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STWG++

R. Ayrton Chapman

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STORY TEME WETH
CARUMBLES

FRIENDS



Coddiwomple (verb): to travel in a purposeful manner towards a vague destination.

When I visited Coddiwomple, I had indeed reached that vague destination. I stepped into an alternate reality where things weren't totally unrecognizable, just slightly ajar. Here in Coddiwomple, throw-away drink can tabs became the medium of exchange. Small and seemingly worthless items were eagerly purchased with tabs and costumes could be rented. I became a queen for the evening by renting a brightly colored felt crown with a festoon of feathers. Wait-resses offered trays of small art objects which were purchased in a frenzy of tab shopping.

A cave-like area was inhabited by three silvery "dome-heads." They communicated without words or sight, by merely touching and moving among huge flexible silver tubes. They seemed to be a peaceful though possibly purposeless species.

The Small Engine Gallery was home to the "Squabblers." Like many homes, it had tables and shelves covered with their collected items and a TV with sporadic reception. These creatures sported colorful outfits and headgear and spoke a wordless language. At first they seemed totally foreign as they made and cleaned up messes. Though they didn't speak English, it was easy to see that for all their fussing and fighting, they still cared for each other. The children visiting Coddiwomple seemed to understand the Squabblers as symbiotic creatures and enthusiastically interacted with them with no need for an interpreter.

In GRAFT was a mountain that spurted oil. However, things weren't as they seemed. Instead of collecting the oil for industrial purposes, the oil and mountain were both continually "inspected" before immediately recycling the product. The safety-suited inspectors were paid in tabs, but other than that, the oil spewing mountain had no financial value.

At one point in the evening, all action stopped as the "Maestro" made an appearance. This slow moving, geometrical giant startled the crowd as it quietly infiltrated the rooms. It requested an offering with the age old palm-up gesture, then slowly retreated to its habitat somewhere in the depths of the gallery.

At Coddiwomple, it turned out that language was an unnecessary requirement for communication. This glimpse into the lives of various anthropomorphic species highlighted how similar, yet different life would be with only a few small tweaks to our reality. I had purposely arrived at the destination where something became nothing and nothing became something.

Queen Karol





Oil Painting, Coddiwomple
Head Inspector's Report
R. 1-2237-X333.7

Grumbles McCrumblesnatch H.I. STWG++ incorporated

4/14/17

Oil Painting Inspection Report Spring 17'

Status: Good
Operation: Partial

Time line: 4/7/17-4/24/17

QPH: 42 Inspectors: 15

Narrative:

Air Quality:

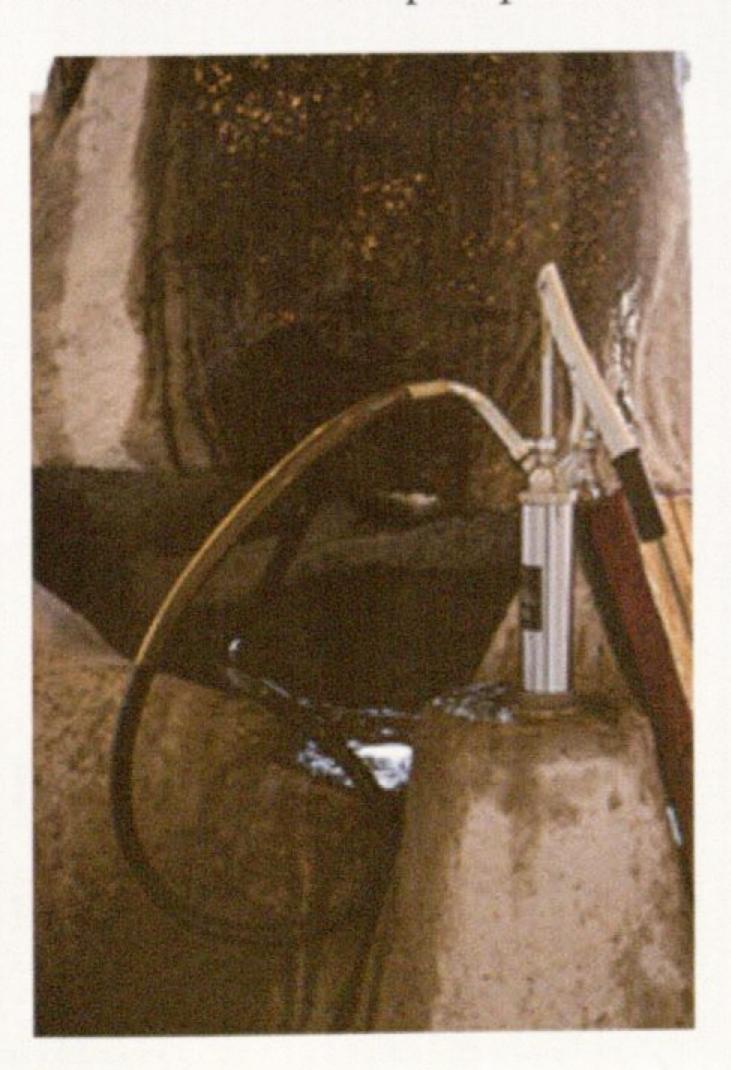
Upon entering the inspection area, the first thing which must be reported is the overwhelming smell of burnt motor oil. The existing ventilation is insufficient and should be re-designed.

Flooring:

The canvas soak pad is full of oil and should be replaced.

Function:

The mountain seemed to be functioning at partial capacity. I found the pump in need of maintenance. After suction tube tightening the pump functioned at 75%. Recommend consultation with the efficiency expert on site to retrofit the pump mechanism with a more efficient one.





Remediation:

Once the installation is removed and the deposits fully excivated the workspace will require extreme measures for remediation to the tune of millions. Seeing the federal budget for remedial sites has been cut, the remediation team will have to do what they can with what they have.

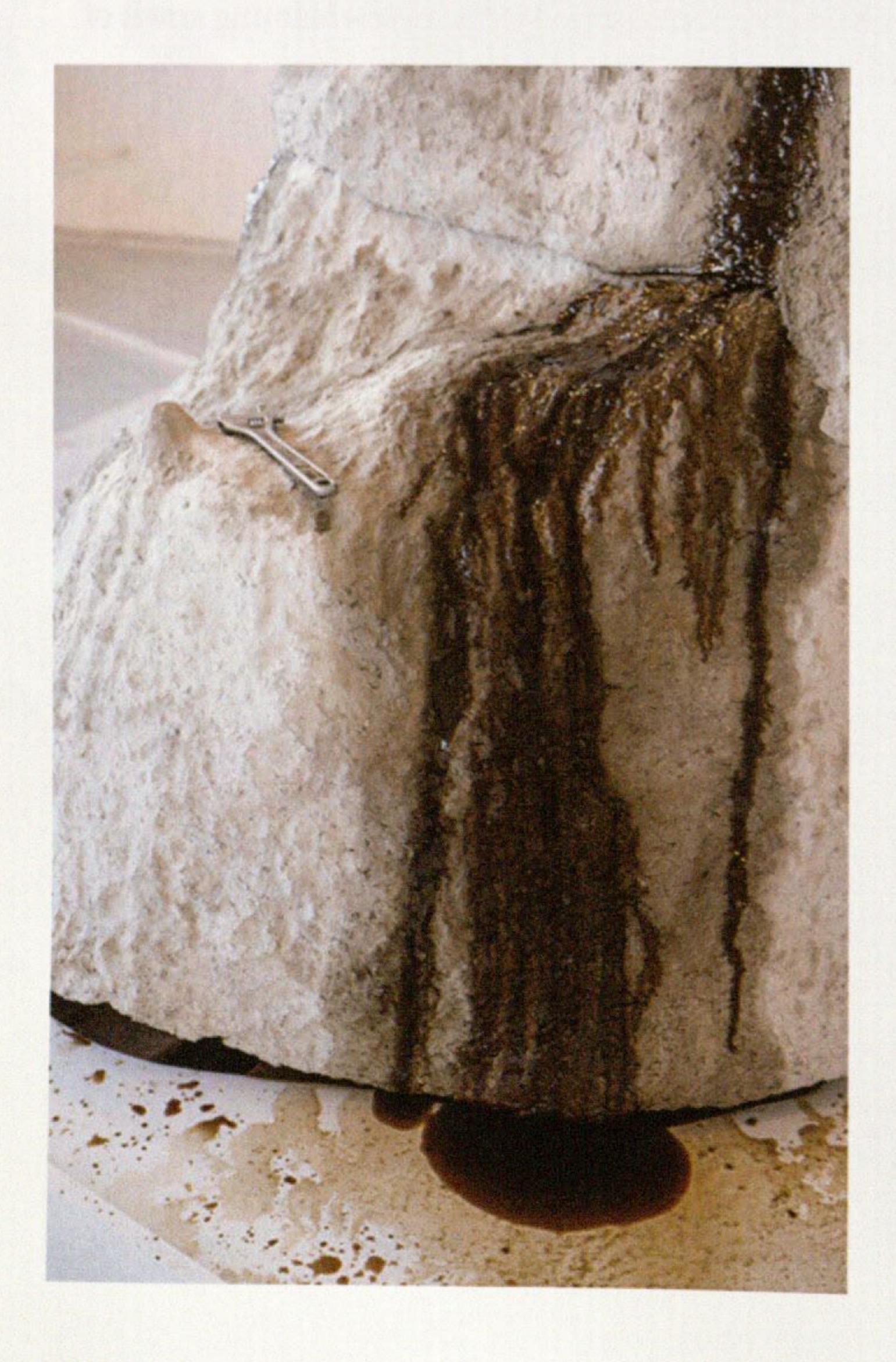






Structure:

The interior of the structure seems to be in adequate condition despite the rough treatment of the structure by previous inspectors. The reservoir is at full capacity.





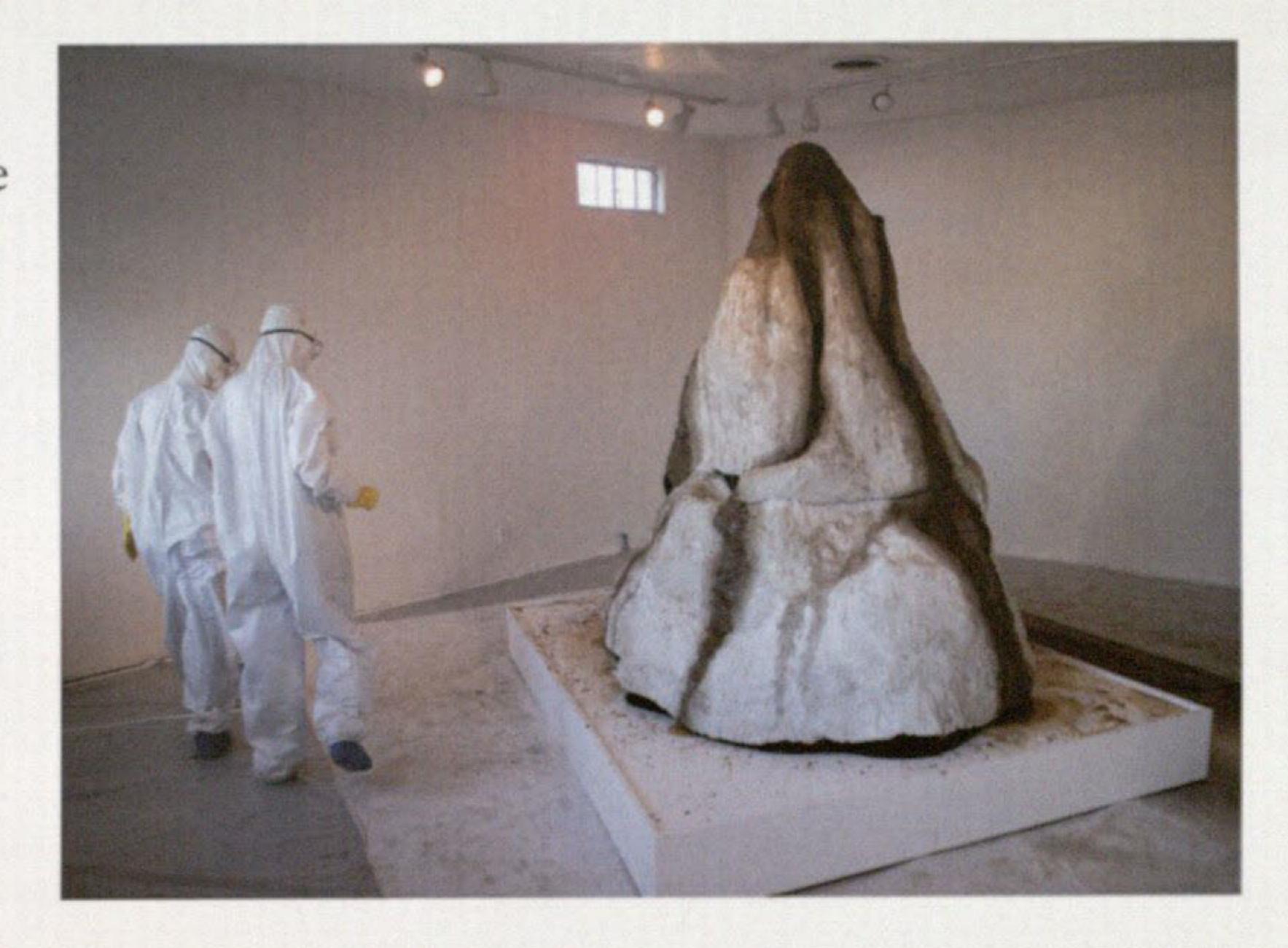
Filters:

The filtering components are getting close to their effective lifespan and should be replaced by the end of next month.

Inspector conduct:

The Oil Painting was found to have graffiti left by one of the previous inspectors. Recommend installation of surveillance devices to remedy this problem.





As a reminder:

Inspectors are not to climb on the Oil Painting. Please ask your future Inspectors to resist the urge to use the Oil Painting as their personal jungle gym.





Personal note:

Despite my frequent requests, the company will not set aside any more of their resources for cleanup. I'm not sure how much longer I can watch these sites deteriorate post installation.

Approved: R. anyton Chapman

Report #: 014

Date: 10/18/17

ADDRESSED TO,

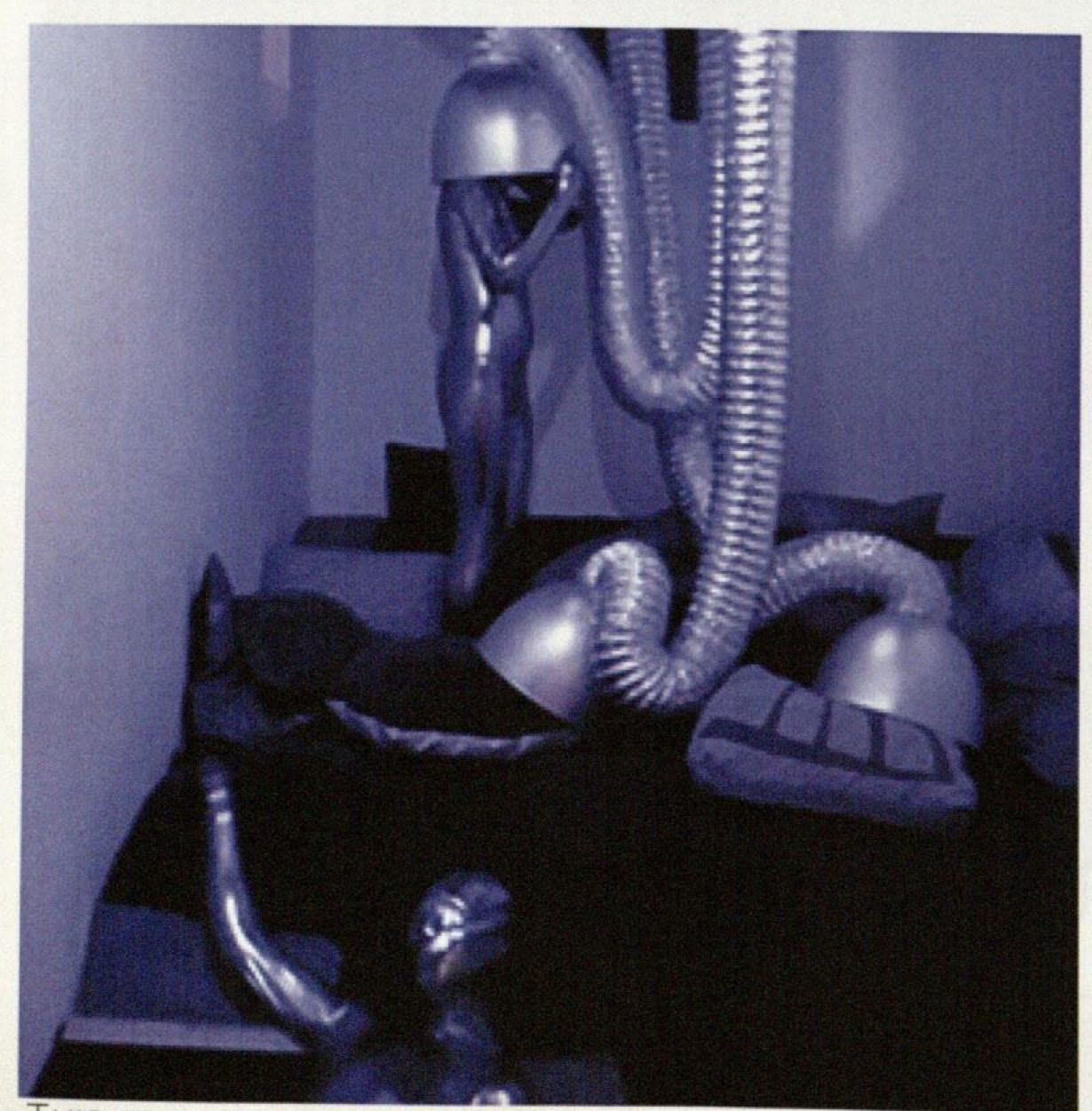
GENERAL R. H. SERGEANT WEASEL

DEAR GEN. WEASEL,

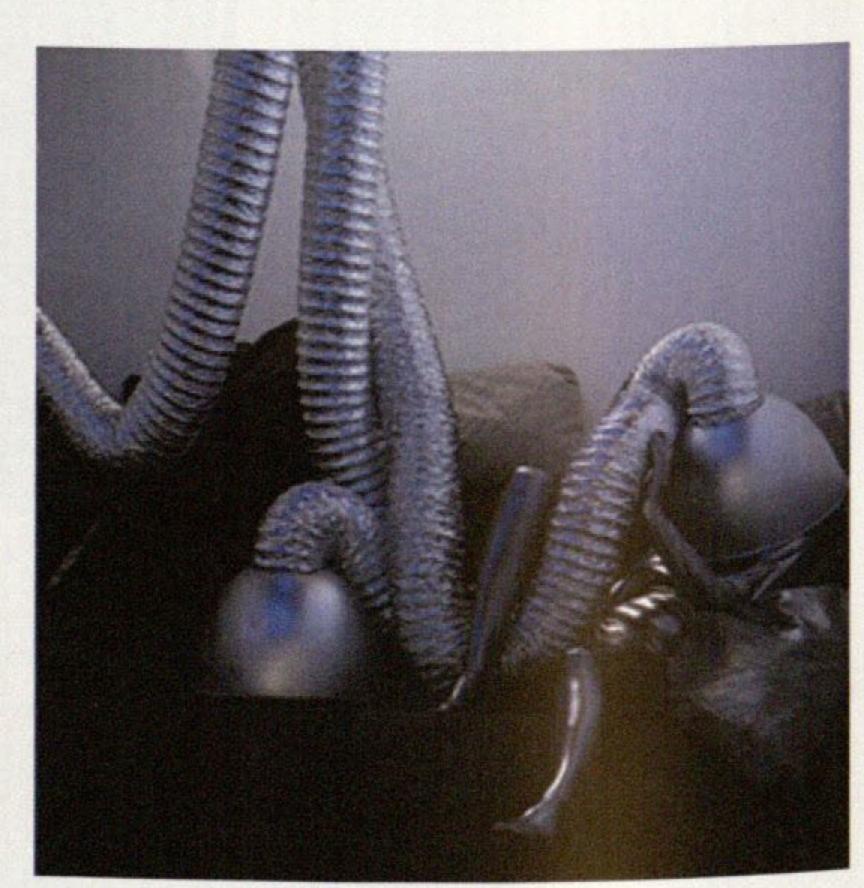
THE DOME DWELLERS HAVE BEEN UNDER TWENTY FOUR HOUR SURVEILLANCE FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS. THE INVESTIGATORS WERE INITIALLY WATCHING THREE OF THEM BUT SOMEHOW TWO WERE ABLE TO SLIP AWAY DESPITE VIDEO AND PERSONNEL PRESCIENCE ON THE SCENE ROUND THE CLOCK. WE STILL DON'T KNOW THE DWELLERS INTENTIONS SINCE THEY LANDED HERE IN NOVEMBER. SO FAR THEY HAVE KEPT TO THEMSELVES, MOSTLY MAKING HUMMING AND TAPPING NOISES AND SEEMING A BIT LIKE PRETEENS AT A SLUMBER PARTY... WE DON'T UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGUAGE BUT TO ME, BOSS, IT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE THEY ARE GOSSIPING.

WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TRACE THE TWO WHO SLIPPED OFF AND ARE STILL NOT ENTIRELY SURE HOW THEY DID IT. INSPECTING THE VIDEO TAPE AT THE TIME OF THEIR ESCAPE THE SCREEN JUST STARTS GLOWING A BRIGHT PINKISH GREEN, SO BRIGHT THE SENSORS COULDN'T WITHSTAND THE INTENSITY SO ALL THE INFORMATION IS LOST. WE'VE SET ASIDE FOUR MORE AGENTS FORMING A JOINT INVESTIGATION WITH C.I.T. AND LOCAL AUTHORITIES. AS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE, AGENTS WILL SWITCH OUT ON SIX HOUR SHIFTS. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THIS LAST ONE. EVER SINCE THE ESCAPE, THE CREATURE LEFT BEHIND HAS BEEN WAILING AND SCREECHING, ALMOST LIKE THEY'RE IN PAIN. SOME LOCAL PUNK STUMBLED UPON THE DWELLING AND HAS BEEN STOPPING BY OVER THE PAST FEW DAYS PLAYING MUSIC FOR THE CREATURE. WE DO NOT INTEND TO REVEAL OUR POSITION TO THE DWELLERS OR THE PUNK.

ONE MORE THING, TELL YOUR AGENTS TO KEEP THEIR EYES AND EARS PEELED. THESE CREATURES HAVE SOME SORT OF POWER OR TECHNOLOGY THAT IS BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION AT THIS TIME. WE HAVE NOT YET CONFRONTED THEM SO IT IS STILL UNSURE IF GUNS OR EXPLOSIVES EFFECT THEM. USE EXTREME CAUTION AND DO NOT LET THEM SPOT YOU. WE ARE STILL NOT SURE WHAT THEY ARE CAPABLE OF AND HAVE REASON TO FEAR THE WORST.



THIS IS THE ONLY REMAINING IMAGE FROM THE ESCAPE



ATTACHED ARE SOME STILL FRAMES AND LONG-RANGE IMAGES FROM THE ONGOING INVESTIGATION.

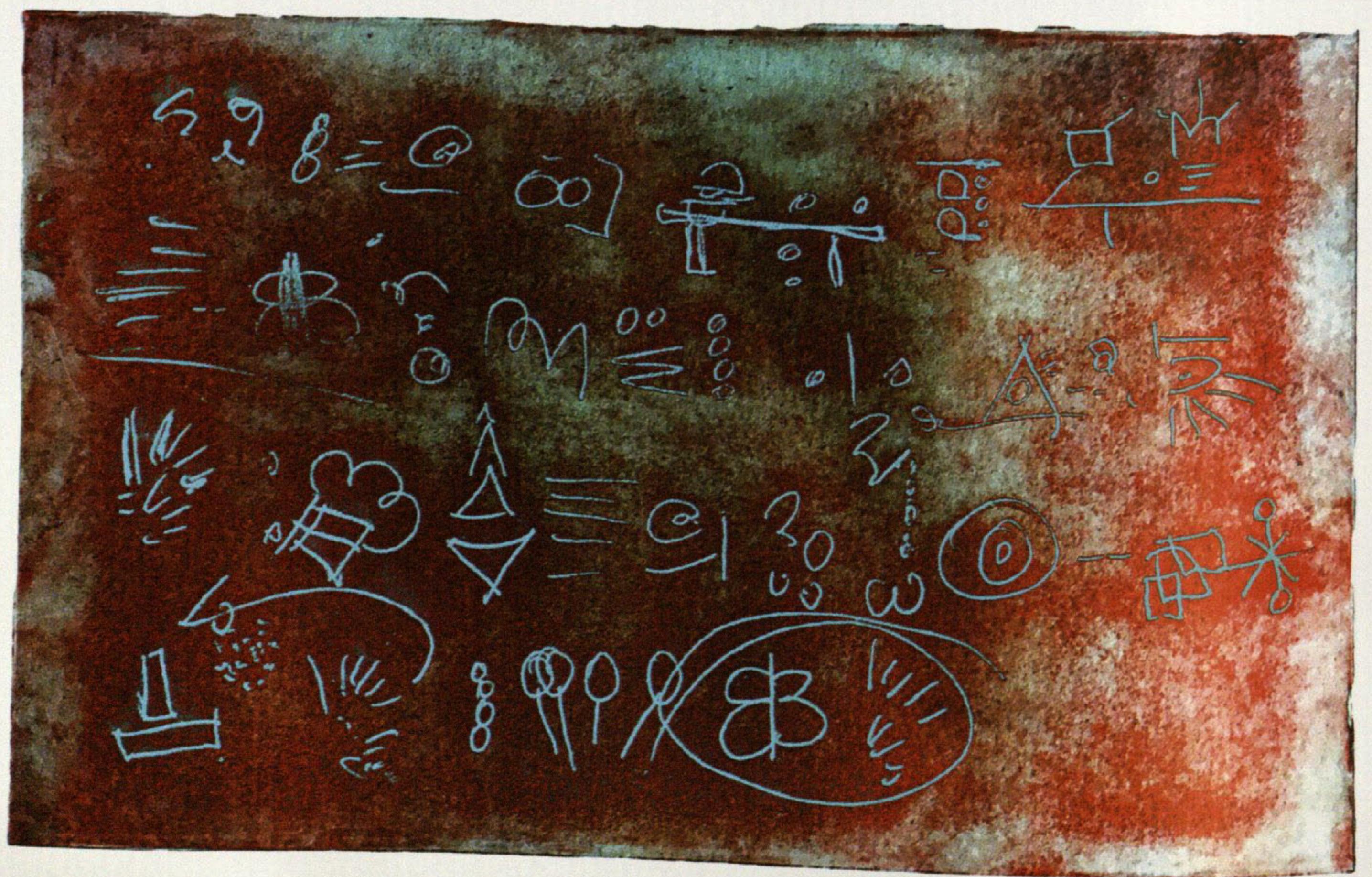
GOOD LUCK,

PRIVATE B. B. CUMMINS ATTORNEY AT LAW





Recovered original Squabi note



Recovered original Squab note

A noble Squabbler I am. Caring for my treasures bring me satis—faction and much joy. My Squab and I collect many fraggies, chomparts, palgoos, gafflers, and really any artifact that fits in with our collection. Each and every fraggie and palgoo is on prominent display on precious shelves; this is so all Squabblers will know the collection is the finest around!

My status is high amongst the Squabblers, which means I must answer letters almost daily to help the other Squabblers with their own collections. My sibling, Squab, helps me make important plans for shelf placement, gaffler prepping, and interior design, and in turn I assist in the execution of creations and plans. We seldom can make a decision without a dispute, which leads to a multitude of daily squabbles. We squabble to the left, we squabble to and fro, but ever in the end, our love will surely grow.

- Squabi

Some Squabblers think I'm eccentric, but I am just curious, in search of a new game to play each day! I like to play with the fraggie collection that my sibling and I curate, but sometimes Squabi doesn't understand my games and gets angry with my squibby squabblings. I am a performer and a creator and many Squabblers love to come to my parties and performances because I make beautiful objects for them to collect as well as hosting the best musicians!

When I'm not busy being the life of the party, I like watching my picture box, although sometimes it's just the fuzzy lines, but I still sit and watch to bide my time. My Squabi always wants me to embark on new business ventures. If I don't agree, then I must clean the shelves. But I hate cleaning! I'd rather make the ruckus and flimmy flammy; so we will sometimes squabble over a gaffler, but we always make up and love each other dearly.

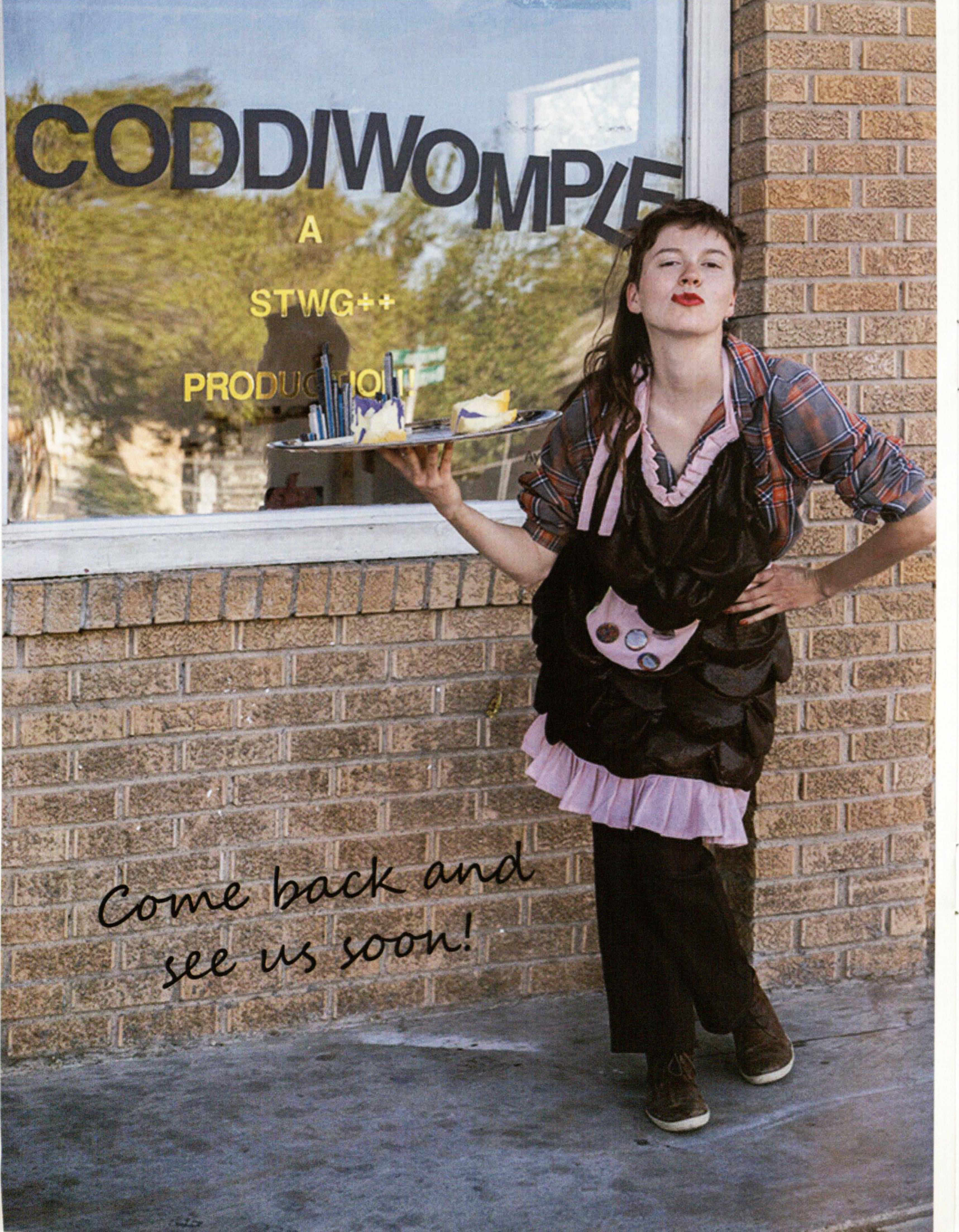












Coddiwomple Menu

Lil' City - Hand crafted skyscapues from locally sourced Upcycled Merino wool.

Bytes

Luna tooth crafted,
coated bites.

From locally sourced
couch.

Dently chewed
then drizzled.

Float

Mini root beer float

Splut

Silver encrusted paper clay splut. Made with Real Good Housekeeping Magazines.





Dome Dweller is searching for its set. When they are together it is low and soundless as they communicate through the RMH7° resonant metal helmets provided them by GrumCo° A subsidiary of Alphabat Inc.

The two slipped away unnoticed while the third was playing the new GasTron Mega Burn© racing game. Available in all RMH7° units now!

Ah. To be alone.

Royal Academia Cordofonica is constantly shifting. The sounds they make range from the most delicate and precise classical guitar to a cacophony summoned forth from around the room.

The content of the set is gathered by interacting with audience members in the hours before the set begins.

Roving mystery collectors.

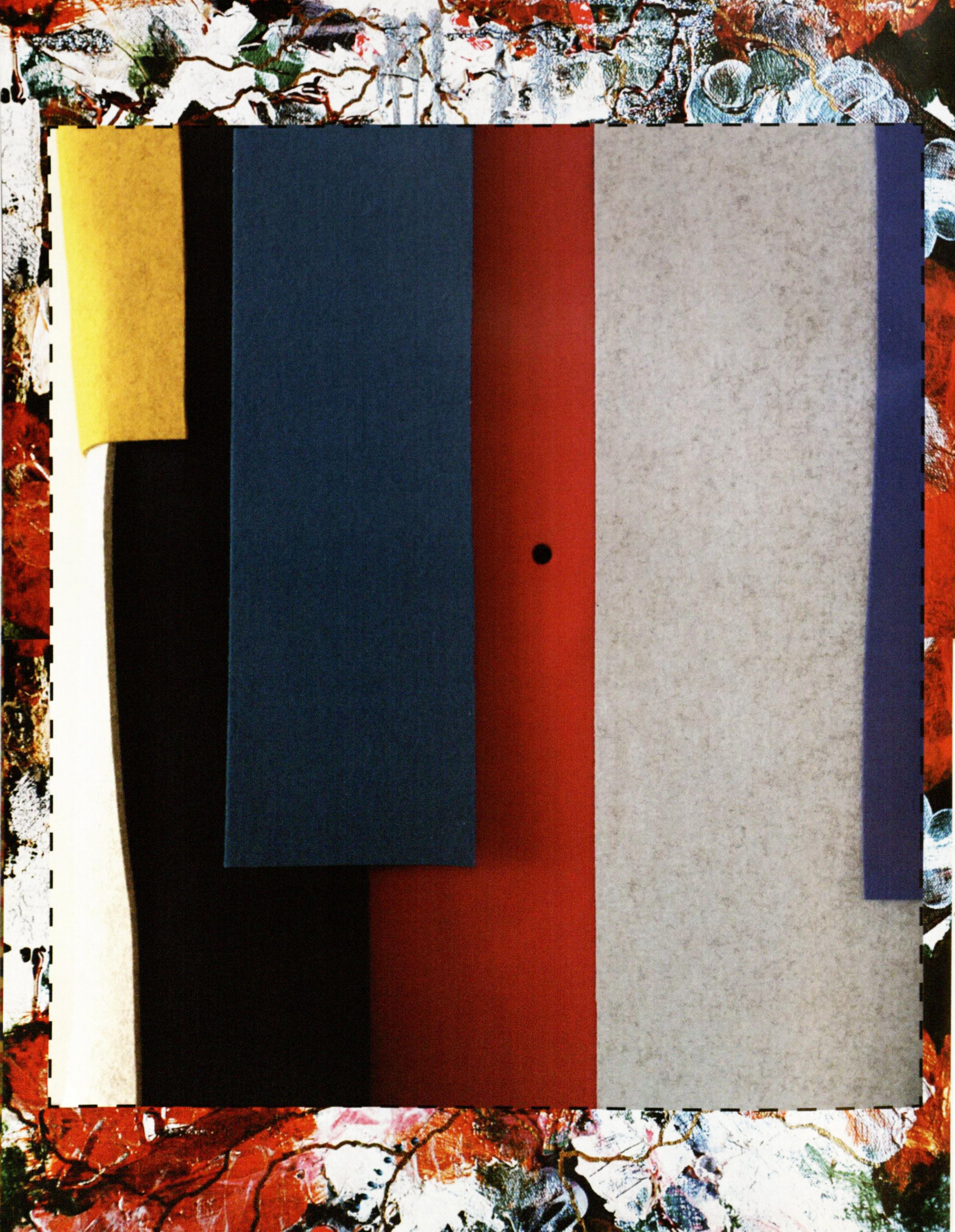




Lady Uranium is a complete dream. Vivid and uncompromising yet fuzzy around the edges.

You are walking up to her, reaching out to touch the glowing aura which surrounds her but the world keeps shifting, your footing is lost. You try to reach her only to find that she is not there.

Was it real?







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COLLECTABLES! ART KING AUCTION With premiere auctioneer LUKE A' DUKE

BEST INVESTMENT GROWTH AND BETTENTION BATTES SINCE THE INTERIANA PUBCHASIBIII

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YOU will amass possessions!

YOU will win big in the auction house!

YOU will go home happy!

YOU WILL COME to

Art King Auction hosted by premiere

auctioneer twice rewarded by the

Auctioneer's Association of Anony-

mous Brothers:

FAS" BASY

FUNFILED ART COLLECTING

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Thanks for playing.

LUKE A' DUKE



Splut Board 210
Retail Price 500T
Starting Bid 5T
Real Acrylic on Plywood
Board with Embedded
Reclaimed Rubber



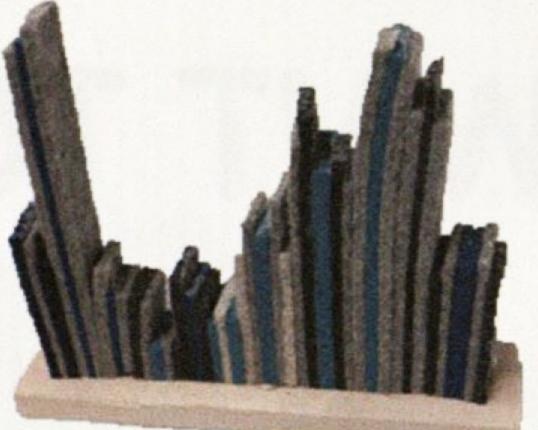
Retail Price 20,000T Starting Bid 2T Real Pine with Half Melted Real Candles and Tea Bag Top



Retail Price 150,000T Starting Bid 150T Real Reclaimed Plastic Trash encased in Real Acrylic



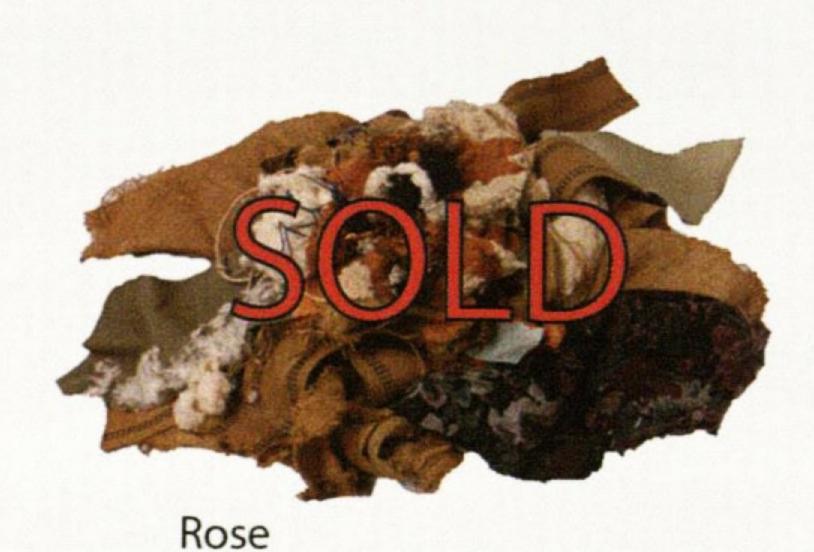
Retail Price 100,000T
Starting Bid 100T
Real Trash and Acrylic



Smol City
Retail Price 100T
Starting Bid 1T
Reclaimed Felt Rectangles Real Pine



Retail price 20,000T Starting Bid 2T Real Pine With Paper Clay Smash and Expired Lightbulb With Real Acrylic



Retail Price 150,000T Starting Bid 150T Real Acrylic and Couch Bits



New Gen Gun
Retail Price 700T
Starting Bid 7T
Reclaimed Plastic Housing
Real Acrylic



Squiggles Board
Retail Price 50,000T
Starting Bid 5T
Real Pine Board with Acrylic
and 3D Pen Hot Melt
Medium



Piece of Cake
Retail Price 50,000T
Starting Bid 50T
Real Slice of Foam Coated in
Real Acrylic

NEW ITEMS EVERY
THURSDAY! VISIT US
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Special thanks to:

The Guild Theater for hosting 'Story Time With Grumbles and Friends'
GRAFT and Small Engine Gallery for hosting 'Coddiwomple'
ARTS Lab, UNM Art Department, Phyllis Muth Scholarship for Fine Arts, VidCon
Thanks to my YouTube subscribers! Click the bell for new video notifications!

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