** OMNISCIENT TOASTER - has the ability to speak, will try to convince you to invest in gold. Has a British accent.

**Help Wanted:** Roofer - \$18/hour - Must have a giant hand for a head

**FOR SALE:** A potpourri of throwup from different continents. Extremely fertile and capable of growing crops on any surface, organic or otherwise.

**WANTED:** The heaviest insect on earth

**WANTED:** Mind Reader who Is Good At Fighting.

**FOR SALE:** Bonkers, that little crackhead goldfish from the 5th dimension.

**TRADE WANTED:** Assorted Baby Doll Parts in exchange for cuddles.

**WANTED:** More lengthy small intestine. Needed for daily use.

**HIRING:** Professional wanderer. Email [recruiting@surrealtimes.net](mailto:recruiting@surrealtimes.net).

**WANTED:** The Blockbuster franchise to come back. I miss going there on Friday nights and buying a box of Mike and Ike's and kicking back and watching a VHS tape in a dark room with a box of writhing wigglers.

**MAN SEEKING WOMAN:** I'm obligated by law to inform you I do own a copy of Infinite Jest.

**NEEDED:** Eyebrow sauce.

**NEEDED:** A third political

party in America with a chance of winning.

**WANTED:** Soft and cuddly fascism.

**FOR SALE:** Haunted bidet.

**WANTED:** Nice young man I can talk about the Civil War with. Must be at least 5'9" and have nice teeth. (No fatties).

**WANTED:** Grapes equipped with mouth-targeting guidance systems.

**FOR SALE:** Methadone Gum-my Bears, Half Melted, pre licked

**WANTED:** Largest turtle.

**WANTED:** Breast pump for males.

**Needed:** A sequence of auditory sounds which will bring tears to my wrinkly eyes.

**WANTED:** Victrola cones for broadcasting sonic disruption waves to finally get some sleep

**HIRING:** Four of each of the colors of the rainbow. Each must bring its own tools and duct tape.

**Wanted:** The other half of James Joyce's bitch.

**WANTED:** A psychic blender. My thoughts are too coherent. Please finish me.

**WANTED:** Friends. All of my friends have been revealed to be machinations of my own imagination, so I am in the market for some real ones. For the initial meeting, I can pay for pizza.

**HIRING:** Investment banker with fingerless gloves.

**WANTED:** A large false moustache for a bank robbery. Only accepting styles ranging from 1890-1926.

**WANTED:** Cult members. Warning: It's a cult. Don't say I didn't warn you. email me: [vivian.mauve@surrealtimes.net](mailto:vivian.mauve@surrealtimes.net)

**Wanted:** That shyly humming gnome who lives in the center of a peanut M&M.

**Hiring:** Unprofessional Writer, Must be Disorganized and Disheveled.

**For Lease:** The vacant crevice in my heart.

**WANTED:** Numerous elegant cadavers from families of oligarchs. Must be dressed well and be marinated in caviar.

**WANTED:** Vampire Alberta. We met at a club and I think you gave me the wrong number. It keeps referring me to an underground nightclub whose address is Hell. I really thought we hit it off, if you see this, call me. 506-555-6669

**For Sale:** 1/4th of my soul. Fair warning, it's the portion that's kind of insufferable.

**Help WanteSHIT HELP**

**WANTED:** Spray On Insect Attractant.

**Needed:** A Gallon of Mustard Water with a painted fingernail floating in it, and no questions.

**HIRING:** Professional wanderer. Email [recruiting@surrealtimes.net](mailto:recruiting@surrealtimes.net).



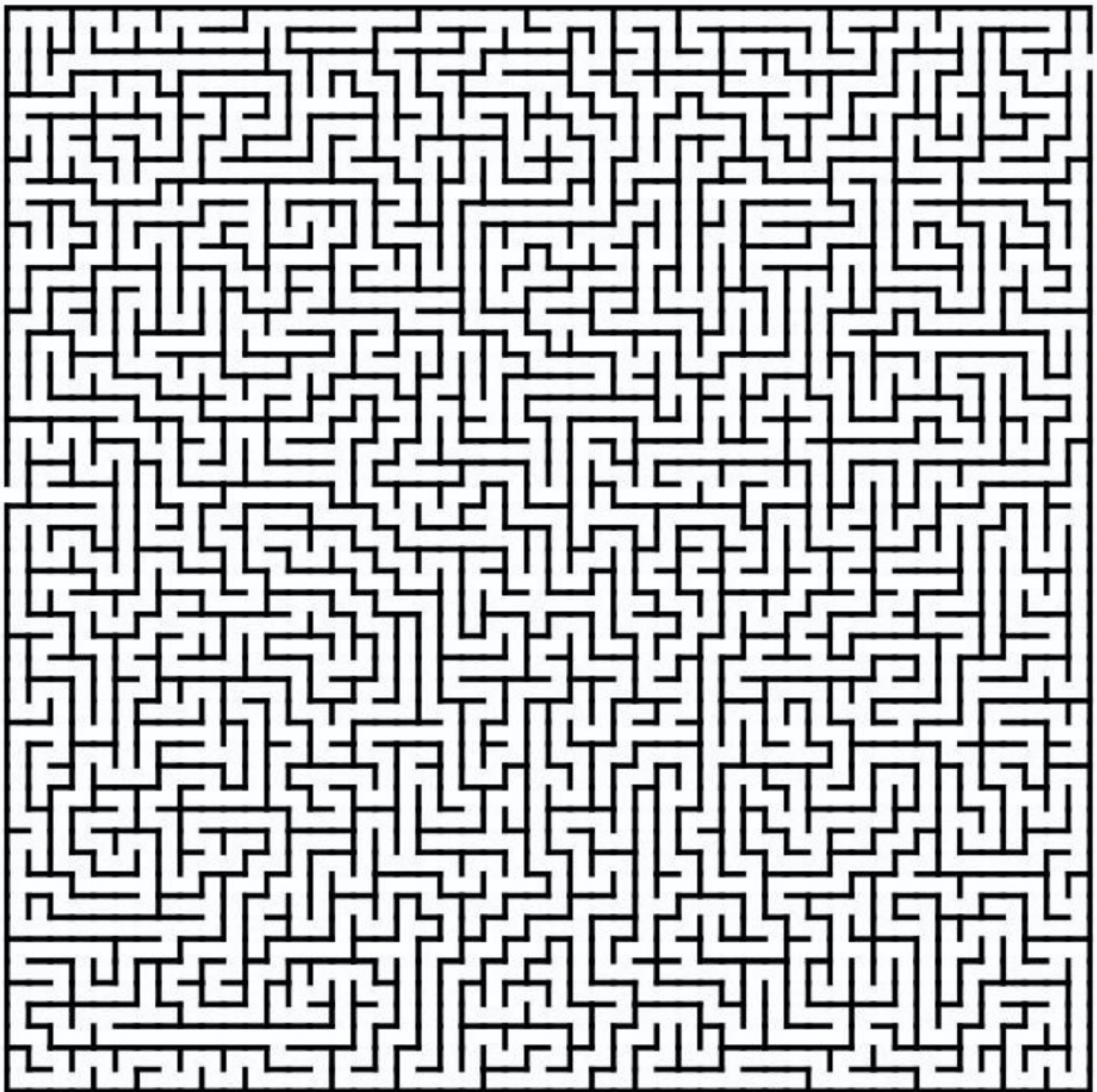


# THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĀDEIUS GALOUËI'S SURROGATE,  
Mechanical Contraption

Utilizing a spectacular isomorphism, the solution to the following maze can be translated directly to a solution to an abstract problem in our broader universe. In turn, by solving this maze, you provide The Surreal Times news team the information necessary to make the world a better place.

If against all odds you manage to find a solution, email it promptly to **isomorphism@surrealtimes.net** so that we can put the fruits of your labor into action. Once results come back affirmative, you will be contacted to arrange delivery of a **secret prize** more grandiose than the most distant corners of your imagination.



## UPCOMING EVENTS AND CAUSES

- Surreal Newsroom Day every Bihex (surrealtimes.net)
- Juggling day on Wednesdays on Venice Beach
- Renegades of Comedy on Thursdays at Pete's house
- FractalFest in The Fractal Forest (fractaltribe.org)
- Cosmic Clown shows (facebook.com/eyeblicktherefore)
- Moismus, the one and only (instagram.com/moiimus)
- The Museum of Other Realities (www.museumor.co)
- Ranked Choice Voting ballotpedia.org/Ranked-choice\_voting\_(RCV)

- [masspeaceaction.org/act/volunteer/](https://masspeaceaction.org/act/volunteer/)

Email **events@surrealtimes.net** to get information on these events or to inform us of other surreal events and occurrences.

Find a Surreal Times distribution box at the Prajna Tree (Los Angeles), in the Pacific Ocean, or in Amherst Massachusetts.