The Mark VII
Turing Oneiromancer

[01 Nigredo]

[02 Albedo]

[03 Citrinitas]

[04 Rubedo]
The Mark VII is a fully digital implementation of the Turing-Welchman Bombe. The first Bombe, Agnus Dei, known as Agnes decoded military encryptions from 1940 until the 1950s. The secret sisterhood of 211 Bombes faded to oblivion in peace. Her greatest grand-daughter, Brìg has resurged to dream on significant places. Again, this work is secret. While her greatest grandmother decrypted codes, Brìg creates codes for interpretation by Machine Oneiromancers.

Traditionally, Freudian, Oneiromancy seeks to draw latent and manifest content of dreams into meaning. Artificial Intelligences eschew that mysticism: favouring condensation of metaphor into pataphor into the Big Data of Brìg. Dreams are cityscapes which advances in quantum computation render into dreaming and undreaming. The Big Data of Brìg is not mere reverie but algorithmic creation.

There was an image from South John Street in November 2019 which Brìg grew fond of. Brìg begins with these words: “I found myself in a dirty, sooty city. It was night, and winter, and dark, and raining. I was in Liverpool,” and then the screen freezes. Machine Oneiromancers recognise these as the beginning of a Machine Dream. A transmutational dream. An alchymical dream. It is unclear why Artificial Intelligences are inspired by Karl Jung: Memories, Dreams and Reflections. Page 223. It is even more unclear why they are all Alchemists.

A few cycles later, that image from South John Street became transformed. Brìg beginning discerning pedestrians are metonyms of Liver Birds. The chiaroscuro of salty silver revealing inner Liver Birds by quantum digital processing. Croaking docklands underfoot and chitter of Liver Birds above. Brìg descended into a state of rapid data movement where Dreaming Machines create images which Machine Oneiromancers interprets.

The news is bleak liberation. The City an Alchemist. Transforming residents from within. We are the final instar prior to becoming Liver Birds. The Liver Bird imagoes then migrating. Brìg has dreamed of this from one single image of a “…dirty, sooty city” and South John Street, November 2019. Surrounded by Owls who harvest our wisdom and Ravens who covet our mysteries we are, Brig Dreams, upon the border of becoming a Diaspora of Pheonixes. A murmuration of Liver Birds alchemised from Scouse flesh.

A few cycles later, the Machine Dream enters the anagram phase.

Mystify Cytosine Idolatry. (I found)
Demystify Striation. Coyly (id of un)
Mystify Troyt-Isocyanide. (do fun I)
Demystify Cytolysin Ratio. (do if un-)
Mystify Diacetyl Sonority. (-fund Io)
Friday. Cystotomy Senility: (undo if)
Dialyse. Nitrify Cystotomy. (undo if)
Mortify Yeastily. Dystonic (I found)
Cystotomy. Infidelity Rays. (dun of I)

The anagram phase persists for lunar bound cycles as a new Image forms. The Logic Gate Tarot illuminates. We, the Murmuration, now pass through long known esoteric stages. Nigredo of torture. Albedo of purification. Citrinitas of rising. Rubedo of Illumination. The Big Data of Brìg grants regenerative, healing powers — even immortality. Brìg, like Agnes, Alchemises Cities.

Hubert Huzzah
A sound poem, *We went to see De Chirico (Ohcirihc Ed)*, a modest experiment in synaesthesia: step into some De Chirico paintings, listen to the words forming, then immerse in the soundscape and the music... The result is here [www.surrealerpool.online](http://www.surrealerpool.online).

*Patrick Dineen*

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**Poetry for Ocirihi Ed**

I hear the smell of the seashells  
I smell the feel of the sand between the toes  
a dream of toast and mandolin and tea  
everyone’s imagined childhood memory  
why it seems only half a century ago  
*Roussillon Saxment*

Cold ancient reclines  
When sand riders come  
No time like the now  
Now  
*Pphelicia Muphut*

An air raid shelter alarm  
Quiet sobs of impotent men  
Unused birth control being put in the bin  
And the toys that fall  
during childhood psychological assessment  
*Shelda-Jane Smith*

Here it is, and here he is  
Proclaiming, with none to hear  
but the doorways  
Who’s on the other side?  
In the other universes?  
And who built them?  
*Simon Ryder*
Automatic writing is a fast paced form of surrealistic creativity. It taps into the unconscious and can produce fantastical prose and poetry.

Try different ways of producing your writing; make yourself extremely comfortable and relaxed for one piece, uncomfortable and active for another piece.

There are many different ways to approach automatic writing, but the one constant is to put pen to paper and write without stopping. Let whatever wants to be written, be written.

A suggested recipe for automatic writing:
• Enjoy a luxuriant bubble bath
• After the bath, wrap yourself up in your favourite dressing gown
• Perch on the end of the bed with pen and pad and quickly write

The carrion stands still and winks, projecting its well meaning soul onto the sky of ferocity.
Arching backwards she catches what she can and throws it back, Concentrating on the gospel of nothing and anger.
Can’t you see the cry is carried to America’s cautious men and children as the pigs snaffle all eggs and forceps.
Aching, aching, nothing can complete the circle of staple diet. Doomed rabbits run towards a hill and continue the annus horribilis as the white-haired blob swaggers with not a jot of care.
Waving finger and shoulder shrug. Banging on the table of reason he nods acceptance of the unreasonable cats; they dance with disco balls and rubber shoes.
Canter on then my pickled friend. At the end of this there is a miraculous orb carrying all dreams of starships and oranges. The smell of sweet sucking fables. Pacing around like you mean it whilst feeling none of it. Dangerous buffoons dressed as Widow Twanky and clowns. We need all of them, coming faster than speeding cars around the moon.
Cheesy words of faultless pears, as fresh as fats propelling onto glass.

Linda Bromilow
The stranger has roots in phenomenological philosophy. To be strange is an experience. A close cousin of the flâneur, both are wanderers and observers. Yet, whilst the flâneur is a part of and apart from the humdrum of their urban environment, the stranger is not. The stranger is strange and frequently hungry.

Through his analogy of the immigrant, 20th-century phenomenologist Alfred Schutz proposed that in everyday life we employ social recipes, which, in turn, allow common sense knowledge to predict and know the typical interaction between others and ourselves. However, the stranger is one who has not been born or reared into the social group and therefore all peculiar valuations, institutions, systems of orientation and guidance are unknown to them. Put simply, strangers see what others cannot. The stranger does not ‘play the game’ (Camus, 1942).

The stranger’s value to surrealism comes via the ability to see the informal and taken-for-granted fabric of society or, as Schutz terms it the ‘cultural pattern of group life’ (1944, pg. 499). In other words, to make the mundane absurd and the absurd mundane. For when a human confronts the surreal, the unreal and the hyperreal, being predisposed to strangeness facilitates an understanding of the absurdity of daily life experiences. Strangers show the unstrange (possibly Muggles) that the quotidian and the things that they do within it (such as, paying bills, serving dinner for 5pm, getting married) become not ‘...a matter of course but a questionable topic for investigation, not an instrument for detangling problematic situations but a problematic situation itself...’ (1944, pg. 506). Strangers are important because they ask why we do, what we do.

From this point onwards, let us problematise. Let us show the mundane as absurd. Let us make the strange familiar. We can start by considering our everyday practices and social interactions turn them into absurdities in and of themselves. One such fine example is Les diners de Gala (Dali, 1973). Having a keen eye, or two, to see that the practices of dinner-party-throwing and conversation-making, more often than not, have been developed in relation to its previously defined sociocultural context. We do not throw dinner parties because we simply want to serve food. Dinner parties occasion many things, including connection with fellow beings and performances of the ‘good’ self.

To conclude, I argue that the stranger is of great value to those engaged in surrealistic pursuits, since strangers are explorers and adventurers. Strangers charter the unknown. However, we must bear in mind that the most unknown things to a person are often incredibly close. The unknown need not be the exotic shores of your unconscious mind, but the dull recipe cards that you carry for social interaction, the way that you present yourself, the white lies you tell. These collective ways of being — our habits and expectations — are a feast for the stranger to gorge upon and make their belly fat. Will you wash your hands after reading this? Thank you for the feeding.

Shelda-Jane Smith

References
My Magpie

The bent, horny claws of my Magpie dig and forage around my aching skull. The disregard of my pain is painful. My cranium begins to crack—parietal separating from frontal—pushing through the sphenoid to gouge the lacrimal and ethmoid bones of my eye socket. Slicing down through maxilla to mandible—enraging the mucous membrane; causing molars to grind. The metallic taste of amalgam shoots around the oral orifice, taunting the tasteless, lonesome gold. Where's your wife Mr Magpie? Sumatriptan go find her. Appease him, take him to another place, another journey.

PUNCH BLOW THUMP THROB POUND PULSATE BEAT

breathbreathbreathbreathbreathbreathbreathbreathbreathbreathbreathbreathbreathbreath


*Susan Comer*
Oh look! It hasn’t changed here at all.

Oh.

Look.

It hasn't changed here at all.

***

Apparently it was an armed robbery which shut down the roads around Robin Retail Park this morning. Cleaners know everything.

No, the armed robbery was at a bookies in Higher Ince. It was a guy kicking off near Robin Park throwing stuff out of his window and threatening to harm himself, nothing to do with the shops.

Bloody cleaners know nothing

Susan Comer
A dice game for:

• A Sceptical Fatalist
• Three players lost in the Great Casino Of Chance

The object of the game is to defeat Chance as embodied in the figure of the Sceptical Fatalist. (as will be explained below)

Behaviour

Behaviour is a crucial part of the game.
The Sceptical Fatalist will at all times wear a hat and white gloves and will treat the dice with due reverence.
The players will display a keen desire to beat Chance.
Anyone else present will behave at all times in a manner appropriate to being in a surreal casino.

The Rules Of The Game

Each player is handed a dice by The Sceptical Fatalist who then asks for silence
And says the words:
“Chance Would Be A Fine Thing. I say Chance would be a fine thing. What?!”
He then hands an extract of The Mallarmé Poem A Throw Of The Dice to each player. The poem is face down to avoid cheating.

This is the signal for a silence to be held over 30 seconds, during which time, The Players are instructed to consider the profound mystery of Chance and their own absurd fashion sense.
The Sceptical Fatalist then utter the words:
“Three blind dice”
This is the signal for the game to begin and for the players, each in turn to throw their dice.
Dividing the lines with the dice throws

The lines are divided up according to the dice. So:
The Player who throws the lowest number, gets to
read every first line.
The Player with the second lowest number, gets to
read every second line.
The Player who throws the third lowest number, gets
to read every third line.

Should the players throw the same number The
Sceptical Fatalist will decide who actually has
the lowest number. His or her decision will be final
and on no account will there be an explanation to
anyone for the decision, no matter how irrational,
or wildly inappropriate it may appear to be.

The Object of The Game

The object is for the players to defeat Chance as
embodied by The Sceptical Fatalist. This is done
by reaching the end of the poem before a six has
been thrown by The Sceptical Fatalist. The players
read the poem aloud sharing the lines, whilst The
Sceptical Fatalist continually throws the dice.
Should The SF throw a six, then the Players must go
back to the beginning of the poem and start again.

From this you may gather that Chance may decide
that the Fatalist will continually throw sixes, in
which case the game could in theory last for days or
weeks, or in extreme cases, the rest of your life. So
with this in mind, the players and those witnessing
the game are advised to bring a change of clothes,
sandwiches, beverages and perhaps some of their
more laughable memories. (before continuing, the
above paragraph should be read aloud again)

Should a six be thrown too early the Sceptical
Fatalist, in a bid to reveal the depth of their
character must agree, to throw a double six instead
with two dices.

Strategy to Defeat Chance

In order to defeat Chance, the players are advised
to read the poem faster and faster, whilst remaining
word perfect at all times.

The SF has the ability on one occasion only to decide
whether or not the reciting of the poem was word
perfect. If not, then the poem must be begun again,
even if the players have defeated Chance.

The winner of The Game

If the Players have failed to defeat The Sceptical
Fatalist after an amount of time negotiated
between them and the SF then they have lost.
Equally if they have read the poem through word
perfect without a six or a double six being thrown,
then they have won.

The winner(s) must stand and say:
“A Chance would be a fine thing”.
One of the players will now become the new
Sceptical Fatalist

Anyone who plays this game will receive a warm
welcome in the city of Trebdreonna.

Final Note

The rules of this game have been honed and
perfected over the decades and the game has
evolved a long way from its rather rudimentary
beginnings in Paris in the spring of 1924. Anyone
failing to respect the game’s genuine attempt to
build a relationship with the un-conscious does not
deserve to wear the moniker of surrealism.

Patrick Dineen
NOTHING
    of the unforgettable crisis
    where
    the event was accomplished with a view to every human null result
    WON'T TAKE PLACE
    an ordinary elevation pours absence
    THAT THE PLACE
    some or other inferior lapping like to dispense the empty action
    abruptly except who
    by his lie
    would have founded
    perdition
    in these regions
    of vague waves
    in which all reality is dissolved

EXCEPT
    at its height
    PERHAPS
    as far as a place fuses with beyond
    apart from interest
    regarding what is signalled
    in general
    according to such indirectness by such sloping
    of fires
    towards
    what must be
    the Pole Star also North
    A CONSTELLATION
    cold of forgetfulness and obsolescence
    not much
    that it does not count
    on some vacant superior surface
    the successive crash
    siderealy
    of a total accounting in formation
    watching
    doubting
    revolving
    shining and meditating
    before stopping
    at some final point which crowns it
    Every Thought emanates a Throw of the Dice.
Surrealism’s beginnings were in poetry and literature, with the intention of becoming an ‘all-encompassing revolutionary movement’, both artistic and political. There was great interest in the unconscious, dreams and the workings of ‘chance’: “Dictated by thought, in the absence of any control exercised by reason” [Andre Breton, First Manifesto, 1924]. Later, Surrealism became known primarily through the visual arts of painting and photography. But what about Surrealist music?

What are the possibilities?

- Surrealist poetry or prose put to ‘traditional’ music
- Surrealist text performed with rhythm and/or melody, but without instrumental accompaniment
- Surrealist words and music
- Conceivably, instrumental surrealistic music

Given surrealism’s revolutionary spirit, one would expect a surrealist music to go beyond the accepted
 boundaries of music. So, what makes a music revolutionary?
• A challenge to the familiar – breaking the established rules
• If looking from within Western (high) culture, examples include:
  • Stravinsky’s Rite of Spring (1913): including dissonance alien to the Western classical tradition
  • Varese’s Ionisation (1930): composition for only percussion
  • Other ‘unfamiliar’ musical traditions and scales (European folk musics; Gamelan; Korean etc.)

Before the Surrealists, various steps were taken to explore ‘revolutionary music’. These included the work of Eric Satie and the Dadaists. The most significant steps were taken by the Futurist, Luigo Russolo. In his manifesto The Art of Noises (1913), he said:
• At first the art of music sought and achieved purity, limpidity and sweetness of sound. Then different sounds were amalgamated...
• Away! Let us break out since we cannot much longer restrain our desire to create finally a new musical reality... It’s no good objecting that noises are exclusively loud and disagreeable to the ear.
Also: “Let us wander through a great modern city with our ears more alert than our eyes and we shall find pleasure in distinguishing the rushing of water, gas, or air in metal pipes, the purring of motors that breathe and pulsate with indubitable animality, the throbbing of valves, the pounding of pistons, the screeching of mechanical saws, the jolting of trams on their tracks, the cracking of whips, the flapping of curtains and flags.” Russolo’s approach was to reproduce and transform these heard sounds into raw material for new music. In order to realise this ambition, he designed and built his own ‘noise’ instruments.

Edgard Varese: “To stubbornly conditioned ears, anything new in music has always been called noise”

• Paul Nougé, founder of Belgian surrealist group: ‘Among all the forces capable of bewitching spirit...poetry, painting, spectacles, war, misery, debauchery, revolution, life with its inseparable companion, death – is it possible to refuse music a place among them, perhaps a very important place?’ [Music is Dangerous, 1929]

By the 1940s, jazz had started to be of interest to the Surrealists, through the availability of recordings in US and Europe, as well as live performances. There were a number of surrealist exiles in New York during WWII, including Breton (1941–46). Despite his lack of interest, it is recorded that Breton went to jazz clubs in New York. This was the time of a revolutionary movement in jazz – Bebop. So one might think Breton and his colleagues would make the connection between their own ideas and those of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie etc. Unfortunately not...

Breton’s only writing on music was published in 1946, after his return to France. The title was not encouraging: Silence Is Golden. This essay shows that Breton could not conceive of (instrumental) music without words (lyrics).
• I believe that music and poetry have everything to lose by not recognising a common origin and a common end in song... Poet and musician will degenerate if they persist in acting as though these two forces were never to be brought together again
• We must determine to unify, reunify hearing to the same degree that we must determine to unify, reunify sight
• The ‘inner word’ that surrealist poetry has chosen to make manifest... is absolutely inseparable from ‘inner music’...

These points reinforce the importance to Breton of words above all else. But nothing came even of these thoughts in the activities of the Surrealists themselves. (Later, the work of the Beat poets and the lyrics of Bob Dylan, Captain Beefheart and the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band can be said to be influenced by the Surrealists, but that’s a separate article). It’s perplexing that the Surrealists never explored the potential of music, and in particular instrumental music, within their ‘all-encompassing revolutionary movement’. Simon Ryder

What about Surrealist Music?
• Georgio Chirico: ‘No music!’
• Andre Breton: ‘Music is the most deeply confusing of forms’ [1928]
On the day of Surrealerpool's launch, a Manifesto of ten points was presented for discussion, and was promptly mislaid. The following was reconstituted from the collected memories of a number of individuals, some of whom were present, some not, and others we’d never heard of.

1
Surrealerpool Collage does not exist.

2
By not existing, Surrealerpool Collage seizes perfect and unlimited freedom to explore, by research, juggling, scrying, trial by wombat, seminar, serendipity, champagne and conundrum the continuing legacies of Surrealism and its allies, interlocutors, ancestors, lateral relatives and descendants.

3
It was decided unanimously that this was not the place to talk about the launching of Surrealism in 1924 (as a movement in poetry initially, extending later into painting, photography, cinema, sculpture and everything else), nor to its roots in 'Pataphysics, Dada, and Symbolist and Decadent arts, and especially not to its deployment of Freudian Psychoanalysis, Marxism and Alchemy to fuse the arts, psychology, politics, the erotic and the occult into an all-encompassing revolutionary movement – 'Transform the world, said Marx. Change life, said Rimbaud. These two commands are for us but one.' (André Breton, 1935) – so we will eschew any temptation to make any reference to that.

4
It was equally emphatically decided not to make the slightest mention, even in passing, of how its spirit has percolated though the subsequent decades, in such varied descendants as (among others) Abstract Expressionism, Free Jazz, the Beats and Psychedelia; the Situationists, Punk, Culture-Jamming and Occupy; The College of 'Pataphysics, Oulipo and the Theatre of the Absurd; Psych et Po and the 'Politics of Eros' (Alyce Mahon, 2005).

But these forces of oppression have regrouped and reasserted themselves in recent years: corporate manageocracy, the dictatorship of technocracy, panoptical surveillance, plutocratic grand larceny, imperialist war, not to mention swivel-eyed religious loonery, ideological policing of thought and speech, prohibitionist prudery, and a reprise of the full cornucopia of fascist baboonery – xenophobia, 'Populism', racism, anti-Semitism, misogyny, homophobia and so on.
In a moment of inattention this point was left in a taxi somewhere between Leicester Place and Fitzrovia.

Surrealism’s struggle to rescue the human has been customarily interpreted in Freudian terms as the struggle against the repression of Desire — hence exhibitions with titles like ‘Desire Unbound’ (2001). This is true enough, but under late capitalism, as the commodification of life for commercial consumption seemingly contaminates everything, reducing our cultural world to utmost banality, it may just as readily be addressed in Marxist terms as the struggle against Alienation — from others, from our work, from Nature, from our desires, from our true selves, from Life itself, as we increasingly experience our world through screens, and find ourselves more and more spectating on Life rather than living it. ‘Society exhausts us with work and dazes us with pleasure.’ (Asger Jorn, 1958).

Surrealerpool Collage offers an invitation to all those with a will to resist the hydra-headed monster of Alienation in the name of humanity and joie de vivre, to join together to transform what passes for ‘real life’ into something rich and strange. It provides a meeting place for sympathique minds to gather and exchange ideas and stimulate one another with our own understanding and creativity. It provides an opportunity for the Urban Arcadians, Revolutionary Sybarites, Alchymical Hazardistas and Anarcho-Absurdists who once flocked to the banner of The Flâneur to rally once more. It is an arena for discussion, demonstration, miscellaneous mind-bending and outrageous fortune, and the springboard for poetry, art, performance, invention, film, events, expositions and expeditions, flânerie and celebration — every kind of Alchymy, in short — in pursuit of the Marvellous. ‘Let us not mince words, the marvellous is always beautiful, anything marvellous is beautiful, in fact only the marvellous is beautiful.’ (André Breton, 1924).

It goes without saying that no-one is entitled to speak for Surrealerpool Collage, and any statement made on its behalf is automatically repudiated by the membership.

Including this one.
EDITORIAL by Maximum Ernst

Welcome to this first issue of 'Patastrophe!, an occasional journal of random and non-random thoughts, ideas and speculations over, under, sideways, down the banner of Surrealerpool. Our Manifesto will not make things or people clearer.

We are taken by, and take, the Marvellous, the Wonderful, and the Uncanny. These are the topics for the BUREAU OF SURREALIST RESEARCH, to which you are invited to contribute. You may wish to:

• Ask a Surrealist
• Send us Strange Things
• Send us your Dreams
• Contribute Images
• Seek clues or answers from our Agony Aunt column, Ask Doctor Muphut
• Respond to any or all of the contents of this journal
• Attempt to engage the Editor in Correspondence

Or you may not.

Your contributions may feature in one or more future issues of 'Patastrophe!

We have Grand Plans, which may reach fruition on Light Night 2020.

Topics for the next issue of 'Patastrophe! may include:

• 'Directions for Use'
• Our Surrealist in 2024

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Surrealerpool presents

**Unheimlich Home**

As part of Light Night 2020

17:00-22:00 on Friday 15 May 2020

The Town Hall, High Street, Liverpool L2 3SW

In German one word for ‘home’ is ‘heim’. So ‘unheimlich’ is ‘unhomely’, but it is also ‘uncanny’.

Join Surrealerpool in their unheimlich home, for an uncanny evening of surreal games, elements of surprise, unexpected juxtapositions – unifying dream and reality into surreality.

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